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THE CHRISTIAN YEAR salutes its readers with the message of truth, charity, and peace; and anticipates for itself a cordial welcome. A successful introduction to strangers is always attended with difficulty. One seeks to make a favorable impression when a favor is to be sought; and that which we now seek is the generous reception and thorough examination of this new candidate for public support, among all Christian people.

Any new enterprise involves more or less risk and uncertainty; but it is for the Christian public to decide whether we shall merit their patronage, which, at least, we shall strive to deserve. To succeed where others, equally meritorious, have failed, may command the respect and confidence of mankind; and that we may succeed, we have spared neither labor nor expense to secure the best talent the Church can afford.

In the judgment of the projectors, and the numerous friends of THE CHRISTIAN YEAR, there is, at this time, a fair opening and an ample field for Christian work. The press has become the grand motive power of thought, and every party throughout the whole civilized world employs it to advance its manifold interests, to the utmost of its ability, except the Church. It is a lament-

able fact, and very deeply to be deplored, that our literature is at the present moment at by far too low an ebb to meet the crying demands of the Church, and in which regard we are making no improvement, but rather retrogression. In the department of magazine literature the world has so encroached on the Church as to crowd it almost entirely out of the market; and whose apathy leaves the secular press in almost undisturbed possession of the field.

The daily multiplication of serials from the Church of Rome, the various denominations, the arts, sciences, fashion, folly, and heresy throw the Church's magazine literature completely into the shade. They, however, make it a splendid success, and some of them boast of a monthly issue of hundreds of thousands. Churchmen, think of this! And this is done chiefly for one class of readers only.

Considerations of infinite moment demand that we should awake to active duty, and supersede this deluge of worldliness and folly by a sound and healthy Christian literature of our own. The times demand it. The external friction and the internal throbbing life of the Church demand our immediate and energetic action. The state of parties requires an olive-branch of peace,

a solid literary centre of unity, of healing, of life, and love. Churchmen of America, lend us your friendly aid to cultivate in the Church what a mere secular press cultivates with so much success in the world. Shall we compel our reading people always to seek for literary entertainment from those who are more or less hostile to the Church? Yea, from the very poverty of our pastures our people are driven to feed in other fields.

It is commonly said that no magazine will succeed but that which is committed to the interests of a party; but our deliberate design is to embrace all who bow at the same altars, receive the same creeds and sacraments, who accept the same Orders, and use the same Book of Common Prayer. Instead, therefore, of building up one section of the Church at the expense of another, or of exalting one party on the ruins of another, our aim is to *comprehend* the whole, and out of the many, to unite and build up one strong, deep, and broad column of truth-loving men. Let party names drop from our Church nomenclature.

Too long each has looked upon a brother as a natural enemy, when, upon closer acquaintance, both have discovered their mistake, and found with sorrow it was too late to retrieve the follies of the past. Brethren, let our contentions cease. Let the watchword of strife be forgotten. Let offences against love and Christian charity be avoided.

Christian people are weary of unchristian strifes, which only weaken and destroy; they are tired of party names, dividing lines, and shibboleths which no longer command either confidence or attention. Amid existing wrangling they long for the olive-branch of peace, of healing, of love, and unity, which it is the object of *THE CHRISTIAN YEAR* to promote. Party strifes have torn the *Church* long enough.

This serial will not be a vehicle for the disputations of differing brethren. No strife will be allowed between brother and brother, and the only emulation these pages

will encourage will be like that of the bees *i. e.*, unity, industry, sweetness; the building up and the strengthening of the Church of God as one common family.

This magazine will not be an organ of any of the ordinary *party* polemics of the day. "We can do nothing well till we act 'with one accord'; we can have no accord in action till we agree together in heart; we cannot agree without a supernatural influence; we cannot have a supernatural influence unless we pray for it; we cannot pray acceptably" without united love and good-will. "Our Church's strength would be irresistible, humanly speaking, were it but at unity with itself; while it remains divided, part against part, we shall see the energy which was meant to subdue the world, preying upon itself, according to our Saviour's express assurance that such a house 'cannot stand.' Till we feel this, till we seek one another as brethren, not lightly throwing aside our private opinions, which we seem to feel we have received from above, from an ill-regulated, untrue desire of unity; but returning to each other in heart, and coming *together* to God to do for us what we cannot do for ourselves, no change can be for the better."

Our chosen *situation*, however, is not one of mere neutrality; but rather of comprehension. We will open our pages for the exhaustive discussion of the great questions of the times; but those discussions must be conducted with ability, with learning, and the charity that each man claims of another, with nothing that offends against love, and entirely free from all partiality, partizanship and personality; none but intelligent Christian men can do this. We shall not labor for the destruction of any party, but for the edification of the whole Church; and we offer every advantage possible to those who differ in opinion to meet, as brethren, on the one common ground we have proposed as the *basis* of *THE CHRISTIAN YEAR*.

Since we aim to benefit all parties in the *whole Church*, we shall spare no pains to

make their instruction both useful and agreeable. For which reason we would recommend, in a very particular manner, THE CHRISTIAN YEAR to every clergyman, as our good brothers and allies, who can aid us by their pens, in addressing their own parishioners, and the Church at large. This magazine will be the more enduring echo of the pulpit. It is the pastor from the press; a vehicle of household theology to every well-regulated family in the parish. It is designed to be a treasury of Christian knowledge and religious thought, for the parlor and the closet; and when read, to be bound and put away in the family library for future reference. We earnestly advise every Christian family, for their own good, to order this magazine to be punctually served to them, from its very first number, as a necessary part of domestic literature.

In the next place, we would recommend this serial to all *superintendents* and *teachers* of Sunday schools. It will be especially adapted to their use, as it will contain the very best digests of teaching and school management, in every available form of Christian education. Teachers will be furnished with an expository lesson, for every Sunday in the year, adapted to their classes, carefully prepared by a clergyman who has had long experience in this department of Church work. By a very remarkable combination of circumstances and events, the Sunday school is now become to a large extent the nursery of the Church; which fact ought to be well considered by every parent, Sunday school teacher, and rector of each parish in the land.

There is another class of men that we must likewise lay claim to, whom we intend especially to assist, viz., *lay readers*, whose peculiar work requires a constant supply of fresh material, sermons full of "the marrow and fatness" of the Gospel. Each number will contain a sermon, new and original, written specially for their use for village and missionary purposes.

But there are none who will find this

magazine more to their purpose than the *youth* of the Church. It has often been remarked that there has not been sufficient pains taken by our Church press to instruct our young people in the duties, dangers, and difficulties of Christian life. Our young communicants have been almost entirely overlooked. We have no serial literature to instruct them, to arm them against the prevailing errors of the times, to teach them how to stand up against the ever-varying and shifting sands of popular opinions. This gap THE CHRISTIAN YEAR intends to fill, by an ennobling and a refining element of Christian thought, so much needed among us.

Indeed, to *all readers* this paper will be instructive, edifying, and entertaining. Choice and select reading will enrich every number. Instruction for the head, and matter for the heart. For *quantity* and *quality* of matter, we intend it shall be of the highest class; which a glance at our literary staff will abundantly show. In that we have a fraternity, whose ability and influence is scarcely equalled at the present time in any similar enterprise.

But, nevertheless, the world may carp, criticise, and even portions of the religious press may censure our bold undertaking. "Censure," says a late eminent author, "is the tax a man pays to the public for being useful." It is folly for us to hope of escaping it, and a weakness to be affected by it. We shall surely be exposed to censure on the one hand, and probably be liable to flattery on the other. If we receive reproaches which are not due to us, we may likewise receive praises we do not deserve. For a time we shall not be regarded with an indifferent eye; but each reader, as influenced by friendships and enmities, will consider us as friend or enemy. For this reason we shall not be known till our magazine be thoroughly read, and its object and plans be fully understood. When readers have the best opportunity of knowing the truth, they will then be most competent to pronounce

upon it ; for which purpose we most earnestly invite all parties to read with care, to examine with candor, and to pronounce with fairness and justice upon the merits of THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

Several of our friends and well-wishers have expressed some anxiety lest we should not be able to continue this magazine above a few months. To this solicitude we emphatically reply, that we intend, by God's blessing, to make it a success. Every probability has been long and maturely considered ; the highest *patronage* has been cheerfully granted ; the best talent of the Church has been secured as a STAFF of contributors, to aid the editor-in-chief ; a large amount of CAPITAL has been already invested ; the most expert business tact is being exerted to put the work before the entire Church, and the whole of the Christian public, through the usual channels of public intelli-

gence ; but to make THE CHRISTIAN YEAR a complete and a permanent success, we earnestly call upon the whole Church to awake to a lively sense of the present deeply-felt necessity ; to strive to appreciate the magnitude and value of this present effort of the press ; to resolve at once to wipe out the disgrace of former failures ; to unite heart and hand to maintain a good sound literature of our own, by giving us a fair, liberal, and wide-spread coöperation. This being done with energy and good-will, and done without delay, will place this magazine at once beyond the reach of doubt or anxiety among its friends, and permanent continuance will be assured to all the patrons of THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

With this little prayer, then, we send forth our Christian work, as an *olive-branch*, to the Church and to the world :

ALmighty GOD, the giver of all good things, without whose help all labor is ineffectual, and without whose grace all wisdom is folly : grant, we beseech Thee, that in this undertaking, Thy Holy Spirit may not be withheld from us ; but that we may promote Thy glory by the salvation and edification of ourselves and others : Grant this, O Lord, for the sake of Thy Son Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

EDITOR.

The Church Calendar.

THE COMMUNICANT INSTRUCTED.

THE *Church Calendar* indicates the days appropriated to the celebration of certain services appointed by the Church, to be observed by the faithful throughout the year. These services are regulated by the data of the Christian religion, in commemoration of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of such persons as held such a universal and conspicuous position in the Christian Church as to have received the euphonious epithet "saints," the anniversaries of whose birth or death are called "holy days." For example, during the present month (July), the Church notes the

2d day	as the 4th Sunday after Trinity,
9th " "	5th " "
16th " "	6th " "
23d " "	7th " "
25th "	as St. James's Day, which is kept as a feast,
30th "	as the 8th Sunday after Trinity,

all of which will be explained in due course, in this magazine, as it is part of our work to explain and simplify the Prayer Book to our readers, from month to month.

In the Christian Era, the birth, death, and resurrection of Christ are initiative points of time, and also the terminal periods of civil and ecclesiastical transactions. Thus the Christian periods, like the cross itself, have become—as, indeed, they should be—the stereotyped symbols of imperishable facts and eternal truths: so much deference has mankind paid to the controlling and ruling principle of the Christian religion, and thus unconsciously recognizing its glorious founder as the "beginning and the end, the first and the last."

This change in the epoch of time first took place A.D. 527, up to which period the

ancient chronologies of Greece and Rome chiefly regulated the affairs of mankind.

The Christian Era, or the era of the INCARNATION of our Lord Jesus Christ, commenced on the first day of January, in the middle of the 4th year of the 194th Olympiad, the 753d of the building of Rome, and in the 4714th of the Julian period; the marking of which eras is necessary, in order to ascertain, with accuracy, the initiative point of time when the Christian Era began.

The use of this era was first known in England A.D. 680, from which time all the Anglo-speaking races have made their computation, and from which, also, the calendar of the Prayer Book takes its rise.

The beginning of the Christian year varies in date in different countries, and at different periods in the same country. For example, the days on which the year commenced in most European countries have been as follows: Christmas-Day, the 25th of December; the day of the Circumcision, the 1st of January; the day of the Conception, the 25th of March; and Easter-Day, the day of the resurrection of our Lord; and it was not until a comparatively recent period that a general rule was adopted.

This confusion of dates, however, is still observable, to the casual reader, in our admirable Book of Common Prayer. For example, we are told,

I. That the *beginning* of "movable feasts and holy days" is regulated by "Easter-Day, on which the rest depend." Easter-Day is "always the first *Sunday* after the full moon which happens upon or next after the twenty-first day of *March*."

II. Then, turning to the "Table of Lessons for Holy-days," they are found to *begin*, not on "Easter-Day," but on the Feast of St. Andrew, which happens on the last day of November.

III. Again, in turning to the "Table of Lessons for Sundays," containing lessons "to be read at Morning and Evening Prayer throughout the year," we are directed to *begin* on the "First Sunday in Advent," which "is always the nearest Sunday to the Feast of St. Andrew, whether before or after." And

IV. The Table of Daily Lessons is appointed to *begin* on the first day of January in each year, and so on to the end of what is called the *civil* year, or that division of time in which all documents or public instruments are signed and regulated.

Here, then, are four *beginnings*, or four initial points of time, which, to the uninitiated, are apt to produce confusion. To relieve this seeming confusion will be an ostensible work of this magazine, whose very title implies a course of instructive edification to the children of the Church.

This is a very necessary work, not only

to the "native children of the Church," but to "the vast incoming multitude of comparative strangers, who greatly need definite instruction in the true principles of the Prayer Book, which are simply the principles of the Gospel."

It is estimated that about *one third* of the persons confirmed into the Church, from year to year, come from other communions, who necessarily need a Church education, and which it is ordinarily impossible for them to obtain, except through such a magazine as THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

Under the department, then, entitled *The Church Calendar*, we design, from month to month, to give brief lessons on the Prayer Book, so as to make that book comprehensible to the simplest worshipper in the Church of God. To simplify

"The annual course of God's great mystery,
'The Word made flesh.' On that, with piercing eye,
The angels gaze. On that the Church invites
Her sons to linger. As thereon we muse
On each strange scene, or altogether wove
A wondrous tissue, like the braided hues
Which blessed the Patriarch's sight, with eye above
Uplifted, Faith the dear memorials views—
Signs of past mercy and endearing love."

THE OLIVE-BRANCH OF PEACE.

WITH this divinely hallowed word we commence our labors, and would leaven with its spirit, "the whole lump" of our editorial life, influence, and history. No other word so distinctly articulates our drift and purpose. *We mean peace.* If THE CHRISTIAN YEAR, whose first number now goes forth, fails in this, or any future number, to catch and prolong the full chorus of the angelic song, or is at variance with the import of the prayers and invocations which, on the eve of the Crucifixion, ascended to God the Father, from the lips of our Lord Jesus Christ, then our readers may take warning that we are about to falsify our pledges, and deal treacherously

with the multitude of friends who have rallied to our standard. They may rely upon our fidelity. God helping us, we do not mean to vary from this key-note. We are profoundly convinced that the absence of Christian charity, which is the fountain of peace, is a great and desolating evil, tending more than any other, to trouble and demoralize a world whose burdens are heavy enough, and whose woes are terrible enough, without the superadded stings of wrath and malice, emulation and strife. No department of our common active life can be named—be it social, intellectual, political, or religious—within which this serpent brood may not be found, coiled,

and ready, upon the instant, to do a work of mischief and sorrow. The sway of unsanctified temper is everywhere noticeable, running out into every possible form of challenge and embittered assault, and doing despite to the gentleness of Christ, and to the simplicity and charity of the Gospel. We do not expect to exorcise this evil spirit, or in any perceptible measure to counteract its baleful influence; but we do hope to keep these pages free from its taint, and, so far as we may be permitted to represent the life or the literature of the Church, to make it apparent that bigotry and cynicism, and an evil eye, are not essential to our plan; and in taking this ground, we hope not to lack fibre. If the lamp we trim emit an *ignis lambens*, a diffusive and gentle flame, we intend that its light shall be clear, steady, and direct. We shall never advocate or encourage a loose estimate of any essential verity, or revealed doctrine, or well authenticated and established system.

We intend to be pronounced and loyal in holding forth the Church to which we belong, and which we love from the heart; but those who differ from us shall receive due consideration and a charitable judgment.

We could not honor, we could scarcely respect, the individual whose mental or moral grasp was so feeble that he could not maintain his religious convictions, or contend valiantly, upon occasion, for what, in his heart, he loved and leaned upon as essential truth. Such cowardice is unworthy any man created after the image of God. It is utterly out of character in the Christian. As a soldier stands by his standard, so should he stand by those eternal principles and unchangeable doctrines which bind him to Christ. He is bound to contend for the faith; but neither Christ nor the faith are understood or accepted precisely alike by all Christian men; and, accordingly, so long as there are diversities of opinion, diversities of belief,

diversities of administration, there will be diverse rallying points, and distinct bulwarks for the promotion and defence of what differing minds believe to be the faith.

This side the millennium,—this side the remote era of a world-wide purity,—when love, like a universal solvent, shall blend all hearts together,—when every intellect shall apprehend, and every eye perceive, and every heart respond in perfect unison, and read the same language in the same light—until such a blessed day, let no one look for anything like uniformity of sentiment among men. However much it may be desired, it is not to be expected: the sound and reasonable Christian will not expect it, for he will perceive that the very constitution of the moral world forbids it. He will observe what birth does to mould each being brought into the world, and notice the effect of locality, education, example,—and recall the distinct, and yet ever varying influences which give tone, bias, complexion, to the character. He beats the air, and wrestles with a shadow, who is aiming to bring all men, or even a preponderating fraction of them, within the embrace of his own system. He may deem himself backed by the Gospel—most impregnably intrenched behind the faith and the traditions of the Catholic Church—in a position to defy all gainsaying and all dispute; and yet he will find himself precisely where our adorable Lord was found, after His most decisive acts of power—among a multitude who did not believe. We are strongly persuaded that there is a vast and permeating goodness in this world—often associated with error, and often with transient forms of fanaticism and unbelief; while in that innumerable company who, under diverse modes, maintain the conspicuous and essential doctrines of the New Testament—who, under different names, still adore and glorify the one only redeeming name, there is not only much that is worthy of courteous recogni-

tion, but of imitation and love. Their several peculiarities in polity, worship, or discipline, may not please us,—may offend our taste,—may lack the apostolic warrant, or do violence to the truth as we hold it. We may thank God for guiding us to a spiritual fold, where our strongest convictions are met, and where we have not only the truth, but its exponents and accessories in glorious order. But because we are content, shall we despise others? It is to reach a majestic height—a height unscaled by narrow minds—when, looking forth from ourselves, we can detect something around us, above us, beneath us, to admire and venerate. Gold is not always in the mint, nor in the precious coin, nor in “the dark and dirty mine”: it lies in hidden veins which pierce the heart of the mountain, and penetrate the bowels of the earth; it glitters in the channel of the shallow stream. But it is all gold; and, when gathered, and refined, and stamped, has the same universal currency. Beauty has not one solitary abode; it dwells not alone with the stars, as they gleam in their soft splendor, nor with the flowers, as they disclose their treasures to the genial sun. Goodness is not the exclusive attribute of God: it extends to little children, to struggling human spirits, to angels and the just. Neither are the disclosures of Divine truth, and power, and mercy, to be found within the sphere of one communion or sect: they are the common heritage of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples; and if there be anything which the good man should detest and tear from his bosom, it is this disposition to exclude from his courteous and charitable regard, all who may happen to differ from him on questions of theology or Church polity.

But the wounds of peace, within our own venerable and beloved Church, are what we chiefly deprecate and deplore. The rending of the same family! Foes in the same household! Of this we would speak under our breath—grieved that it should be so,

and ashamed to make the confession. It is not so much that there are diverse sentiments or party lines, but that evil-speaking, detraction, and intolerance so widely prevail—that the alcohol of furious and distempered zeal is preferred to the oil of love.

We have creeds—exclaims a foreign writer—confessions, liturgies, prayer books, catechisms, and forms of faith and discipline; we have bishops, priests, pastors, and teachers; we have councils, convocations, synods, and other ecclesiastical bodies without number; we have commentaries, reviews, magazines, religious newspapers and journals of all kinds, and thousands upon thousands of religious books, from the four-page tract to the quarto volume: we have also cathedrals, churches, chapels, and schools—in short, a wondrous and complicated mass of means, instrumentalities, and agencies; but where is our charity? Where, amid all this immense and costly paraphernalia of Christianity, is the exemplification of that charity—that pure, gentle, loving mind of Christ—without which all these things are “as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal”? Doubtless there has been an improvement upon the days of vengeance and blood-guiltiness. The tremendous enginery of intolerance has been taken down; but the spirit which once impelled it, we grieve to say, is not extinct. It is at work on this continent and in our midst. We all show it forth when we fail to make a distinction between men and their opinions, or can discern nothing excellent except within the range of our own prepossessions and modes of thought. Limbs are no longer stretched and dislocated; pincers do not tear away the flesh, and yet there are signs to-day of a partizanship as bitter and deadly as when midnight councils met, and secret orders were given. We see a want of unity which is foreign to the spirit of the Gospel, and hostile to the advance and ascendancy of pure religion. We see narrowness of feel-

ing intercepting the legitimate result, in almost every department of Church effort and activity. We divide upon some trivial matter; and, dividing, lose our strength; and, losing our strength, fall short of the end which we all profess to have in view.

This ought not so to be. We must be tolerant in trifles, if we would attain the great triumphs of the Cross and the Church. Our adorable Lord set us this example during every day of His blessed ministry, and we leave His holy teaching—nay, we leave His side,—when we leave each other for any slight cause.

We ask no man to loosen his hold upon the glorious deposit, or the distinctive order of the Church; we urge him, rather, to maintain it resolutely, even unto death; but at the same time, we ask him to remember that the bigotry of Judaism is not the grace of Christianity, and, that although we may insist upon our own way, and magnify our own opinions and modes, *love* is, after all, the fulfilling of the law.

In one of the sermons* of Dr. Ralph Cudworth, the eminent divine and philosopher, we find the following passage, which, in its quaint and glowing eloquence, conveys all that we might desire to say on this subject: "O divine love! The sweet harmony of souls! The music of angels! The joy of God's own heart! The very darling of His bosom! The source of true happiness! The pure quintessence of Heaven—that which reconciles the jarring principles of the world, and makes them all chime together, and melts men's hearts into one another! See how St. Paul describes it, and it cannot but enamour your affections towards it. Love suffereth long, and is kind, envieth not, is

not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things,—I may add, in a word, the best natured thing, the best complexioned thing in the world. Let us express this sweet harmonious affection, in these jarring times, that so, if possible, we may tune the world to better music. Especially in matters of religion, let us strive, with all meekness, to instruct and convince one another. Let us endeavor to promote the Gospel, the dove-like Gospel, in a dove-like spirit. This was the way in which the Gospel was first promulgated in the world. Christ did not cry, nor lift up His voice in the streets; a bruised reed did He not break, and the smoking flax He did not quench; and yet He brought forth judgment unto victory. He whispered the Gospel to us from Mount Zion, in a still, small voice, and yet the sound thereof went out quickly through all the earth; and, doubtless, this is still the most effectual way to promote it further. Sweetness and ingenuousness will more command men's minds than passion, sourness and severity. Let us speak the truth in love; and, of the two, be content to miss the conveying of a speculative truth, than to part with love. When we would convince men of any error by the force of truth, let us, withal, pour the sweet balm of love upon their heads. Truth and love are the two most powerful things in the world; and when they both go together, they cannot easily be withstood. The golden beams of truth, and the silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with sweet violence, whether they will or no." With such words of heavenly music, we extend to our readers the olive-branch of peace.

M.

* Preached before the House of Commons in the time of the Commonwealth.

THE RIGHTS OF THE CLERGY AND LAITY.

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND W. B. STEVENS, D.D., LL.D., BISHOP OF PENNSYLVANIA.

IN selecting a topic for my charge in 1864, I endeavored to lay before you the subject of the undeveloped powers of the Church. To-day a subject of equal interest will be considered. This is the rights of the clergy and the laity in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Only those who sit in the bishop's seat know how important it is to have all these points of law concerning the rights of these two parties well defined. A thorough knowledge will prevent many of the troubles which result from an infringement of rights on either one side or the other.

To the duly constituted ministry is intrusted three personal rights—the right to preach the Word, the right to administer the sacraments, and the right to lead the worship of the people.

The power to preach was given by our Lord Himself to the Apostles. This is the great end of the Christian ministry. If we say that the conditions of preaching are altered in our day, we fall into a serious error. It is said that the preaching of a former day was to awaken men, but now it is directed mainly toward those who are in the Church. A change of style is therefore thought to be reached. If we agree to this, we place infant baptism above preaching.

If a minister hears error preached from his pulpit, and fails to notice it, the results of the error are chargeable upon him.

The priestly work, or the right to administer the sacraments, is the second point. The sacraments are fountains of mercy, placed under the charge of God's ministers, and it is their special office to dispense them rightly. In infant baptism, the judgment of the minister is required in the matter of godparents, and he is required to see that infant baptism is not deferred for too great a length of time after birth.

This oversight is especially necessary at the present day, when so many frivolous excuses are given for a postponement of the duty.

In the matter of the administration of the Lord's Supper, the minister is required to duly advertise the time of celebration, and see that no unworthy persons partake of the sacrament. The minister has the right to repel from the Communion those who are notorious evil-doers, those who have done any open wrong to a neighbor, or those who live in hate of their brother.

The exercise of this office of the keys should only be exercised after due deliberation and advertisement. Many serious difficulties have arisen from an injudicious use of the power given to the minister.

The minister has the right to omit the sign of the cross in baptism, but has no right to any other word or words from the service, and any such omissions are an excess of priestly authority.

The next point is the liturgical right, or the right to lead the worship of the congregation. In the matter of the superintendence of Church music, the minister has a special right. It is his right and duty to suppress all unseemly tunes, voluntaries and interludes, and with his decisions no music committee can interfere. We are gradually working up to a better standard of devotional music, but we cannot reach it until many of the tune-books now in use in our choirs are ruled out.

The duty of the minister to catechise the children is important. The spirit of the rubrics concerning the private instruction of the children by the minister is fully carried out if it is seen that proper instruction is given at home, and when the children are gathered into the church and publicly instructed by the pastor. The Church holds the clergy responsible for

the instruction of the children, and if he sees that the end is carried out, it is all that is required. The infringement of the laity should, however, be guarded against when it publicly comes between the pastor and the children in the Sunday school. That institution is very well, and is excellent when properly superintended by the minister.

The matter of the power of refusing the burial office by the clergy has lately been brought into prominent notice. In the case of suicides, and those who have publicly placed themselves outside of the pale of the Church, the clergy have the right to refuse the use of a service intended for the children of the Church. But it should be seen that all cases refused are so notoriously out of the pale as that there will be no doubt in the mind of any one.

The use of the church building is a right of the clergy for anything pertaining to church matters, and in this no interference should ever be made by the laity.

The salary of the rector is also a right of the clergy. A vestry have no right to cut down the salary of a minister, when they wish to force him to resign. This is a mean and petty trick, and the business men sitting as vestrymen would not dare to act in this manner to one of their own number.

On the other side of the subject, the rights of the laity are next to be considered.

In the early times, the laity had many rights which they have not now, they having been gradually withdrawn, either by custom or by special synodical action.

The laity in the Church in our country stand on higher ground than they do in any other country. This custom Dr. Pusey speaks of as an unhappy precedent.

These statements have been completely refuted by the learned bishop of Maryland, who has shown that we have not adopted any unknown precedent, and that we have proceeded according to laws held

to since the Church was first formed in Jerusalem. The rights of the laity in the American Church are based on God's Word, the Book of Common Prayer, and ecclesiastic right.

Various parts of the service are the peculiar right of the people. The clergyman can so arrange the service as to exclude the laity. When such portions are given to a choir, in such a manner as to exclude the congregation, it is an infringement of right. While I desire to see a more cultivated musical taste in a congregation, I do not wish it to be had at the expense of devotion.

Respecting the choral service, I wish it distinctly understood that I heartily approve of it, under certain circumstances. The music should, however, be made subservient to devotion. But where there are but one or two churches in a town, those who wish to unite in a spoken service should not be prevented by the giving to a choir the portion intended especially for the whole congregation.

Every person who by baptism becomes a member of our Church is entitled to everything which the word Protestant expresses. It is in this particular that the laity have their most especial rights. Their right is especially to combat and refute anything which may tend to carry back our Church to the errors of Rome. The rights of the laity cannot be interfered with by the clergy.

It has been declared, over and over again, however, that the vestry or private individuals have no right to interfere with the rector concerning the manner in which he conducts public worship. The whole Church gives the rector his rights, and no layman or body of laymen can deprive him of them.

But when the rector, by preaching, or the use of symbols, inculcates injurious or heretical doctrine, the vestry have a remedy, which is the presentment of the offender to the bishop, or the authority of the Church.

This is their canonical right, but they are not the ultimate judges of the truth or error of the doctrine taught. They can put the rector on his trial.

I have no sympathy with those who put the word of a bishop or priest before them as a rule of conduct. This is not in accordance with the catholic spirit which should guide all nations. The laymen should not humbly believe everything which is put before them by a preacher. But they should exercise good judgment. They should not believe every spirit, but should try the spirits, whether they be of God or men. Here, then, is the rule of action as to how far the laity are to follow the preaching of the clergy. The teachings of the clergy are, however, to be received with respect, and well considered, because they come from men who have been set apart by the judgment of the best in the Church.

In connection with this subject of lay rights comes up the question, Can a minister be dismissed by a vestry? Whether the rector or people can take the initiative for the dissolution of ties in cases of difficulty? The matter is to be referred to the bishop as sole arbiter. A rector, with the consent of the bishop, in cases of difficulty, can dissolve his relations with a church. A church, with the consent of its rector, can dissolve the relations.

A vestry cannot dismiss a rector without

his consent, without putting themselves in opposition to the ecclesiastical authority. But they can do so with the consent of that authority, which is the bishop. This is on the same ground as where it is held that a minister cannot, of his own accord, dissolve his pastoral relations without the consent of the ecclesiastical authority of the bishop. If he does so, he lays himself open to the censure of the Church.

If the power of the laity is so great, it is important that the power should be exercised with discretion. It is very important that all who compose the laity should be communicants in good standing in the Church. The lay delegates to the conventions should especially be the best men. The laymen should so inform themselves on the subjects of Church history and law, that they may be able to legislate wisely on the various issues which will sooner or later agitate the Church.

The Churches of other countries are silently watching our experiments. Following our lead, we will soon see the Churches of England and Scotland totally reorganized. They will, in a few years, be separated from all dependence upon the support of the State. The laity will obtain the rights which have gradually been taken from them. The Church will again choose its own bishops, and the Church will then become self-governing, as ours.

PRESIDENT WOOLSEY, of Yale College, has ascertained that, in the past seven years, there have been 730 divorces and 15,710 marriages in Vermont, a ratio of one to twenty-one. In Massachusetts, for a period of four years, there was a total of 1,022 divorces to 45,372 marriages, a ratio of one to twenty-four. In Ohio, in 1866, the divorces were 1,169, marriages 30,479, a ratio of one to twenty-seven. In Con-

necticut, in a period of eight years, there were 2,910 divorces and 33,227 marriages, a ratio of one to eleven.

CHEMISTS tell us that a single grain of the substance called *iodine* will impart color to seven thousand times its weight of water. It is so in higher things: one companion, one book, one habit, may affect the whole of life and character.

The Pastor from the Press.

THE GOSPEL A JOYFUL SOUND.

"Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance. In Thy name shall they rejoice; and in Thy righteousness shall they be exalted."—*Psalm lxxxix.* 15, 16.

EVEN before the time in which the Saviour of mankind appeared in the flesh, the knowledge of His salvation was revealed to the saints of the Old Testament, and "filled them with joy and peace in believing." The many declarations of their inspired prophets respecting Him who was to "bring in everlasting righteousness," were to them a "joyful sound," and they felt blessed in knowing it. The declaration in the text, that they who "know" it are blessed, holds good in all ages; for the same blessedness is the portion of all who, in every place and at every period of the world, are taught by the Spirit of God to welcome the Gospel as glad tidings.

Let us consider,

I. The character here given us of those who are really the people of God; and,

II. Wherein their blessedness consists.

I. We consider *the character given us of those who are really the people of God*; it is briefly declared to be this: that they "know the joyful sound." By this joyful sound is to be understood the Gospel, as already intimated, in which "the forgiveness of sins is preached" to us through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Allusion seems to be made, in this expression, to the blowing of trumpets, under the old or Jewish dispensation, by which their solemn assemblies were convened, and by which also the year of jubilee was announced. By referring it more particularly to the latter, much light is thrown upon the subject, and the Gospel is beautifully

illustrated. If you refer to Leviticus, xxv. 8-10, you will find directions for the observance of the year of jubilee given to the Jews in these words: "Thou shalt number seven sabbaths of years unto thee, seven times seven years; and the space of the seven sabbaths of years shall be unto thee forty and nine years. Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound on the tenth day of the seventh month, in the day of atonement shall ye make the trumpet sound throughout all your land. And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a jubilee unto you; and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family."

Such was the year of jubilee; and in it we see the Gospel shadowed forth. In so saying we do not offer to you a mere human conjecture, but make the application which our Lord himself did, when in the synagogue at Nazareth.* He applied to Himself the words of the prophet Isaiah, saying, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, *to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.*" Let us, then, trace the resemblance in some of the chief particulars.

* Luke, iv. 18, 19.

1. The trumpet in the year of jubilee announced that *all captives and slaves were to be set at liberty*; so, likewise, does the Gospel's "joyful sound" "proclaim liberty to the captives." But what description of captives are they to whom it proclaims liberty? To captives such as *you and me*, my brethren; to the slaves of sin and Satan; to us, who lay bound in the chains of our own corrupt lusts, in the service of the prince of darkness, who binds with the fetters of spiritual and eternal death; who in the end consigns his captives to the prison of hell. Was the jubilee trumpet then a "joyful sound" to the poor slave, who had dragged out a degraded existence for perhaps nine and forty years, and who was by it assured that he might go free, and be restored to his friends and family? and shall not the Gospel prove a "joyful sound" to the awakened sinner, who has felt the burden of his sins to be intolerable, and groaned beneath the weight of a guilty conscience, tied down and enslaved by a corrupt nature, and the cruel tyranny of his soul's enemy?

Much sympathy was long manifested in these United States for those who have been enslaved by earthly masters; the legislature was petitioned from all quarters in their behalf, and, in answer to the nation's prayer, God, by a singular providence, released them from captivity. But have we, my friends, felt the same pity for our own souls? Have we petitioned the throne of heaven for the deliverance, not only of ourselves, but of our equally enslaved brethren, from the bondage of Satan, if peradventure God would give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth; and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil who are taken captive by him at his will? Has it proved a "joyful sound" to you, to hear that Jesus has "led captivity captive, and received as gifts for men," pardon, peace, liberty from the curse and dominion of sin, reconciliation with God, and the hope of glory? If

not still ignorant of your true state, you must have felt it to be so, in some degree at least.

2. *The debtors also heard with joy the sound of the jubilee trumpet*; for they too were to be discharged so soon as it was heard. Who, then, are the debtors to whom the Gospel proclaims a like joyful release? Again I answer, *you*, and *I*, and *all*; *we* are the debtors to whom its message should be one of joy. We are "debtors to the whole law" of God; we are bound by every tie to keep every command that He has laid upon us. But which of us has paid this debt? Who that lives has not broken his holy law, and therefore failed to pay the debt he owes? and who, having once failed to do so, can ever discharge it? Not one; for every moment of our existence we are bound to render a *perfect* obedience, so that we can never have any surplus over, do what we can, to make amends for past neglect; and consequently we must have remained forever under the curse which the law denounces against those who transgress it, had not "the joyful sound" of the Gospel proclaimed to us that Jesus has paid our debt for us, to the uttermost farthing; that He who was "holy, harmless, and undefiled" became our surety, entered the prison of the grave, and, being discharged thence, assures us that the obedience which He had rendered, and the death He had endured for us have been accepted, so that we are freed from the curse.

3. The jubilee trumpet also announced that *they who had mortgaged or forfeited their possessions were to be restored to their full right to them*. Similar was our state; similar also is the Gospel's "joyful sound" to such. We had forfeited all title to heaven and glory; we had bartered our heavenly inheritance for "the pleasures of sin for a season"; but the Gospel tells us that we are restored to the hope of heaven; that Jesus has cancelled all that was against us, and that could keep us out from thence;

so that, if we "know the joyful sound," we may "bless the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, of His abundant mercy, hath begotten us again to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for them that are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

But what is it to "*know* the joyful sound"? since this must be ascertained in order that we may judge whether we are really the people of God, and have reason to expect the blessings it proclaims. It is not a mere head knowledge of the Gospel plan of salvation; it is not a mere cold admission that Jesus Christ came into the world, and died to save sinners. Many have this knowledge for whom the Gospel has no joy; to whom its sound is anything but welcome. It is a practical, experimental knowledge that is meant; a cordial embracing of the Gospel promises as in every way suited to our extreme need; a knowledge whereby we see that we need a remedy for sin, and find in it such an one as we need; which proves the Gospel to be "the power of God unto salvation," by causing us to feel that power in the renewal of our hearts, and the sanctification of their affections. Such knowledge alone can make the sound of the Gospel "joyful" to us; and it is only they who have such a knowledge of it whom the text pronounces to be "blessed." Be not deceived, therefore, my brethren, by the fatal delusion that a mere head knowledge is sufficient to save the soul. Many, alas! make shipwreck of their souls by this means; but, as you would shun their awful doom, never rest until you "receive it, not in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance."

II. We next consider *wherein the blessedness of those "who know the joyful sound" consists.*

1. The Psalmist says of them, "They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance." Though once involved in the darkness of ignorance and sin, "living without God and without hope in the world," yet, in the Gospel, "light has sprung up to them." The light of Divine truth has directed them to, and guides them in, the "new and living way" to God and life eternal, from which sin had excluded them. The Gospel proclaims to them the "joyful sound" that "the Lord is their everlasting light, and their God their glory." Believing this, they find the ways of holiness "ways of pleasantness, and all its paths peace." If a doubt or anxiety prey upon their mind for a season, they pray, "Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us" and we shall be safe; and then the Gospel answers that He has done so; that they may "walk in the light of His countenance," and be at peace.

2. Still further, he adds, "In Thy name shall they rejoice." We read in Scripture of many who received the word with joy; who, like the eunuch, "went on their way rejoicing," when they heard salvation preached through Him whose name is "the only one under heaven given amongst men whereby they must be saved"; and many more are daily added to their number. Well may they rejoice in that name, when through it sin is pardoned, hell is escaped, and heaven won; it is as "a strong tower to which they may flee, and be safe" from all the assaults of sin; and believing in it, they can never be confounded.

3. Lastly, he adds, "In Thy righteousness shall they be exalted." Here the hope of eternal glory is still more fully held out to them, and the prospect thus presented to them surely makes them "blessed." If the attainment of that glory were to be the purchase of their own righteousness; if it were their own merits and endeavors that were to entitle them to exaltation to the presence of God in heaven, they might well despair;

they might fear and tremble lest, instead of regarding them with feelings of love, and "lifting up the light of His countenance upon them," He might "swear in His wrath that they should not enter in His rest," on account of their want of a righteousness of their own such as He requires in order to justify a sinner in His sight. If it were the attainment of a certain degree of personal holiness which was to be the purchase of their exaltation, when could they be certain that they had attained to it? Would not their well-grounded fears lest they should come short of it, render their state one of perplexity and alarm, rather than of blessedness? But the Gospel's "joyful sound" tells them that heaven is earned and purchased *for* them; that Christ's perfect and spotless righteousness has secured it for all that believe in Him; that they who, in humble dependence on Him, renounce all confidence in self, shall be "exalted in *His* righteousness"; that they may plead *it* at the bar of God's judgment-seat, and be accepted on account of it, as if it had been their own. Thus are they exalted from despair to hope; from doubts and fears to the full assurance of faith; from the rank of sinners to be enrolled among the redeemed saints of God; from the misery of hell to the glory of heaven. "Happy are the people who are in such a case! yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord!" who rest in His love; confide in His power; and are heirs of His glory!

Oh, that I could be assured that all you whom I now address had these views and this experience of the Gospel! A glorious sight would the congregation be which I now look upon, if this were the case. But I have fearful misgivings that to some here the sound of the Gospel is not a "joyful" one; that it speaks no comfort to them; and why? Because it requires holiness and truth even in the inward parts; and tells a man that "unless he be converted he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven"; that Christ will save none whom He has not first

sanctified. The holiness which the Gospel requires, it is that which makes it unwellcome to them as though it tolled their funeral knell. It proclaims death to our lusts, as well as life to our souls; and such persons amongst you love your lusts more than your souls, so that you would say of it, as the devils did of its Divine author, "Art thou come hither to torment us before the time?" If the Gospel told you how you might be rich and prosperous, and promised you the means of gratifying your earthly desires, would that be a "joyful sound"? I fear you would think so, although now you despise and undervalue it, when it tells you how to be delivered from the guilt and dominion of sin, and made partakers of "the unsearchable riches of Christ." If you hear not His voice in that Gospel with joy, I would solemnly appeal to you, and ask, How can you be His people, when you are told that *they* "hear His voice and follow Him"? Even the dumb brutes know their master's voice, and will forsake their own species to follow him; and might not they arise in judgment with, and condemn those among you, to whom God speaks in His Gospel in the words of reconciliation, calling on you to look to His Son and be saved, and who will not hear? "See that you refuse not Him that thus speaketh" to you in accents of mercy; close not your ears to that message of God which, if you but felt the burden of sin, and a desire for peace with Him, would be a "joyful sound" to you. Remember, if, by long continued rejection of the Gospel, you incur His just vengeance, what *dismal sounds* will in the end assail the ears which were obstinately closed against its "joyful sound," and rack your souls through eternity with the recollection of how you had refused to hear the accents of mercy. Fly, then, I pray you, "for refuge to the hope set before you in that Gospel"; lay hold on that hope by seeking forgiveness in the all-prevailing name of Christ, and thus shall you have

reason to rejoice in it in time and in eternity.

Some, no doubt, there are here who have no desire to continue in sin; no hope but in Christ; and yet experience no *joy* from that hope. This may arise from natural temperament; want of distinct views; or from their not walking, as far as their light enables them, as becometh the Gospel. The fault certainly does not rest with the Gospel itself. I would say to such, look to the bright side; look to what Christ has done *for* you, and believe that He wrought it *for you*; this will serve as a cure for despondency, as well as to shame you out of neglect of known duties. Be watchful, also, and circumspect; examine well into your motives and actions; see that you be directed in them by a view to His glory; for, "if any man do His will," He has promised that "he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God"; whether a free salvation is really offered to him "without money and without price"; and whether by believing in Christ he is no longer under condemnation. It is to those who are thus led to do His will that He delights to manifest Himself as a God of peace; these are they whom He fills "with all joy and peace in believing."

I should hope that I also address some who welcome the Gospel as a "joyful sound," and may be safely classed among those whom the text declares to be "blessed." Let the ignorant call it enthusiasm in you to *enjoy religion*; but do you draw all your joys from thence; let its influence sanctify and enhance every earthly comfort you have. If you believe that for

Christ's sake "your sins, which are many, are forgiven you"; if the sanctifying, purifying effects of your faith upon your hearts and lives, give you satisfactory evidence that you have "passed from death unto life"; praise Him who has made Himself known to you in "the joyful sound" of the Gospel; and, while "with joy you draw water from the wells of salvation," prove to the world by your consistency of life, temper, and conduct, that yours is no presumptuous, self-righteous confidence, but an humble and a *holy* reliance on the sure promise of a faithful God. This will prove the most convincing argument that the Gospel is indeed a "joyful sound," when you show that you are ready to part with every sinful temper, every unlawful gain, every unhallowed affection for what it holds out.

Finally, let as many as can thus joyfully receive the Gospel, be animated to persevere in the way it points out, by the anticipation of that glorious day, when the archangel's trump shall announce the coming of Him who has purchased His people with His blood: for even this, which will cause His enemies to quake with awful forebodings of their certain doom of misery, will prove a "joyful sound" to them; for they "shall be caught up into the air, to be forever with the Lord; wherefore," you who thus believe unto salvation, "comfort one another with these words: Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance. In Thy name shall they rejoice; and in Thy righteousness shall they be exalted."

LIBERTY AND LAW IN THE CHURCH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE JARVIS GEER, D.D.

No religious body in this land grants a larger liberty to its members than that whose government is by bishops in legitimate descent from the Apostolic Church of England.

In matters of faith, it is true, the Church is definite. She speaks as the witness and keeper of the truth. What she has preserved and teaches, has cost her much, even the blood of many of her best children. Every revealed truth relating to the nature, mission, and offices of our blessed Lord, as held by the Primitive Church, and at the Reformation, is still held, and with the same fidelity, clearness, and tenacity. Her trumpet gives no uncertain sound. The Prayer Book embodies her articles of faith and her treasures of devotion, and challenges the admiration of those who would have "the faith once delivered to the saints" preserved on earth in its integrity.

The heritage which we have in her has not come down to us under the figure of a stream which "beareth on its bosom that which is light and blown up, and sinketh that which is weighty and solid," but under the figure of an ark riding on the bosom of the stream of time, in which saints of past ages have deposited their treasures of devotion and piety, and which now stands before us full-freighted with Te Deums, Litanies, and Glorias.

The present, living, continuously identified, historic Church, is wanting in no particular for ministering unto men for their salvation.

But by no compulsion does the Church carry even her own children into the detail of her beautiful system. She does not arbitrarily put matters of opinion in the category of matters of faith. When she receives the world's wandering children at her fonts, she interposes nothing per-

taining to faith as a qualification for holy baptism, save that which is strictly essential. She only asks, "Dost thou believe all the articles of the Christian faith, as contained in the Apostles' Creed?"—the simplest, most ancient, and most universally acknowledged formula extant in Christendom. From that point she takes her children by the hand and leads them on to an intelligent and devout adoption of all those aids to devotion, and those decencies of worship, which are the true outgrowths of Church life. As to these, there may be differences of opinion without disturbing the foundations. They, however, who are ordained to minister at the altars of the Church are followed up with conditions and laws which are not imposed upon the baptized. Men must be brought to Christ under the simplest requirements possible. All are called: the poor, the lame, the halt, the blind, the ignorant, and they that are out of the way, as well as the cultivated and intellectual, the philosopher and the sage. In the fundamental fact of position in the body of Christ, the broadest toleration obtains. Teachers, however, must bear the imposition of laws. There can be no security without this feature of Church life and being. Those strictly and dutifully bound by laws alone know how to minister wisely where the conditions of admission are necessarily broad, liberal, and comprehensive. But while admitting to membership on these simple terms, the Church, though presenting herself to be joyfully received as a blessed, safe, and holy guide, claims to be no man's master in the details of her system. The foundation facts and verities of the Christian religion, preëminently those which pertain to the divinity of Christ and the personality and offices of the Holy Ghost, are taught as indispensable. The Church has her own ancient, primitive, and

scriptural mode of impressing these. She may excuse her baptized members from her methods, but never from holding Divine truth. She is fixed where she must be, liberal where she can be. Position in the body is essential. Liberty, not involving schism in the body, or a violation of the faith, she denies to none. In things indifferent, individuality is recognized. Distinct functions belong to each member, in its own place and relation. Individuality is to be developed, but in subordination to the fact of membership in the body.

This is in accordance with Divine teaching, in the natural world.

God has laid the foundations of the earth so that it abideth continually. The everlasting hills afford a figure for strength. The revolutions of the heavenly bodies remain the same.

But nature has, also, things which are variable, which come and go, and pass through many changes, making the earth a thing of beauty. The grass grows: it withers and dies. The flowers bloom, and are cut down. The winds are variable. The clouds come and go. The rain and sunshine alternate with each other.

God has set bounds to the seas, and established them by a perpetual decree that the waters thereof shall not pass them. Yet within those bounds the waves laugh, and play and sparkle joyously in the sunlight, imaging forth that perfect freedom which belongs only to those who, like the waters of the sea, acknowledge the great bounds of law.

Anarchy comes in the Christian Church when liberty ceases to respect the bounds which it cannot pass, and degenerates into license when it invades and disturbs the foundations.

Tyranny is exercised when the law of fixedness is fastened upon those things wherein no man may judge his brother. The Word, the Faith, the Church—which is the one body made up of the various institutions of Christ embracing them within

itself—are fixed realities. The Word of God abideth forever. The Church, with her Divine institutions of the ministry and the sacraments, is to exist in her relation to these gifts and endowments, as she has ever existed and now exists, “even unto the end of the world.” No man, no body of men, called by any name, for any purpose whatsoever, may change these fixed and abiding institutions.

The same distinction, as between things fixed and things variable, obtains under and within each unchangeable institution.

The *Ministry* is a Divine ordinance. But the individuals who hold the sacred office come and go like all the changeable things of this abiding planet. The law of its appointment is continuous and abiding. Its identity is unaffected by the things pertaining to it which are variable.

The *Holy Sacraments* are abiding as an institution of our blessed Lord. He appointed the elements to be used therein. Change here would be sacrilege.

Liturgies have been a fixed fact in the public worship of the Church from the giving of the Lord's Prayer by the Master, to the present moment. But liturgies may vary in things in their nature variable. This was the case in the Church at an early day. This is so now as between our own Church, the Church of England, and the Eastern Churches.

The living worshipper in his own consciousness, in the act of worship, gives freshness to this fixed provision for the offering of the sacrifice of prayer and praise. As, to one reading the Word of God, while he muses, the fire, which brings continuous personal application, kindles. There may be private aspirations, which outspoken, because the office is fixed, would, in the house of God destroy the fact of *common* prayer.

Truth is unchangeable; but it is not without its manifestations which are variable. The various races of men coming from one stock, going forth into different latitudes,

subjected to diverse influences from association, climate, and custom, have each their own peculiar developments. It is impossible that revealed truth, flowing into different countries and races, and subjected to the influences of varied illustration and application, shall everywhere retain the same characteristics.

Divine truth, for this reason, is not one thing to one people and another to another, fitting itself to a race by renouncing itself, by becoming self-contradicting, divided, and antagonistic, one part to the other. Customs, modes, dress, color, may change, but revealed truth and Divine institutions never. These cannot change or surrender their continuous identity.

Now, ecclesiastical history has made it plain that the relations between things of their nature fixed, and those of their nature variable, have been carelessly disturbed.

On one side authority has trenched upon liberty. This carries the law of fixedness where there should be the ebb and flow of changeful life. Religious stagnation is the result.

On the other side men have made havoc, ruthlessly, with Divine institutions. They have levelled the edifice itself with the ground. They have begun to build *anew* that which was builded once for all, at the beginning, by the Master Builder Himself.

All sorts of plans have been devised and

followed to the great confusion of all. Divine and human materials have been brought into strange relations. Gold, silver, precious stones—wood, hay, stubble—in all directions await the final trial by fire.

Each builder has begun with high sounding promises. But the faith is not held. Laxity in doctrine among the teachers prevails. The image of Daniel's prophecy, figuring the history of kingdoms succeeding one to the other, is reproduced in the history of a single sect. It is fine gold in its head or beginning. The feet on which it now stands in its present unorthodoxy are of "miry clay." That which is true of one is true of another and another. And now, in an age of unbridled religious license, the cry goes up, "these be thy gods O Israel, which led thee out from the land of Egypt!"

Both these errors represent two great recognized evils. For he who talks of liberty where the laws of God and things necessarily abiding are concerned, talks in the spirit of him who fell. While he who elevates the traditions of men into the realm of the laws of God, "as God sitteth in the Temple of God, showing himself that he is God."

Upon every member of the Church, therefore, at this day and hour, more clearly it would seem than ever, rests the grave and sacred responsibility of guarding both liberty and law in the Church of God.

INCONSISTENCY.—The son of Scipio Africanus, a profligate young man, wore on his finger a ring, upon which the image of his father was engraved. The Roman censors were so much disgusted with the degenerate son wearing upon his person the picture of his noble parent, that they insisted on his taking the ring from his finger. They considered that he was insulting, rather than honoring, his father by

wearing it. And thus will God regard all His degenerate children who bear His name without conformity to His image. In the army of Alexander the Great, there was a soldier of the name of Alexander. To him it was said, "Either be brave, or change your name."

RELIGION is the best armor that a man can have, but it is the worst cloak.

Church Work.

OUR PARISH.

CHAPTER I.

RAMP ROW.

RAMP ROW was a very narrow street at the extreme north end of a large city in England. Everybody knew where it was. Its inhabitants were so notorious, that to fix its name upon any person in the parish was felt to be a reproach that implied disgrace; and many a street brawl and fight have arisen among young and old, by being told he lived in Ramp Row. It was supposed to be beyond the limit of all decent people, and none but the dregs of the town lived there.

This was the home for all who had none, or who could not procure one, elsewhere. Here lived, or rather stayed, dog-fanciers, bird-trainers, baby-stealers, night-prowlers, receivers of stolen goods, apple-women, match-venders, fish and water-cress peddlers, ballad-singers, gypsy fortune-tellers, jail-birds, thieves of every grade, boxers, wrestlers; and, in fact, almost every person in it was either accused or suspected of some crime or other, which made people shudder to think of.

These poor people were the terror of benevolent ladies, charitable gentlemen, and even the clergymen of the parish, who were often observed, during their kind and Christian visits to the poor and needy in every other part of the parish, to pass by Ramp Row, looking in an opposite way. No one ever thought of going there, except the police, either to quiet a row, or to arrest a thief, or to wield the strong arm of the law among its lawless denizens.

The houses in this row were small and narrow, but one story high, lighted only by a little window in the door, on entering

which, you must step down about a foot, into a room with the bed in it, and which was always damp and dark, from a deep moat of stagnant green water running all along behind the houses to an old dilapidated rampart, from which the row took its name;—a range of lofty fish and slaughter-houses and tanneries running along in front, shutting these poor creatures out from the cheerful face of the sun, the health-giving breezes of the sea, which rolled to the east of them, and also cutting them off from the sympathy of the good and the kind.

Even for a respectable man or woman to pass down this row, and make mention of the fact to his more polite and decent friends, excited surprise, or a sneer, or a suspicion of something which was not to be named. The landlord of this property lived among his tenants, from whom he exacted his rents with great punctuality, when due, and sometimes with cruel severity. He was just the man for the task, as he had been many years a freebooter or smuggler at sea, during war times, by which he amassed some money, and, when the wars were over, invested his gains in the purchase of Ramp Row, whose miserable tenements had been, in the time of Napoleon's threatened invasion, merely soldiers' huts, and which he had converted into dwellings for his motley tenantry, upon whose weekly proceeds he smoked, and drank, and lived in luxury and ease.

CHAPTER II.

I THINK it was in April, 1837, that I was appointed reader in the parish of St. Nich-

olas, within whose boundary Ramp Row was situated.

On one of those beautiful bright mornings in that month—mornings almost peculiar to the fickle climate of England—came a rat-tat-tat, with distinct politeness, at my door, which, on being opened, a fine old English gentleman stepped in, with all the grace of elegance and modest diffidence. I saw at a glance he was a person of consequence, wealth, and station, with a very benevolent cast of countenance, sporting a gold-headed cane, watch, chain, and seals to match. He passed through the ceremony of introduction with ease and propriety, each of us expressing mutual delight at our mutual acquaintance. After a pause, he said,

"I have called on you this morning, sir, on rather important business, in which I shall be glad of your benevolent services."

"For which," I replied, "I shall be happy to be at your command, as such service is in the way of my duty."

"We have," he added, "in this parish, a very neglected neighborhood of poor and wretched people, who, by their character, habits, and social condition, have shut themselves out almost entirely from the benevolent sympathies of the public; but more especially from the services of the Church and the preaching of the Gospel."

He then described, briefly and in few well-chosen words, the condition of Ramp Row, which he politely asked me to visit as soon as convenient; and, to facilitate my work, willingly offered to accompany me, which offer I of course accepted, and accordingly made my appointment to visit the notorious row next morning at ten o'clock.

I soon learned, from the son of my landlady, that my new-made friend was a wealthy banker, and one of the chief men of the corporation; that he once belonged to the Society of Friends; that he had, within the last few years, laid aside the creed and the garb of the Quaker—in fact,

all that is peculiar to that respectable society,—and had, with his excellent wife, been baptized into the Church; but they both retained that habit of conscientious and systematic benevolence so well known to be practised by the Friends. Charity and piety seemed to be both the motive and the reason for his calling on me. Being a person of great wealth, he displayed his love to God and man in that most excellent gift of charity, having, as I was afterward informed, a list of weekly pensioners of some hundred in number, relieved from his own private purse, among whom were a few of the abject poor of Ramp Row, whom it was his expressed desire that I should visit in my official capacity; having found in this Sardis a few who had not defiled their garments, whom he had kindly helped by his right hand, so as not to let his left hand know it.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST CALL.

"This mean cottage doth include
Poverty with sanctitude.
Past midnight this poor maid hath spun,
And yet the work is not half done,
Which must supply from earnings scant,
A feeble, aged parent's want."

JUST as the old church clock struck ten, my friend called to conduct me to Ramp Row. Armed with my pocket Bible and Prayer Book, we set out on our visit of mercy. The morning was beautiful; the breeze played in gentle gusts as we leisurely wended our way; all nature seemed jocund and sprightly in the act of donning its spring attire, exciting our hearts with gratitude and delight at the loveliness of the season. The Easter festival was just past; the shops, the streets, the children—yea, even the very carriage horses,—seemed to share the cheerfulness of the time. These things presented a notable contrast with the scenes of the row, adown which we turned, where our senses were soon greeted with pictures of a wholly different kind.

As we passed along over heaps of decayed fish, piles of old iron, boxes of rotten bones, bales of raw hides, costermongers' barrows, and the like, numerous heads were thrust out of doors to gaze at us, and groups of idle men, talkative women, and brawling children made their notes and comments upon us, till we stopped at the door of a house jogging a little back from the line of the rest, at which the benevolent man made a gentle rap, and which was immediately opened. An aged widow, with a pale, calm, quiet face, received us with a courtesy, and a greeting of modest diffidence. This was returned by the rich banker by a warm shake of the hand and a cheerful greeting, and something left in the palm of the woman, enfeebled with age and infirmity, as, with meek resignation, she resumed her seat, after handing a chair to each of us.

"This is Mrs. M——," said my friend, introducing me; "and these are her two daughters, both afflicted with blindness," he added, with the sympathizing tone of Christian gentleness.

The mother informed me they had lost their sight while quite young, by the small-pox, and there was no hope of recovery; they were now women grown, and added, "This is Lilly," as she guided her hand toward me; and, leading the other, said, "This is Betsey."

And said Betsey, "I am blind Betsey; they call me Blind Betsey of Ramp Row; but, sir," she added, with a cheerful smile, "I don't mind their jeers, for my affliction is from God, and there is nothing to be ashamed of but sin, though people say it is a great disgrace to live in the row; but God can take care of us here as well as He could Lot in the city of Sodom."

I remarked that "Sin brings terror to the conscience, and shame to the face."

"Yes, sir," answered Betsey, with confiding simplicity; "but the love of God casteth out fear and destroys shame; for when we are forgiven of God, we have no

dread of Him, and He inspires us with a holy courage, so that we may not fear man." Then adding, "The fear of man bringeth a snare."

I asked, "If you are blind, and not able to read the Holy Scriptures, how came you to know the things of which you speak?"

Her countenance brightened at this question, as she replied, "Mother reads the Bible to us every day, while we work, she being unable to work; she is too old and weak for that, sir, and I bless God that, though He has taken away my natural sight, yet I have learned to love the Saviour, whom, having not yet seen, we love; and though we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

My friend asked, "How much does she read daily to you?"

"Sometimes more, and sometimes less," said the widow; "but I have read the Bible through many times to them, and especially the New Testament," handing the book, from her chair, from which she read, remarking, "Their memories must be poor indeed, if they cannot remember something from so many versés."

Taking the book from her hand, I observed it had been well used, and it had marks of long and good service. I read the ninth chapter of St. John, after which we all knelt down, and I prayed for God's blessing on them, and we took our departure.

On parting with my friend, he slipped a guinea into my hand, with directions to use it for their benefit. I said to myself, this is angel help. What a blessing one may be made to another in this sad world. To visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction is pure religion. Man may be a ministering angel to his fellow men. To weep with those that weep, is Divine solace in distress. Of these girls, I said to myself,

"Are Nature's charms all hidden forever from their view?

And they in darkness bidden their journey to pursue?

My Father! O my Father! Thy child can trust Thee still,
And strength from Thee will gather, to suffer all Thy will."

CHAPTER IV.

THE WIDOW'S TALE.

"If crossed with all mishaps be my poor life,
If one short day I never spent in mirth,
If my spirit with itself holds lasting strife,
If sorrow's death is but new sorrow's birth;
If this vain world be but a mournful stage,
Where slave-born man plays to the laughing stars,
If youth be toss'd with love, with weakness age,
If knowledge serves to hold our thoughts in wars,
If time can close the hundred mouths of fame,
And make, what's long since past, like that's to be;
If virtue only be an idle name,
If being I was but born to die:
Why seek I to prolong these weary days?
The fairest rose in shortest time decays."

BLIND BETSEY's mother had participated in such scenes in life as fall to the lot of very few women. One rainy day in the dark month of November, I called, in my usual rounds of duty, on this afflicted family. The aged widow was plainly and neatly dressed, and had her head covered with a cap of snowy whiteness. She was at her usual occupation, which was winding twine on a kind of shuttle, for the use of her two blind daughters, who were "beatsters," that is, menders of fishing-nets, which, though entirely blind, they could do with great neatness, and this was their only means of earning a living, and it was very scanty at all times.

The day was raw and chilly, and the room was cold and damp. Betsey and Lilly, as they were called, were busily plying their task at their nets. I drew my chair near the little cheerful fire, and, taking up the Bible, which lay open on a small high stool by the side of the good mother, opened on the sixth of Ephesians, which I read, and made some remarks on as I passed along.

The Christian soldier's armor and warfare, therein described, drew sighs and a

profusion of tears from the widow, who remarked, while wiping the tears away with her apron, "I know by sad experience what all that means, sir; I have been through it all."

"How so?" I inquired. "Have you fought and failed to conquer in this holy war?"

"No, sir," she replied; "but that chapter always brings up so fresh in my memory the image of my long, long-lost husband, who fell in the battle of Waterloo;" and she wept again, till every part of her weak frame was convulsed. When her feeling had abated, she said,

"I am a soldier's widow, sir, old and worn out; but, thank my Heavenly Father, I am not forgotten. Once I was a young and blooming country girl, but that is a long time ago, and I loved a young man, a neighbor's son, who, being tempted by the bounty, enlisted into the army. He left me to mourn his loss, but my love for him was so strong and constant that I could not endure his absence."

I remarked, "You were young, and might have found another; husbands are always to be found for virtuous women."

"Yes, sir," she repeated, with emphasis, "there were others, to be sure; but none like him. So tall, so handsome, and so kind to his mother! I followed him, and found him. After a short delay, we were married. His regiment was soon ordered out to India. I was allowed to follow him three months afterward. For nine years we served in that hot country, and he fought many battles, in which God, in mercy to me, shielded him. We sailed from India, under orders, to Egypt, to serve in the wars against Bonaparte, whom we beat, under the leadership of Sir Ralph Abercrombie. Our sufferings there were great; but the greatest of all was the burying a little boy at sea—yes, sir, in the Red Sea, that Moses crossed with the Israelites, on dry ground: of course that was by the power of God."

I said, "I suppose you mean the Mediterranean Sea?"

"No, sir, they called it the Red Sea. Well, we were next ordered home to dear old England, where, after much war and bloodshed, we hoped to end our days in peace in our native land. But Providence ordered it otherwise. Before we reached home we received orders to sail to Spain, to join Sir John Moore."

"You were," I interrupted, "in that sad retreat?"

"I was, indeed, sir; and the horrors of war were to be seen there. That retreat I shall remember with an aching heart till my dying day." Here she wept; but, recovering soon, added, "I had my baby shot from my arms, by a spent ball from the enemy; but, great as my grief was for that, it was increased a thousand-fold on hearing the report that my husband was killed. This was like another ball through my heart. I knelt down on the snow, in utter despair of life, by my dead child, and prayed to die. I found no comfort. I had no comforter. While on my knees, the flying soldiers, of all arms, rushed past me by hundreds; horses without riders, and cavalrymen without horses, added to our danger and distress. The wounded—poor, brave men—were left to perish in the snow and cold; even the horses dropped down dead in the ambulances. The hills were covered with snow. We had no rations or provisions of any kind, no shelter from the rain, sleet, and wind; we had no fuel for fire, nor place where, weary and footsore, we could rest for a single hour in safety. The enemy was close in pursuit. With me, the bitterness of death was past. I wished to die. I could not leave my child. At last I fell down, cold, numb, and exhausted, in which state I was picked up and put in charge of a woman in an ox-cart, which took me to Corunna, where, to my great joy, the next day I found my husband safe and well. My despair was instantly

changed to a burst of joy. But this joy was soon damped by the mournful news that Sir John Moore was shot by a cannon ball. He was a brave man, and much beloved by his soldiers."

How wonderful are the ways of God, even with His own dear children! How impossible to read them in this life! It is often wiser to adore, than to pry into mysteries that cannot be explained. We see in this woman's history, a beautiful illustration of God's preserving care and providence. Mrs. M——, a once happy peasant girl, marries an English common soldier, whom she loved fervently. In his company, she spends twenty-seven years on the tented field, among the continual roar of cannon, the clashing of arms; through victory and defeat, retreat and advance, and all the vicissitudes of war. She served under the burning suns of India, the blinding sands of Egypt, the feverish swamps of Africa, in the course of which campaigns she gives birth to nine children, two only of whom she brings, blind and helpless, in her widowed state, to her native land, to spend the balance of her days in a damp room, ten feet by twelve, in RAMP ROW. She is allowed no pension, for her husband took the bounty. During her long absence from home, she had lost by death all her known relatives. Friends she had none, but those of the Church. They were loving, true, and faithful.

One would have thought that such a woman, after seeing so much service, for so long a time, being so much afflicted, and being so ill rewarded, would have returned one of hardness, of gross and vulgar manners, pettish, impatient, complaining, and destitute of the fear of both God and man. But such, indeed, was not the case. She was characterized by all that meekness, patience, and chastened excellence of life and temper, with a maturity of Christian ripeness that none but a child of grace can know.

A POEM IN A LIFE.

BY THE REV. HENRY C. POTTER, D.D.

ONE familiar with the streets of New York, may often meet in them a figure which the most casual passer will be apt to look at twice. It is the figure of one who has evidently passed the meridian of life, but who has not lost its activity. There is a marked contrast between the white hair and slightly bent form, and the quick, elastic step, the bright, observant eye, and fresh alertness of the whole bearing, which would interest one if there were nothing more; but there is a great deal more. There is a combined aspect at once of benignity and of energy, of sweetness and of power, which would be apt to lead the merest stranger to say, "That was no ordinary man, and that is no ordinary face." If the stranger could have seen the venerable head uncovered—without the low-crowned, quaker-like hat, which somehow seemed so appropriate to those strong, yet gentle, features—he would, were he at all a disciple of Spurzheim, find, shaded by its broad brim, a group of organs prophetic of a benevolent disposition, and an organizing, energetic, and vigorous mind. He would expect that of such a person, there was something to be told; and he would not be mistaken; for that alert, though venerable, figure belongs to one to whom the American Church and the American metropolis have alike been largely indebted; one who has done scarcely less to solve some of the most perplexing problems of the day than any man of his generation.

One of those problems has been the whole subject of Christian education. Fifty years ago, a resolute solution of that problem had scarcely been attempted. Those who had inherited the faith and worship of the Church of England, had here and there, in the land, a Church college or two; but that, so far as a high order of Christian nurture was concerned, was the extent of

their endeavors. Parochial and other similar schools were entirely unknown, while a higher grade of Church schools, aiming to educate an older class of youth, as do the great public schools of England, such as Harrow, and Marlborough, and Rugby, had not even been dreamed of. The sons of Churchmen were prepared for college under other auspices than those of the Church, and, too often, found thereby an easy road to forgetfulness of the faith of their fathers.

Under such circumstances it was that the subject of this sketch inaugurated, at College Point, near New York, a school which at once took a high rank, and which, ere long, won for itself unique and most honorable reputation. Without the objectionable features of the great English schools, it yet most happily reproduced their leading excellences. The whole system of teaching was brought into healthful subordination to sound principles of Christian nurture. The college chapel, that bugbear of most youths in our ordinary American institutions, was made at once the centre of the whole school life, and a place of genuine attractiveness. The Church year, which has so much in its beautiful order to appeal to the young mind, was made, practically, the school year; and to-day, among the hundreds of men, in all ranks of life, some of them wearing the bishop's lawn, and others the judge's ermine, who have gone forth from College Point, there is scarce one who does not date his first appreciation of the Church's feasts and fasts from the solemn and glowing services in its chapel. Wisely coupled with this Christian nurture, was a healthful and manly physical culture. The legends of the boyish sports at College Point, as narrated by those who shared them, reads like a chapter out of "Tom

Brown at Rugby," and there is little doubt that they have given an impulse to reforms in similar institutions, in the remotest corners of the land.

But the secret of this success was not any system, however excellent, nor any skill, however thorough. It was in the rare and happy qualities of the presiding mind. That mind possessed the magnetism of Arnold, without his impatience; the religious earnestness of Arnold, without his tendency to speculation. And the boys caught and reflected the master's spirit. They are scattered, to-day, from one end of the continent to the other; but they can no more forget, no matter what distances of time or space separates them from their boyhood scenes, that they were once the Doctor's boys, than they could forget their own existence. Such memories are verily a part of their existence, even as the influences in which they have their roots, and a part of their characters. The principles of College Point have taken shape in many other schools since then, and its pupils have, in more than one instance, risen to be among the most successful educators of our day; but there is not one of them that would not gladly and gratefully own his indebtedness to the venerable friend and father whose loving wisdom and patient labors inaugurated a new era in the Christian nurture of our youth, and lifted the Church, in that matter, to a higher level, both of effort and of aspiration.

But there was another problem, scarcely less important, and scarcely less difficult of solution. It was that problem which has now been at least partially solved by the rapidly increasing numbers of free churches. Twenty-five years ago, a free church—a church building without rented or owned pews or sittings—was virtually unknown. Our Church was contented to jog on in the "old way," with its high-backed and padlocked doors, too often saying, more expressively, even, than a Boston rector was once heard to say, dur-

ing the last generation, "The Episcopal Church is the Church for gentlemen." But the subject of our sketch recognized the fact that if this were so, then the Episcopal Church could not be, in any true sense, the *Catholic* Church, since the Catholic Church, by virtue of her very name, must needs have, within the shelter of her ample walls, a place for "all sorts and conditions of men." If she was to be the Church of the people, she must have room for the people. And so, when the head of the school at College Point laid down his work there, he grappled with the question of free churches. The "Church of the Holy Communion," in New York, was the result, and how cheering and successful a result, who does not know! It is true that one single such success does not solve the problem, and that the question of free churches is one still incumbered with many perplexities. But it is equally true that no one experiment has at once cast so much light upon the whole matter, and inspired such earnest hopes for the future, as that just referred to. Its founder and father has surrendered its care to other hands, but they belong to one like-minded with himself, and to-day the Church of the Holy Communion stands, without a peradventure, the most successful free church of our order in the land.

But to a pastor in a great city, there must come other perplexities than those connected with public worship, and they often perplexities far less easy to deal with. The perils and the poverty of a great city multiply, often in startling ratio, the numbers of its sick and suffering; and these, until within a very few years, comparatively, had been left, in this great city, to the tender mercies of public institutions. The Church had no hospital, nor, indeed, any available refuge for her sick or temporarily disabled *poor*. To supply such a want, therefore, the wise hand and large heart of the subject of our sketch were next directed, and the stranger who to-day visits the Central Park, at the upper end

of New York, passes, on his way, a structure which tells him, in no uncertain language, with what result. St. Luke's Hospital, with its spacious grounds, and airy wards, and ministering sisters—above all, with its beautiful chapel, as the centre of the whole stately pile of buildings—is the very idea of a Christian refuge for the sick and suffering. Kneeling at the place, in that chapel, “where prayer is wont to be made,” the voice of its venerable pastor can be heard in every remote corner of the most distant ward; and, lying stretched upon their sick-beds, every solitary sufferer whom the Master is disciplining by the sharp ministry of pain, may hear the comforting words of that Master's Gospel. Since St. Luke's Hospital was reared, it has found many earnest imitators, and similar institutions of even statelier proportions, have been built in other crowded cities, to do the same blessed work. But the parent of them all is St. Luke's, and it would not be easy to estimate the impulse which that noble charity has given to efforts organized and carried on, all over the land, under the holy sanctions of Christ and His Church, for the relief of physical misery.

Such was the work which had been accomplished by one man, by the time he had reached the venerable age of three-score years and ten. It is true that he had enlisted the sympathies and enjoyed the coöperation of some of the most earnest and large-hearted Churchmen of our day; but the original conception, and the practical execution of his plans, had largely been his own; and after having seen his efforts crowned with such signal and exceptional success, he might fitly have claimed for his declining years the refreshment of repose and retirement. It was with something of surprise, therefore (coupled, in many instances, it must be owned, with something more of incredulity), that his many friends learned, not many years ago, that he had put forth a pamphlet, in which,

under the modest disguise of “A Dream of St. John Land,” he unfolded another scheme of Christian enterprise, entirely novel and untried. It was no less than that of an extensive domain, at some distance from the city, by removing to which “the industrious poor might exchange their wretched abodes in the city, for comfortable rural homes, and, at the same time, be sure of support.” Connected with this community, were to be a chapel, an old man's inn, orphanages arranged in family groups, an infirmary, and schools, managed by a board of trustees, and presided over, respectively, by a pastor and a superintendent. The aim of the whole scheme, in a word, was a realization of the idea of a “Church Industrial Community,” in which the Christian conception of the home should be respected, and, as far as possible, reproduced.

“It was a beautiful scheme,” said many, “but as impracticable, or, at any rate, as to its realization, as improbable, as it was beautiful.” Men met its venerable author in the streets, with the greeting of Joseph's brethren in their thoughts, if not on their lips—“Behold, this *dreamer* cometh”; and the text upon the title-page of the pamphlet, entitled, “St. John Land,” which read, “Your old men shall dream dreams,” was considered exhaustively descriptive of the probable history of the whole design. Exactly seven years have passed since then, and they have been, to the venerable dreamer, fruitful and abundant beyond all precedent. To-day, St. John Land is no longer a beautiful vision, but a blessed fact. Its noble conception has been turned into a nobler realization. Not only all, but more than all, that it aimed to be, it has already actually become. Imagine a domain, comprising some five hundred acres of land, beautifully diversified, richly wooded and abundantly watered, lying on the northern shore of Long Island, about three hours distant from New York. Here, in a region full of delightful surprises, and

rich in lovely landscapes, there is to be found a little community, occupying an attractive and commodious group of buildings, and engaged, so far as they are not disabled by age or infirmity, in agriculture or the mechanic arts. In accordance with its original design, the principle of this community is industrial; while here, also, the aged man, worn out by labor in the city, and jostled aside by the eager rush of our impetuous and not very reverent activity, finds something better than the dreary shelter of an almshouse; and the crippled child, emancipated from the confinement of a city tenement-house, or an over-crowded hospital ward, is welcomed to a home where Christian thoughtfulness anticipates his childish wants, while a wise Christian philanthropy develops even his feebleness into something like self-reliant, self-maintaining activity. To see these various classes in their happy retreat, is a spectacle at once beautiful and pathetic. The Old Man's Inn, a veritable *Hotel Dieu*, assembles within its walls a group of aged men, while in the Children's Home, the printing-house, and the stereotype foundry, gather those who are not employed out of doors, according to their various powers and aptitudes; and, standing rightfully in the midst of these surroundings, the "Church of the Testimony of Jesus," bearing the new commandment of love, as the legend over its altar, lifts its graceful spire to heaven. St. John Land, no longer "the baseless fabric of a vision," is already accomplishing its gracious and Christ-like mission, and now stands the fitting crown of a life of untiring and self-sacrificing service.

Is not such a life a very poem? What poetry of rarest melody or grandest inspiration is there that could more effectually appeal to the tenderest sympathies, or

more magnetically stir the deepest springs of Christian action? It is given to some men to do one thing well, to accomplish, amid many failures, one substantial result; but the life of him whose work we have thus briefly reviewed, has been a path of steadfast and increasing success—a record at once unique and inspiring of noble undertakings, nobly achieved. Surely it is fitting that this periodical, *THE CHRISTIAN YEAR*, which owes its existence to a business energy and foresight—first brought to the Church's notice in connection with the remarkable discourse from the pen of the subject of this sketch, on "The Woman and her Accusers,"—should contain at least some slight tribute to his work. To no one will it prove distasteful, we are sure, save to himself. He would fain court the shade which his modest nature has always loved. But we may not always wait to praise the elders until they have fallen asleep. Our age and our Church alike want the inspiration of such examples—the magnetic impulse of such wise and loving lives. From the heat of controversies, never ending, and ever begun anew,—from the war of parties, widening, by their mutual misrepresentations, breaches which ought long ago to have been healed,—from the dull routine of mere ecclesiastical machinery, ponderous and portentous in sound, but scanty and penurious in performance,—one turns eagerly for the traces of men at work, and in earnest.

Thank God, then, for a life so animating and so instructive! Thank God, not merely for one whose songs have comforted so many sorrowing hearts, and cheered so many discouraged disciples of the common Master, but, also, for one who has planned so wisely, and labored so lovingly, and builded so beautifully for that Master's honor!

A LETTER PATERNAL,

To two of my School Sons, about to become Church Fathers (Bishops).

BY THE REVEREND W. A. MUHLENBERG, D.D.

[Selected from "I would not live away."]

MAN may make bishops, Christ alone
Makes those whom He vouchsafes to own,
Sprung of pure apostolic race,
The sure succession of His grace.

Then may His unction *you* anoint,
His hands imposing, *you* appoint.
Rich in the gifts which they impart,
True bishops after His own heart.

His blood-bought flock your charge to keep,
Forth in green pastures lead the sheep,
Carry the lambs, the weak upbear,
The meanest not beneath your care.

Nor them alone within the fold,
The wanderers far around behold;
Bring in the outcast, lame, and blind,
The lost ones on the mountains find.

Faithful dispense the Master's word,
Let no uncertain sounds be heard:
Christ's gospellers all rightly tell
His saving grace from sin and hell.

The CHURCH needs bishops who can preach,
As well as rule their flocks, and teach;
Men ever first and foremost found,
In trumpet tones the truth to sound.

Who should be such, but they who call
Their office one with that of Paul?
Like Paul then preach, nor aught beside
Christ Jesus, and Him crucified.

Apostles still may God inspire,
Touched with the old supernal fire,
Bold His whole Council to proclaim;
Their power, the One Almighty name.

The Lord has such—nor only where
Ye fain would see them—then beware

Lest, as ye coldly from them turn,
His own anointed ones ye spurn.

What He hath wrought, ye'd not reverse—
Whom He hath blessed, ye would not curse—
Nay, give to all the brother's hand,
Who keep with you His last command.

On them—on you—oh! be outpoured
The seven-fold Spirit of the Lord,
Making your heart strong, and rejoice
To lift anew, for God, your voice.

As watchmen on the tower set high,
Be silent day nor night your cry;
For Zion's sake, hold not your peace!
For dear Jerusalem never cease.

So wear your lawn—no robe of state—
A prophet's robe—in that be great;
Your crosier bear; but not to wage,
Lording it o'er God's heritage.

Nor that in you, my sons, I fear—
Too well approved your long career
As Christian pastors; yet have care
In using power, the Churchman's snare.

Your power be love, and only love,
Proving your office from above;
While young and old, like children all,
You, sires in God, delight to call.

When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
Gathering His consecrated near,
Your mitre, then, so worn below,
A crown upon your head shall glow.

How shall it be? By prayer, by prayer,
Prayer instant, always, everywhere—
For strengthening in the inner man,
With might of Him whose spirit can

Work in you, both to do and will;
Make you His pleasure to fulfil:
Created in His Son to stand,
The workmanship of His own hand.

SO BE COMPLETE YOUR CONSECRATION,
IN YOUR ETERNAL CORONATION.

THE CURE OF OUR CARES.

I know of but one way of fortifying my soul against the gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and, that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity. He sees at one view, the whole thread of my existence; not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to His care, when I awake I give myself up to His direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to Him for help, and question not but that He will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it, because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

ADDISON.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

The love of God will make you indeed know Him for yourself; and it will make you love your brother, and so know him too, for love is ready-eyed and most sharp-sighted. The loving soul will see what his brother needs, and be able to supply it; for love is quick and true in applying remedies, and has that master power which must dwell in every healer, that it draws the sufferer to itself, instead of driving him away. There is a tenderness in love which makes its touch so light that even the most deeply wounded will bear its handling; there is a reality about love that makes it go straight to the needed object.

BISHOP OF OXFORD.

CHRISTIAN CONTENTMENT.

Content can never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul. And this may appear, if we consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's gospel; for there He says, "blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain

mercy; blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God; blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of God; blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven; but in the meantime, he, and he only, possesses the earth as he goes toward that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with the good God has allotted to him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts, that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honor, or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share;—but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing both to God and himself.

I. WALTON.

A GOOD anecdote is related of Dr. Rice, which enforces its own lesson: When he was at the head of the Theological Seminary in Prince Edward, one of the out parishes of Virginia sent to him for a minister. They, as usual in such cases, wanted a scholar, a gentleman, an orator, a pastor, a fine writer—in short, a perfect minister. They "had formerly given \$350 per annum; but now, if they could get such a man as they wanted, they could raise it to \$400." The doctor answered by telling them to send to heaven for Dr. Dwight. He was the only such man he knew; and, as he had been living a good while on spiritual food, he *might possibly live on four hundred dollars!*

THE Lenox Library, given to the city of New York through the liberality of James Lenox, Esq., is to be located on Fifth avenue, opposite Central Park. The estimated cost of the edifice is three hundred and thirty-four thousand dollars, making the total value of this magnificent private gift to the public, over one million dollars.

Christian Education.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

ALL civilized nations have made the training of their children a matter of serious and deliberate duty. Anciently, the children of Christian parents were a part of the charge of their respective pastors, as catechumens. Not a few godly parents, however, have, through all ages, taught their own children the way of salvation. In the Church of England, her children are taught the distinctive truths of religion in her daily and Sunday schools. By a remarkable combination of circumstances, the Sunday school in the United States and Canada has become, to a very large extent, the substitute for all the above-named agencies: the Sunday school teacher, from a sense of Christian charity and good-will, steps in to do but partially the work of parents, pastors, and guardians. The work is important, the objects to be secured are of infinite concern; the agent, therefore, must of necessity be a person every way suitably qualified.

PART THE FIRST.

The Sunday school teacher is a voluntary agent of active goodness, who, without fee or reward, teaches children the Christian religion. The work he undertakes is peculiar, and in order to make it successful it requires *peculiar* personal qualifications. The Sunday school teacher must be

1. *A man of earnest devotion.* This devotion must spring from the life of religion in his heart, as the work of the Holy Ghost. He must be a man of prayer. His devotion must be regular, deep, fervent, and constant. It must be to him a pleasure and a privilege, a duty and habit, before which everything else must be made to give way. His

devotion must lead him not only to pray for himself, but he will carry with him into his closet the cases, and perhaps the very names of his class; as Abraham who prayed, "O that *Ishmael* might live before thee," so the devout teacher will implore the Divine blessing upon the tender youth committed to his charge. Earnest, holy prayer will keep alive upon his own soul the sweet assurance of the Divine presence, of the precious Saviour's love, and of the constant need of the Holy Spirit, and of his dependence on Him. This prayerful frame will give a proper tone to all he says, and a gracious savor to what he says. His words will be as ointment poured forth; being filled with the unction of the Holy One, his class will feel he is a man of prayer, and of such habitual devotion, that it shows itself in all he says and does. Prayer is, then, a necessary qualification for the Sabbath school teacher, who must also

2. *Have a thorough knowledge of the Bible.*

To the teacher, as a devout *Christian*, the Bible is the man of his counsel, and the map of his daily walk. This is the fountain of spiritual life, the foundation of his faith, and the source of his consolation and Christian hope. But as a *teacher*, the Bible must be his text-book, his code of authority, and his standard of appeal. It is to him an everflowing stream of fresh intelligence, and a vast ocean of wondrous wisdom, all Divine. Here an elephant may swim, and a lamb may wade; here is milk for babes, and strong meat for men of age. Here is history and biography replete with heavenly wisdom; promises full of Divine love, prophecies of the highest flight and the broadest expanse of thought; here are

prayers glowing with the warmth of earnest devotion, and parables making dark things light; here are precepts enlightening the mind, and doctrines fixing the heart. All these are for the devout teacher's use. Here are sublime mysteries, too, which have confounded the fathers, puzzled the schoolmen, and which have driven philosophers mad; but these holy and profound mysteries the wise teacher will not unduly obtrude upon his youthful class.

The teacher must have an enlarged knowledge of the Bible. Every part of the sacred Word should be familiar to his mind. To the utmost extent of a teacher's means and time, the widest preparation should be made from the whole scope of the Divine Word, which will bring in the whole field of study, of localities, and national customs, which are connected with the history and geography of the Bible. But this knowledge is to be acquired only by study—and, in the great multitude of cases, it can only be acquired by the actual study of the particular lessons. We have great reason to believe that there is far too little study on the appointed lessons by the most of teachers. In hurried and unprepared lessons, in the work of teaching, we have no confidence. It is as worthless in the Sunday school as it is in the pulpit. In each case it wearies and disgusts both speaker and hearer.

The Sunday's lesson should be the week's study. Reading and thought should be given to it. Ample notes should be made of the information obtained. The teacher should come to his class prepared to the utmost possible extent with information on the whole subject, and the ability to answer any reasonable question, or to expound any natural difficulty which may occur. It is delightful to witness the work of such an one in teaching. The scholars crowd around, and hang upon his words; and the tickling excitement and occupation of the mutual interest in the subject of study, make the hour seem too short for both teacher and

pupils. How sad a contrast is the aspect of another class and teacher, where the knowledge of the Bible, by the teacher, is so small as to be soon exhausted—and before the hour is half gone by, the teacher sits with folded hands in idleness, and the scholars are yawning with indifference, while a whole ocean of heavenly truths lies unnoticed before them.

It is a mistake to suppose that a teacher needs a large private library. A few books, well chosen, and thoroughly mastered, with a habit of an expert use of them, is all that is required. The best teacher I ever knew, whose experience spread over thirty years of unremitting diligence, had only the following books: A good reference Bible; Henry's Commentary; a dictionary of the Bible; Nicholson's help; Meen's Geography of the Holy Land; the Teacher's Manual, and the formularies of his own Communion.

The Sabbath school teacher

3. *Must have aptness to teach others.* So important is this qualification to a teacher, that St. Paul made it a necessary element of the ministerial character. We would advise all those who are by nature destitute of it not to attempt Sabbath school teaching. But mere *aptness*, however, is not enough. The lesson to be taught must first be thoroughly known to the teacher. A man cannot teach what he does not himself understand. He must know, not only his subject, but the meaning of the words, phrases, figures of speech, and the like, that may occur, and do constantly occur, in the course of teaching. I have known intelligent teachers meet and instruct their classes for months, without the thought occurring to them of making their pupils give the meaning of the words they meet with in their lessons. It is a good plan for the teacher to make the learner tell, in his own words, the meaning of a word or sentence he has just been reading. The teacher will know by this how far he has succeeded in conveying his lesson to the mind of an-

other; as I did, one Sunday, that the cripple at the pool of Bethesda, the impotent man, was a "*saucy fellow*," *i. e.*, an *impudent* man; and that the nine thankless men whom our Lord healed were *leopards*!

The apt teacher will cultivate a quick and ready turn of mind, which at once applies itself kindly and forcibly to the required point. In his case, talent is not so much required as *tact*, or aptitude. Talent is something, but tact is more. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and is respected; but tact is all this, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five others. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the nicely-judging taste, the keen perception, and the lively touch. Tact is the interpreter of riddles, the conqueror of difficulties, and the remover of obstacles. Talent knows what to do, but tact knows how to do it. It was not so much the talent as the tact of St. Paul, when, discovering the altar at Athens erected to the unknown God, which, taking for his text, he dexterously preached to the Athenians the one only true and living God. With all his knowledge, aptitude, tact, and ability, the teacher must never forget that, for real success, he must seek, with constant devotion and prayer, the blessing of God upon all his efforts. The Sabbath school teacher

4. *Must have an ardent love for souls.*

An active and earnest love for the souls of children must be cultivated by the teacher. A sincere and positive love and longing for their salvation. Love for souls must flow from that loving Saviour that bought them with His blood. The love of Christ must be the constraining power to awaken and keep alive this holy purpose. The mind that was in Him is eminently necessary for the Sunday school. In our teaching we must cultivate this spirit; we must encourage it, and strive to bring it out. The relation and position in which teachers are placed, render this imperative. They are the messengers of Christ to our children. They are employed to carry His glad tidings to

them. They are employed to lead their blood-bought souls to heaven. What grace of usefulness is more important and useful to them than real and earnest love for those lambs whom they are called to feed? Love will labor in secret prayer for them; it will warm and direct their utterance in the very act of teaching. It will visit them at their homes, cultivate an affectionate intercourse with them; will win their personal confidence and grateful regard, and make the teacher known to them as their real and beloved friend. Love will constantly devise many ingenious ways to instruct and draw them into the narrow path which leads to life and salvation. Oh, love is a blessed spirit, both as an instrument in the teacher's hands, and a grace in the teacher's heart. The writer remembers with grateful delight, after the lapse of many years, the warm tear-drops of an earnest Christian teacher's love spurting on her hands and face, over her waywardness, when a child in the Sunday school. She has seen another loving and devoted teacher, in a remote corner of an old country church, bathed in tears, praying for God's blessing on the most perverse child of the school, who was kneeling by his side at the time. She visited another faithful teacher on his death-bed, at whose head was pinned the names of all his class, for whom he daily prayed. This is Christian love. This is the Christian teacher's love!

5. *He must be a man of constancy.*

This includes decision and fidelity. The true teacher has a fixed purpose in his heart—he resolves in the strength of his Master to live for that purpose, and he lays his plans accordingly. He aims high, but he lies low, that he may work the surer. He heeds with devout obedience the voice which says, go, and "be thou faithful."

Energy of character is another mark of constancy. "The great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the small, is energy—invincible determination—a purpose once fixed,

and then, Victory or Death ! This quality will do anything that can be done in the world." *

Another qualification in a good teacher, which must be deemed absolutely essential. It is *punctuality*.† Regularity of attendance and accuracy of time. A shiftless, uncertain Sunday school teacher, sometimes present, sometimes absent, sometimes ready, generally late, like a broken tooth, or a foot out of joint. No talents or qualifications can compensate for the want of fidelity of attendance, or punctuality in time. Habits of order are indispensable to the comfort and success of the work. Always ready, always present, always in time, are fundamental requisites in a Sabbath school teacher. Nor can any excuse be adequate or reasonable which does not involve some obstacle absolutely insuperable. And when absence is unavoidable, then a fitting substitute should be sent in the place. The superintendent is most unjustly burdened in being compelled, at a moment's notice, to hunt up impossible supplies, or to groan over a vacant class, already waiting, which cannot be filled. The teacher, then, must be a man of *constancy*.

PART THE SECOND.

* *The Sabbath school teacher's place.* We shall speak of his place. **I. In the school.** Every Sunday, as the hour of teaching recurs, he ought to be *punctually* at his post to join in the opening services of the school, and, if needs be, to take his part in them. The reading of Holy Scripture, prayer and praise, is a meet exercise for the work of teaching. It calms the mind, collects the thoughts, breaks the chain of worldly care; it lifts the soul to God, it generates heavenly feeling, it unfolds the heart which the Holy Spirit will fill with a gracious unction; it strengthens and braces the whole soul for the duties before the devout teacher.

The teacher who misses the opening devotions, omits the best preparation for his holy work. He enters the school late, with the feeling of shame; his manner is hurried and confused; his thoughts are perturbed, and his whole aspect shows that he is not thoroughly happy at his work, and all because he has lost the sweet influence of the first necessary preparation.

2. His place in his class. He is now seated with his youthful charge around him. He is well furnished after a week's study, and is now in his glory. His class is in quiet order, and (1) they turn to Luke, xv. 11-32; the subject, the Prodigal Son. Each child reads in his turn, till all have read, in a quiet, subdued tone. Then the teacher will (2) explain the words and phrases, such as, "his living"; "to feed swine;" "the husks;" "swine;" "the best robe;" "the ring;" "music and dancing;" "fatted calf," and the like. This he will do in very simple terms. (3.) He will describe the feelings of the prodigal, "when he came to himself"; "how many hired servants," etc.; "I will arise and go to my father, and will say," etc.; "I have sinned against heaven," etc.; "make me as one," etc.; of the father: "he had compassion"; "he kissed him;" "my son that was lost," etc.; of the brother: "he was angry"; "neither transgressed I," etc.; "this thy son;" "devoured his living," etc. (4.) Application. We should learn to be *content* with our lot; we must use temperance and moderation; we must cultivate a forgiving disposition; note the infinite mercy of God toward penitent sinners. As the teacher warms with his subject, his eye sparkles with delight, his bosom swells with holy love; his whole class is absorbed, as he talks mildly and fervently of the love of God, of Christ, and of the Holy Spirit for the souls, *even of little children*; in the course of which the teacher will ask,

* Sir T. F. Buxton.

† Dr. Tyng.

What is this portion of Holy Scripture called?
Ans. A parable.

Give another word for parable. Ans. Likeness, comparison.

What does it relate? Ans. The account of the Prodigal Son.

What is a prodigal? Ans. A spendthrift, who wastes his money and his time in sin.

Whom does the Father represent? Ans. God the Father.

Whom does the Prodigal? Ans. Repenting sinners.

Whom the eldest son? Ans. Self-righteous people.

What is the first thing we should learn from this parable? Ans. To be contented in our station in life.

What should we be careful to use at all times? Ans. Temperance and moderation.

What should we cultivate toward others. Ans. A forgiving and loving disposition.

What may we note in particular that this parable teaches? Ans. God's infinite mercy toward penitent sinners.

Of course such a lesson as this can be varied, simplified, and adapted to any capacity, and enlarged to every needful extent.

When the teacher's labors are over for the day, he retires to his room, where no eye can see nor ear can hear, but God's; bowing low at the footstool of mercy, he cries: "O Lord, save the souls of my beloved scholars for Thy dear Son's sake." *Amen.* Then, musing awhile, his soul ascends in the sweet, enlivening words—

"What promises sweet do the Scriptures afford,
Each Sunday school teacher that works for the Lord;
And oh! how consoling the mind to sustain,
To know that his labor shall not be in vain.

Farewell, then, my fears,
My Sunday school labors shall not be in vain."

3. *His place in the pastor's Bible class.*

A pastor's Bible class is one of the best agencies for a working Sunday school, and it is the teacher's best help. This should be *especially* the minister's class, where the lessons for the next Sabbath ensuing should be read and explained. It should, therefore, meet once a week. All difficult words, phrases, and passages should be expounded. From the superior education of the minis-

ter, it is to be expected that he is able to solve many doubts, explain any difficulties, and answer important questions; that he will give useful hints of advice, point out suitable methods of instruction, correct many mistakes; in a word, the minister's Bible class is the training-school for teachers. Without this, few Sabbath schools will work long with effect and success.

The teacher should make it a point of paramount duty to be at his *place* at this weekly lecture. Old and experienced teachers feel the need of this. It is natural, therefore, to suppose that a young, unskilled teacher will not be able to work long with comfort to himself, or with profit to his children, unless he can attend such a Bible class. The teacher that omits this, either from a feeling of pride, self-confidence, or indifference, unless he be a very extraordinarily gifted, devout, and humble man, will soon be seen to flag in his work, and by swift degrees desert it altogether.

4. *His place in the teacher's meeting.*

Every well-conducted Sabbath school should have a business meeting, for the teachers to meet in council, with their minister as president; and every teacher should be at his *place* in it. There is always miscellaneous business growing naturally out of school duties which require such a meeting, at least once a month.

There are questions of discipline to be considered, classes to be arranged, lessons to be appointed, children to be admitted, and others to be dismissed; there are library books to be provided, new teachers to be proposed, vacancies to fill for those retiring, absent scholars to be sought after, and young and serious persons to be mentioned as proper subjects for the pastor's special care. The teacher should be at his *place* in such a meeting, and modestly and quietly taking part in it; always behaving with courtesy and deference, bearing in mind that each, at such a meeting, has the same authority and the same claim of right as another. Should any discussion

or difference of opinion arise, at such a meeting, be always on your guard against two things, viz., losing your temper, and the using of discourteous language.

PART THE THIRD.

The Sabbath school teacher's power.

This phase of a teacher's influence may be stated variously; we shall, however, limit our observations to the three following traits of a teacher's power:

1. *His power of example.*

The teacher lives and moves among those who are of all creatures the most easily influenced by what they see and hear. A child will not only imitate the sayings and doings of man, but will plead those actions in justification of his own imitation of them. For example, I once rebuked a Sunday scholar for profane swearing; but he answered promptly, "My father swears." I chided another for his neglect of the Sabbath school; but he replied with some anger, "My father never goes to church, and I won't." Such is the power of example. The teacher's example must be on the side of piety and virtue. He must be an exemplary attendant upon the public worship of God; and when in God's holy house, his manner must be devout, serious, and heedful of all his duty there. His daily walk must be such as becometh the Gospel of Christ. He must be wise and exemplary in the choice of his companions, his amusements, and recreations. The power of his example must allure to heaven, as his lessons point the way thither.

2. *His power of management.*

The philosophy of managing children in a class is a great art and a great power. In nothing will a teacher's skill be more required, or his temper more severely tested. The variety of disposition is so great among his pupils. There will be commingled in the same class, the timid and the bold; the techy and the stubborn; the self-willed and the pliant; the dull and slow, and the quick and ready;

the bad and the good, like fish in the net. All these varieties of temper are to be managed, incited to duty and diligence, without harshness, without scolding, without the rod, and by the simple *power of management alone*. But who is sufficient for these things? There must be in the useful teacher, the benevolent eye, the cheerful face, the earnest and impressive manner, the forbearing temper, open-hearted kindness, the sympathetic helper, and fervent warmth of energy, together with those many gracious amiabilities that go to make up the character of a devout Christian, whose successful management is an element of power in his class.

Of course skill in teaching will be expected, as we have already said above: such as freshness of illustration, some striking fact or incident, something new and old, brought from the rich treasury of God's word, some direct appeal to God and the conscience, to the love of Christ, to the soul, heaven, the future judgment, rewards and punishments, and the like, are all influences and instruments of power in the hands of the teacher.

3. *His power to draw the soul to the Saviour.*

This must be the object and the aim of every right-minded teacher. The Saviour must be his theme. Inasmuch as He has the preëminence in his own soul and life, so must He also have in his class. "He is the Chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely." The teacher will constantly and unwearyingly "lift Him up" and "set Him before" the tender minds intrusted to his care. He will make his scholars feel that the name, the person, and the work of Christ must be the chief object of all his teaching. Nothing must be substituted for Him. The Saviour must be presented to the class in every aspect of His most lovely character, in every relation He bears to them as helpless, needy, and sinful creatures, adapted to all their wants and necessities. He will dwell much

on His love ; keeping the matchless beauty of His perfections ever before them. When this is done from the overflowings of the teacher's heart, enlightened, sanctified, and united to Jesus, the child will admire ; admiration will give place to faith and love. When this is done, the object of the teacher is accomplished ; the children's hearts, in all their youthful freshness will be devoted to Him "who died for them and rose again." Let every teacher, then, plead earnestly at the throne of grace for this mighty instrument of useful power.

CONCLUSION.

Now, beloved teachers, what shall I say to you ? What are to be your rewards for all these excellences and acquirements of character ? For all this diligence, labor, toil, and patient endurance ? You must expect *nothing* in this sinful world but the luxury of doing good, the approval of good men, the love of your class, and the smile of God. The nature of your occupation precludes you from the applause of the multitude, from ease and fleshly indulgence ; it brings neither wealth nor fame ;

it leads to no seat of earthly honor ; it is no stepping-stone to power or greatness.

Truly the record of your labors is on high, and thither you must look for your reward. Your heavenly Master watches with delight all your toils and successes. He waits for you to "finish your course," and to open the pearly gates to you with the welcome applaudit, "*Well done good and faithful servant, thou hast overcome and shall sit down on My throne.*"

"And, oh ! should there meet you on Zion's blessed shore

A child from your class who'd arrived there before,
Methinks he will say when he sees you again,
Dear teacher, your labor was not all in vain."

There will meet you some darling child long ago missed from your class, whom, with tears and prayers, you led to the Cross ; but who now greets you with a crown, and, at the same time, with a transport of heavenly joy, invites you to share the vast round of celestial bliss, among ten thousand faces, all radiant with the smiles of unchanging love.

EMMA.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AT WORK.

To the Sunday school we intend to pay unremitting attention. By a remarkable combination of circumstances, *that* has now become a kind of appendix to the Church : a Christian institution, and a nursery for the Church. Whatever may be the ultimate good of this organization, certain it is, it cannot now be ignored. It is, therefore, an act of the highest wisdom to utilize it, and turn our most mature counsels to direct its agency and concentrate its efforts for the common good.

In many respects, the Sunday school is in danger of being enervated by over-much legislation. Hence it is we have certain

schools whose punctilios neutralize all, or nearly all, effective work ; most of whose time is occupied in opening, calling the roll, distributing books, singing a hymn or two, often of most inappropriate words. The hour is gone, no lesson is effectively taught, the school is closed, and the children dismissed ; and this is continued from year to year, till the Sunday school becomes almost a synonyme for the pastime of some, and of weariness and disgust to others, and of real efficient service to few.

We propose to do what we can to correct these evils, by laying before our readers the following plan of operations, which

are, however, only *specimens* of what we intend to develop, from month to month, this being but our first number. In our next we shall commence a regular course, and follow the calendar strictly.

Supposing, then, the teacher to be seated in his class, of eight or ten pupils, each having in his hand the Bible and Prayer Book; the time allotted for teaching being an hour. He begins according to the calendar. The work then before him is

I. THE COLLECT. Every member of the class, capable of reading, is expected to commit this perfectly to memory, and to recite it in class; from which the teacher may explain the theory, nature, and necessity of prayer, the value of the Church's formularies, the meaning of the Collect, and its adaptation for daily prayer by each pupil.

Thus, for example, say for

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

The Collect. To whom do we direct this prayer? The Lord God.

What does He see we do not trust? "In anything that we do."

Do we acknowledge our weakness in this? "We put no trust," etc.

Does this teach that we have no merit of ourselves? Titus, iii. 5.

To whom do we appeal for the truth of this? "To the Lord God who seeth our heart."

For what do we pray? That by the "power of God we may be defended."

What can His power defend us against? "All adversity."

How does God grant His power? Mercifully through our Lord Jesus Christ.

NOTE. The answer to every question is found in the words of the Collect.

The Collect being finished, the teacher next proceeds to

II. THE SCRIPTURE LESSON. This is always taken from the Gospel, or epistle, or lesson for the particular day, according to the calendar. This exercise is intended to aid the teacher, in his preparation work, to comprehend and to teach with success the

Word of God to the class committed to his charge.

NOTE. The whole lesson to be read through, each pupil reading a verse, in order; in the course of which the teacher explains any word above the general comprehension of his class.

The Gospel—Luke, viii. 4–15. What is this Gospel called? (4.) Who spoke this parable? (4.) What is the parable about? (5.) What did he sow? Where did the seed fall? (5–8.) How many sorts of ground? What is compared to the seed? (11.) Who are those by the wayside? (12.) Who on the rock? (13.) Who among thorns? (14.) Who on good ground? (15.) What are these different kinds of ground compared to? (8.) Is it enough for us simply to hear the Word of God? (8.) Must we think about it? Should it sink down into our hearts? (b.) Should we guard it as our best treasure? Is prayer and meditation the proper way to subdue our hearts? To whom is it given to know the mysteries of God? (10.) cf. v. 15. To whom is it not given? (10.) Are our hearts naturally hard and disinclined to receive the Word of God? (10.) What is it that which chokes the good seed? (14.) Must we be honest and sincere in the service of God? (15.) How many kinds of ground? How many kinds of hearers? How many saved? What is the point of the parable? (18 v.)

NOTE. The answer to each question is found in the text itself.

The next exercise is

III. DIDACTIC CHURCH TEACHING. This is an important branch of Sunday school work. None more so. It is accomplished by the *superintendent* resolving the whole school into one class, the very young ones being dismissed after the class exercises are finished, each teacher sitting at the head of his class. The design of this is to impress upon the youth of the Church, an intelligent comprehension of the Prayer Book, and its use as a manual of devotion, as well as a pious hand-book of theology, by constant and familiar reference, reciprocally, to the Bible and the Prayer Book in the course of teaching. This didactic instruction is given in the form of a lively, brief lecture, yet slow and distinct, in plain language; after which, examine the whole

school, by turning each sentence into a question, the pupils responding indiscriminately.

Lecture on Confirmation.

Confirmation is a rite or ceremony of the Church. It is performed by laying on of hands of the bishop, only, with prayer. Persons who are already baptized are the proper subjects of confirmation. Confirmation without baptism would be of no effect, because in baptism that life is given to the soul which it is the design of confirmation to feed and strengthen.

Three things are necessary in all persons who come to be confirmed: (1) Repentance, which is godly sorrow for sin; (2) Faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and (3) Baptism in name of the Holy Trinity. Hence, then, confirmation is the laying on of hands upon those who are baptized, and have come to years of discretion—that is, when they are old enough to understand that it is their duty to live a godly life. All persons coming to be confirmed, should be examined and instructed by the minister, and, on the day of confirmation, should be attended by their sponsors.

By confirmation, the person baptized makes an open and a more public profession of his faith in Christ, and his holy resolution “to fight, under His banner, against sin, the world, and the devil, and to con-

tinue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end.”

Confirmation is not a sacrament, but a *rite* or ceremony. The Roman Catholics are wrong in calling it a sacrament. This is a *rite*, standing between the two sacraments of the Church, viz., baptism and the supper of the Lord, to show you are perfected in the duties of one sacrament, and that you are now properly prepared for the other, to which the bishop passes you, by the laying on of hands, and prayer.

Then comes the following finishing exercise:

IV. WORD STUDY. This comprises the etymological study of theological and ecclesiastical terms, given out by the superintendent, to be answered on paper, and returned to him the following Sunday. This is, of course, a voluntary exercise. Five or six words at a time are sufficient. The design of this is to teach the meaning of the Church terms. Thus the whole Prayer Book may, in the course of time, be taught to the Sunday school. For example, the superintendent reads, while the pupils note down the following words:

Explain *Sexagesima*.

Define the rite of *Confirmation*.

Give the meaning of the word *Creed*.

What is meant by *Repentance*?

What is meant by the word *Sacrament*?

SOME costly curiosities have, from first to last, been made in Europe, in the way of organs. Among these are the Duke of Mantua's organ, in which the keys, pipes, and bellows were made of alabaster; another, in which glass was used instead of alabaster; and one in a convent at Madrid was made of solid silver.

CHRIST was the victor and the victim; also, therefore, the victor because the victim. He was the Priest and the Sacrifice,

and, therefore, the true High Priest, because the true Sacrifice to Thee, our God. How firm, then, is the hope which my soul cleaves to, that its every disease will be healed by Him; for its anchor is, that He sits at Thy right hand, and lives forever to make intercession for us.—*St. Augustine*.

“EVERY man cherishes in his heart some object—some shrine at which his adoration is paid, unknown to all his fellow mortals—unknown to all, save his God.”

THE RULE OF LIFE.

"Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men."—Col. iii. 23.

I.

Seek not for recompense from man :
Send up thy soul for guerdon higher :
Praises which flow from mortal tongues
No lofty deeds inspire.

II.

For, what is manhood's noblest feat
But earthly act with earthly end,
When all the fruits which crown the toil
To selfish glory tend ?

III.

Who seeks the higher praise of God
Must die to earth, and earth to him.
For, to the world-bound, grovelling soul
The light of Heaven is dim.

IV.

What boots it to have gained the world,
With all its good, and all its fame,
If it must end, when life shall end,
In nothing but a name ?

V.

Yet, *earthly* tasks ennobled are
When done to God, and not to man.
So may we bear immortal fruit
Within our mortal span.

VI.

We do not need, for act sublime,
To shun the world's self-seeking strife.
It is the *end* which makes the deed ;
The *motive* is the life.

VII.

In dullest care, in grief, in joy,
'Mid toil's swift whirl, at home, abroad,
Our life may be above the world ;
In all, a life to God.

VIII.

Thus live they well who live to Him.
Who live to men, they live for naught.
The only Rule which lasts for aye,
Is, *God in every thought.*

H. S.

Reviews and Essays.

CULTURE AND RELIGION.

BY THE REV. JULIUS H. WARD.

THE volume * now taken in hand is one which demands, by its scholar-like binding, its uncut pages, its clear, bold type, and stout paper, a favorable reception; but all this is only a fitting way to present its really valuable contents. It is a wise, strong, wholesome book—not made to order, but growing insensibly out of deep and real convictions; thus a book which we need, and which has something to say in very truth, upon *culture and religion in some of their relations*. Principal Shairp was a Rugby boy, and belongs to that remarkable band of men who have done so much to make English literature, in the last thirty years, an honor to the English nation. He was the intimate friend of Matthew Arnold, was long a teacher at Rugby, was on familiar terms with the late Arthur Hugh Clough, and in his “Studies in Poetry and Philosophy,” shows himself thoroughly conversant with the best thoughts of the best minds, in the English Church. There is in his writing, that calm, and strong, and clear statement of fact and of truth, which indicate repose of spirit, and a clear and distinct purpose. Not a voluminous writer, he speaks as one who is in sympathy with the life and movement of thought to-day; not, evidently, a man who has made religion a theological study, his words on this subject are entirely free from cant, and have the freshness of coming from his own experience; not making the slight-

est demands upon the reader, beyond the claim of having something to say, he writes with such simplicity and excellent common sense, that you read his pages again and again, with increasing delight; not one who says things particularly new, he gives expression to thoughts common to all minds, in words so aptly chosen, that the thought itself puts on a new meaning, and you see in it more than you saw before.

It is plain that many readers will soon be in search of this new author, and that his “Studies in Philosophy and Religion” will not long wait for a publisher on this side of the Atlantic. His “Culture and Religion” is a work specially adapted for young men in the universities, and is written in a vein which must win their sympathy and attention.

The book consists of five lectures on the aim of culture—its relation to religion, on the Scientific Theory of Culture, on the Literary Theory of Culture, on Hindrances to Spiritual Growth, on Religion Combining Culture with Itself; and within this brief compass the author manages to go over all the essential points in the much-vaunted discussion about culture, and to show clearly the relation of culture to religion. He has presented the subject in such a light as not to repel the literary and scientific men whose views he hits so hard; and both Professor Huxley and Mr. Arnold ought to confess that they have been fairly used. He speaks directly and kindly upon the leading tendencies in the thought of to-day; and there is a ripe wisdom in his words, to which most minds will give a ready assent. I know not where to turn

* *Culture and Religion in some of their Relations*. By J. C. Shairp, Principal of the United Colleges of St. Salvator and St. Leonard, St. Andrews. 16mo., pp. 197. New York: Hurd & Houghton, 1871.

for more chastened and thoroughly spiritual writing, than is found in his two closing lectures, where he more directly dwells upon a religious spirit as the indispensable guide to a full and true culture.

Some specimens will give the quality of his thought. Contrasting culture with religion, he says that "culture, when it will not accept its proper place as secondary, but sets up to be the guiding principle of life, forfeits that which might be its highest charm. Indeed, even when it does not professedly turn its back on faith, yet, if it claims to be paramount, it will generally be found that it has cultivated every other side of man's nature but the devout one. There is no more forlorn sight than that of a man highly gifted, elaborately cultivated, with all the other capacities of his nature strong and active, but those of faith and reverence dormant. And this, be it said, is the pattern of man, in which culture, made the chief good, would most likely issue. On the other hand, when it assumes its proper place, illumined by faith, and animated by devout aspiration, it acquires a dignity and depth which, of itself, it cannot attain. From faith it receives its highest and most worthy objects. It is chastened and purified from self-reference and conceit. It is prized no longer, merely for its own sake, or because it exalts the possessor of it, but because it enables him to be of use to others who have been less fortunate. In a word, it ceases to be self-isolated, and seeks to communicate itself as widely as it may. So culture is transmuted from an intellectual attainment into a spiritual grace. This seems the light in which all who are admitted to a higher cultivation should learn to regard their endowments, whatever they be." These are the words of a wise man, and they could not be better said.

Again, in the statement of the outward aids to spiritual growth, he calls that, rightly, the most powerful which brings the heart and mind into close communion with that life which is portrayed by the four evange-

lists, and says: "Criticism is not religion, and by no process can be substituted for it. It is not the critic's eye, but the child's heart, that most truly discerns the countenance that looks out from the Gospels. If we would not miss or distort that image, let us come to it with an open heart, feeling our need of help. Such a way of studying the Gospels, simple, open-hearted, reverent, is the truest, healthiest, most penetrating means of feeding the Divine life. When once, by long, single-hearted, steadfast contemplation, the impression has graven itself within, it is the strongest, it is the most indelible we know. Dogmatic convictions may change, criticism may shift its ground; but that image will abide, rooted in the deepest seats of moral life. Whatever storms may shake us in a troubled time, this anchor, if any, will hold. Try, before all things, especially while you are young, and open to impressions, to bring understanding, imagination, heart, conscience, under the power of that master vision. That image, or, rather, that Person, so human, yet so entirely Divine, has a power to fill the imagination, to arrest the affections, to deepen and purify the conscience, which nothing else in the world has. All criticism which tends to make the lineaments of that countenance shine out more impressively, shall be welcome; whatever tends to dim it, or remove it to a distance, we shall disregard. For we know with a certainty which far transcends any certainty of criticism, that He is true.

"But if we would deepen and perpetuate in ourselves the impressions thus made, we must remember that the surest way is to act on them. There is, I fear, a tendency in all of us to desire clear convictions and vivid feelings about these things, and to rest there, content with convictions and feelings. And so they come to naught. If they are not to be merely head notions, or evanescent feelings, they must be taken into the will, and pass out into our actions. This is what our Lord said: If any man

will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God. Knowledge is to follow doing, not precede it. In order to understand, we must commence by putting in practice what we already know."

It is not my purpose to thoroughly review this little volume; for its contents are so admirable that I know of nothing to change, and the calm and quiet confidence of its statements in regard to the deepest things in life, such as have been given in the preceding extracts, and they are only an average sample of the whole book, are sure to win the heart of every reader, whether young or old.

This little book has a mission, in our institutions of learning, second to none. If its several chapters could be read aloud on Sundays to the assembled students, instead of the dull, and dry, and bony statements of the whole duty of man, too often the "Sabbath-day contemplations" at universities where culture and religion are arranged in mutually hostile forces, there is no doubt something of sweetness and light would come into hearts now dwarfed by a culture which, practically, excludes religion. Principal Shairp is so fair, so gentle, so loving, he gives religion so justly its place in a true culture, he defines so accurately those spiritual faculties or powers of conscience which make up the religious part of man's life, and he has such true and loving sympathy, with that intellectual perception of things which is the strongest point of contact with students, and he is so abreast of all the questions which to-day agitate the minds of thoughtful men, that his book cannot but calm and strengthen the hearts of careful readers, and cannot but touch the sympathies of the best minds.

So much for a book which awakens in the mind more thoughts than can be easily expressed—a trait which only the best books possess.

And now I turn to some thoughts on this subject, from the point of view of the parish priest. There is no word oftener spoken

among our better classes than this, which the advanced thinkers of the day have taken as exclusively their own,—*culture*; but the same taint which has caused Mr. Shairp to warn his students against one-sided culture, needs to be exposed among ourselves. We are a cultivated people. The books, newspapers, magazines, which come forth from the press, indicate our intellectual habits, and the number of their readers cannot be estimated. Most persons are well informed, because most people read; but the culture of the larger number is of this picked-up sort. The newspaper is the people's Bible, the people's liturgy, and the people's Shakespeare; and what the newspaper is in style, in moral tone, in intellectual merit, that its readers are. You find the appreciation of good things, you find general information, you perceive men making sharp and clear distinctions, you detect practical sagacity in turning thought to present and good uses, but you seldom meet with that large, liberal, whole-souled culture, which seems to expand, and make the most of a man's powers and faculties.

The higher type of culture among ourselves is too often the aiming to be recondite and intellectual; not the union of human wisdom with heavenly light, not the use of our best discipline to broaden our humanity, to deepen our interest in whatever pertains to man. Thus the many are superficial, and only touch the border of the higher kingdom, and the too intellectual refinements of the few puts them out of range with the feelings and wants of their brethren. Thus nearly all our culture is miserably partial and superficial, or only pursued for immediate and practical ends.

The causes of this are not far to seek. It is difficult, under the present educational system, to realize a full and generous culture which shall represent the development of all our faculties. Look at our schools, and see how the work begins. The common school system has discipline, thoroughness, severe training, but its every design

is incomplete. It takes the child as purely an intellectual being, and leaves to the home and the Church the training of all that part of our nature which is included in the religious affections. Practically, it is the system of seven to one. Six days for the intellect, and one for religion—a proportion which is carried out with fearful exactness in actual life. It begins with a partial conception of the work to be done.

Nor do things mend at the university. The culture which gives the first and chief place to religion, not as a system, but as a vital part of true education, is not popular there. The modern college is not the nursing mother of piety, and the very system of college studies implies that theology is simply the copestone to a man's life. The strong and manly position of Principal Shairp in regard to the imparting to the daily pursuits of scholars the atmosphere of a religious spirit—so that the education of soul and conscience may keep pace with the discipline of mind—may be appreciated by the college faculty, but the practical divorce of religion from culture in all antecedent training, makes the introduction of the higher education almost an impossibility. It seems like usurping the province of the priest, and claiming what, by common consent, has been relegated to another party. Few men leave our universities with that full development of mind and spirit which enables them to begin life without unlearning a good part of their previous education. "The devout spirit is not fed by purely intellectual processes—sometimes it is even frustrated by them. The hard brain-work and the seclusion of the student tend, if uncounteracted, to dry up the springs alike of the human sympathies and the heavenward emotions." It was a saying of Dr. Arnold, certainly no disparager of intellect, that "no student could continue long in a healthy religious state unless his heart was kept tender by mingling with children, or by frequent intercourse with the poor and the suffering." Again, Mr. Shairp says:

"College learning is good, but not all the learning of all the universities of Europe can compensate for the loss of that which the youth, reared in a religious home, has learned in childhood, at his mother's knee."

It is expected that the Church or a religious home shall make up for whatever deficiencies there may be in this one-sided culture; but just at the time when the awakening instincts of religion need direction, and a young man feels that life is not all contained in books or outward things, he is thrown entirely upon himself—he is not in a situation to receive sympathy from wise and true men, who have successfully passed through this crisis, and not where the voice of home or of pastoral influence can reach him. And there is a great defect in much that passes in the name of religion, so far as it has to do with the education of these strong affections of the religious nature. Popular religion is very largely an emotional system. It spends itself in arousing feelings which are as evanescent as summer clouds. It does not go to the making of sound and deep convictions which can rightly rule the heart and command the culture of the whole man. It does not educate. It does not grasp the intellect and the heart at the same time. It does not mould and inspire a generous culture. Hence it is that our most cultivated men are usually without settled religious belief. The religious talk of the hour seems like an absurd phantom, destitute of reality. It seems low, common, not up to the simplicity, the dignity, the inspiring power of truth itself. It has neither anchorage nor helm. It is sad to confess that while the popular forms of Protestantism have considerable hold of the unthinking multitude, they have almost no power over the minds of those men who are doing most to shape the thought and the convictions of the present generation. Thus there is a practical divorce, and, I fear, an ever-widening chasm between culture and religion. Some take Prof. Huxley as their guide, and believe in nothing which

goes beyond the dry certainty of fact. Others take Matthew Arnold as their apostle, and believe that a true and generous culture to develop self is not only attainable, but is the bounden duty of every great soul. The many-sided Goethe seems to be the pious ancestor of this school of thought, and it is the one which has the patronage of a large proportion of our literary men. Such a disjointed and unbalanced idea of true culture as is thus developed out of the vexed condition of opinions is most unsatisfactory, and it is easier to see its hard conditions and glaring deficiencies than to propose a remedy. It has to do with a radical defect in primary education, and in the current religion, the one forgetting that man has a soul, the other that man has reason and intelligence.

This anomalous condition of things is augmented by our popular literature. Who write for the press? It was just hinted that the culture which admits of religion only as a fostering element, was the *ultima ratio* of our literary men. The class to whom we are most indebted for our daily reading, is composed of bright men and women who have turned in weary disgust from the current forms of religious faith, who believe in no definite creed, whose minds have no support from the high and intelligent trust which stays and supports the soul, and who have given themselves to literature because the avenues to usefulness which demanded assent to religious truth could not be honestly followed. Not that I could cast discredit upon their course. It seems the only one available, but it also exaggerates an evil which some already feel has grown to sufficient magnitude. It sends men like George MacDonald into literature, when they would gladly be the upholders of a definite faith, and thus men of genius lend all the fascination of their strength to a view of life which is far from satisfactory. Not so, not in such vague uncertainty of trust, were the works written which have become the precious legacy in our literature

to all cultivated minds; and not on such books, however charming and tender their pleadings to man's spirit, can our sons and daughters be nurtured for heroism and divine patience, and true greatness of soul.

Thus much may be justly said in regard to culture among us, its positive merits, and its strong defects.

There is another light in which it may be viewed—the light of our religious system. It was long ago conceded by all parties that “the Episcopal Church is the Church which educates,” and this distinction founded in truth, and in fact grows upon you as you come more fully to understand the system itself. With us culture and religion have never been alienated, but have always gone hand in hand since the Holy Ghost descended upon apostolic heads, and the kingdom of God was set up on earth. The Church has always been a nursing and training school, and the truest culture has never been considered apart from that reasonable, religious and holy hope which is the fruit of Christian belief. It was the conception of the early Church to inspire all the subordinate activities of life with a religious spirit. This was the very genius of the middle ages, and this is part of that legacy which, in diminished form, the Church hands down to us to-day. The Church never contemplates education apart from religion, and indeed makes education to begin with religion, since the pledges of parents and sponsors, in the very beginning of the child's life, to teach those vows which, fully kept, are the divine education of the soul. And just as the child begins with the nurture of the heart, so the man of culture, if he is “ever to get beyond the mere outer precinct, and pass within the holy place, must put off his critical apparatus and enter as a simple, contrite-hearted man. Not as men of science, not as critics, not as philosophers, but as little children shall we enter into the kingdom of heaven.” Thus the system begins at the beginning, and as thoroughly as in this world of change and

effect it is possible, brings up the youthful life to give the first thought and place to religious culture; or, in Mr. Shairp's words, "Concedes to the Godward capacities that paramount and dominating place which rightfully belongs to them if they are recognized at all." The baptismal vow means something; and it is this reality which lies at the basis of the Church system, the recognition that the religious life, blessed and sustained as it is by the spirit of God, is also a power to be developed, nurtured, drawn forth, as susceptible of culture as the memory or the reason; the link, indeed, between conscience and a personal God, whom conscience so earnestly feels after. And thus it is that childhood's faith and reverence, and best affections, are taught, increased, and kept pure; and thus it is that the heart is constantly kept open to "simple, truthful communion with God and Christ."

"That this is intended to be our very inmost nature, the way in which we are reared by Providence seems to show. For all the first years of our life He surrounds us with the warm charities of home,—by these He calls out all our earliest, deepest, most permanent feelings. School, college, the world, follow, but their influences, great as they are, never penetrate down, at least in natural characters, so deep as those first affections. And then in mature life, the home of childhood is generally, if possible, reproduced in a home of our own, in which all the early affections are once more renewed, enhanced by the thoughtfulness that life has brought."

This is beginning at the foundation; and a life in which these first affections are kept pure and fresh, as the work of education goes on, has already the endowments for the finest and largest culture. How many men can you think of in history, and in actual life, whose powers of heart and mind seemed equally blended, and whose religious nature gave vital heat to all the movements of an original mind! You can name, on the other hand, any number of

men whose gifts of intellect you respect, but whose society you shun, simply because that harmony of heart and mind which belongs to a ripe and evenly developed nature has been lost. The Church system, providing a religious nurture as a part of the earliest home training, ensures this harmony of growth, and tends to prevent that one-sided culture which is too often the defect of even our best minds.

Then, all subsequent training implies this early consecration. Go into the parish. Mingle like the parish priest among the different classes in the flock. Not a child* but has begun the Christian life, not a child but has a Christian name, not a child but expects to keep the Christian vows. This fact of the kingdom of heaven is behind every word, and beneath every deed. The parish life is the thinking, the working, the doing of the children of light. Religion enters as the component part of every activity of life. No parish is complete without its school, where the children are taught how to enter the world as disciples of Him who came to redeem it; and the school not inferior to any in its grade of intellectual discipline and intelligence, is founded upon the fact that there is more in life than meat, and drink, and raiment, or even than the culture of the mind itself. Education is thus carried on with the sanctions of religion. No steps are taken to destroy the natural reverence of the soul. Nor is such a course the least bit narrow or exclusive, nor does it take children out of their due share in the world's stirring life, but it does shelter them in these fresh young years from a rough contact with evil which they little know how to meet, and helps to build up a gentle life from which the sunshine has not wholly fled.

The parish widens into the regular train-

* Not true, indeed, as a sketch of most existing parishes among us, because, in the rapid growth of the Church, so large a number of people are not yet fully instructed, but true enough in old parishes under faithful parish priests.

ing school, and there again the same fact of a Christian life to be lived each day blends with the increasing power and discipline of mind. Culture and religion are yet together, grace chastening reason, and reason invigorating grace. The youth passes into the university, but the Church, as a nursing mother of her children, is never absent, and the ripening reason keeps *pari passu* with the increasing reverence of the heart. There is no occasion for doubt, because the points of belief are well understood; and as the student enters upon the deeper studies which shape the mind's thought, there is a quickening response of the heart which lifts one up into the true kingdom of culture. There is a wide difference in the fruits of culture between the Church college with the bracing atmosphere of a positive faith, and the training of the college where all faiths are tolerated and none are taught. The Church, recognizing education as no less important for the soul than for the mind, supplies just that element which gives the harmonious and full culture of the whole man, and whether you look to the parish school or to the riper discipline of university life, you find growth in purity of feeling and strength for joyous and wholesome living.

This thorough culture of every faculty which God has given, this rich and full fruitage of harmonious growth, this culture under the sense of responsibility, this turning of the powers of life to noblest uses, has been noted everywhere as the mark of the Church which educates. The parish priest looks upon his cure as itself a school in which he is master, a school in character, a school in holy service, a school for making the most of each individual life. The pastoral oversight and intercourse tends to give each life special training and help. Then the teaching of personal responsibility to God trains the conscience and stimulates the soul. No clergyman relies upon sermons exclusively, nor upon parish visiting exclusively, nor upon devout

services exclusively, nor upon any single point in parish work; but the aim is to train each soul as a separate individual life in the best possible way for heaven. This religious culture constantly merges into general culture, and thus it comes that among our people, even the poor and unlettered, there is something refined and select in the tone and expression of their life; and yet this refinement does not spend itself in sentiment or luxury, but seems to be the natural voice and temper of the soul.

This blending of culture with religion in the education of each life is so constant and unvarying a part of the system of the Church, that we ourselves may under-estimate its value: but, when so many content themselves with this partial culture of the mind alone, when you can hardly take up a magazine or a book in which the writer does not come short of the highest excellence, simply because his nature was dwarfed in his early education; when you read the discontented ravings of men who know not how to believe religious truth, because they have not the least idea what that truth is, it becomes a matter of no small importance that the way to a full and well-balanced culture should be pointed out. It is becoming more and more an ascertained fact among people of cultivation and refinement, that the Episcopal Church does thus educate, and that the truest and best culture is found among those who have grown up from childhood under the beneficent influence of her system. Parish schools and Church schools, and Church colleges, may seem in themselves but humble instruments, amid more attractive and complex agencies, by which the Divine Spirit can be nurtured, and the nurture in childhood of those holy affections which form the germ of a religious life may seem humbler still, but there is no other way by which to come to that rounded and harmonious culture in which men seem to make the most of the powers which God has given into their hands.

JANUS AND ANTI-JANUS.

BY J. T. M.

DURING the past century a great change has been wrought in the Church of Rome—a change so great as almost to merit the name of revolution.

This Church, indeed, professes to be unchangeable in her faith, and this profession has exercised a most potent influence over not a few minds. But the spell arising from this vaunted claim is quickly broken by a candid and thorough perusal of her history.

Take the dogma of the "Immaculate Conception." How vigorously, and even passionately, it was discussed, as an open question, in the Middle Ages! How cunningly the Council of Trent dodged the issue! Even that wily and valiant champion of Rome, Bishop Milner, in the plausible but sadly overrated volume pompously called the "End of Controversy" could write, "The Church does not decide the controversy concerning the conception of the Blessed Virgin, and several other disputed points, because she *sees nothing absolutely clear and certain* concerning them, either in the *written* or the *unwritten* word; and *therefore she leaves her* children to form their own opinions concerning them." And yet, in view of the facts that the doctrine was not so much as lisped during the primitive ages, that it was earnestly combated by the ripest of the mediæval scholars, that it was described in the above-quoted language, so late as the beginning of the present century, by the standard controvertist of Rome, the reigning pontiff, on the 8th of December, 1854, issued a new article of faith, to the effect that the Most Blessed Virgin Mary was preserved exempt from all stain of original sin.

The success which seemed to attend this presumptuous and summary method of closing a debate which had been going on for several centuries, appears to have em-

boldened Pius IX. and his councillors in the endeavor to accomplish a still more sweeping change in the doctrines of the Roman Communion. Since the celebrated councils of the fifteenth century, it has been a subject of discussion in the theological schools of Rome, whether the Pope be personally infallible in his judgment issued *ex cathedra*. Once it would have been set down as the result of ignorance, prejudice, or malice, or of the three combined, to say that there was a fearful lack of unity among Roman Catholics concerning an essential doctrine of religion. Now that the Pope has termed the doctrine of papal infallibility a "fundamental article of Catholic faith"—and if so now, so it must have been from the beginning, for this doctrine is said to be a part of the original "depositum"—it is as refreshing as it is remarkable to find so persistent and radical an advocate of Rome as Archbishop Manning, in his recent semi-authoritative work on the Vatican Council, not only admitting the fact of a want of unity in the past, but even urging it as an evidence of the "opportuneness" of the conciliar decision! On page 41 of his pastoral, the archbishop says, "The divisions and contentions of 'Gallicanism' and 'Ultramontanism' have been a *scandal* and a *shame* to us. Protestants and unbelievers have been kept from the truth by our *intestine controversies*, especially upon a *point so high and so intimately connected with the whole doctrinal authority of the Church*. The division and contention on this point, supposed to be open, has generated more *alienation, bitterness* and *animosity* between pastors and people, and what is worse, between *pastor* and *pastor*, than any other in our day. Our *internal contests* . . . have been a *reproach* to us *before the world*." This terrible commotion to which the archbishop

now alludes was the accompaniment of the change which was gradually marring the face and hardening the heart of Rome, and which reached its climax in the summer of the last year. The contrast between the acknowledged authoritative teaching of Rome at the commencement of this century, and of Rome to-day, may be clearly seen by comparing the utterance of the See of Baltimore—the oldest episcopal seat of Rome in the United States—toward the close of the last century with its proclamation issued near the beginning of the present decade.

Not far from the time of his irregular consecration by the English Bishop Walmsley, Dr. John Carroll, the first Roman Prelate established in this country, issued an "address to the Roman Catholics of the United States." It was substantially a reply to a "Letter to the Roman Catholics of Worcester, England," by the Rev. C. H. Wharton, chaplain, written on his exchanging the Communion of Rome for that of England. In that "letter" Mr. Wharton had declared that "since the Council of Trent it is unanimously taught in all Roman Catholic churches, that a *council can decree nothing without the assent of the Pope*; that *he alone* has a right to interpret the council and explain its decisions; and that those tenets are of faith *which he determines* to be so. Thus it is evident that *infallibility* rests ultimately with the *Pope*."

In his "address," Archbishop Carroll plainly affirms that "*some* divines, indeed, hold the Pope, as Christ's Vicar on earth, to be infallible, *even without a council*; but with *this opinion faith has no concern, every one being at liberty to adopt or reject* it, as the reason for or against may affect him. The chaplain adds in the same place that since the Council of Trent many things have been unanimously taught respecting the Pope's authority, which are, I own, new to me, and which I confidently aver he cannot make good. Nay, so far are they

from being taught unanimously since the Council of Trent, that they are not taught at all—for instance, in France—and are expressly contradicted by the maxims and solemn determinations of the Gallican clergy, in the year 1682, to which maxims and determinations the theological schools there have constantly conformed.

"Nor is it only in France that many of the doctrines are rejected, which, he says, are taught unanimously amongst us; but they are exploded in every Catholic country in the world.

"The body of bishops everywhere claim a Divine right, in virtue of their ordination, to interpret the decrees of councils and the ordinances of the Popes."

Contrast this simple, unvarnished statement with the last year's pastoral of the present Archbishop of Baltimore.

"The times are changed," and Rome has "changed with them."

Newman, in his "Apologia," referring to the "Immaculate Conception," said, "These (so called) new doctrines will not oppress us, if it takes eight centuries to promulgate even one of them." But in less than a score of years from the time when that "definition" was put forth, a dogma is promulgated, which attributes to the Pontiff power so vast, that, at any time, he can publish new articles of faith on his own personal authority, simply by calling to his aid, as Döllinger says, that "one little word, *orbi*."

No wonder that Newman applied to the partisan advocates of this latest of Rome's dogmas the opprobrious epithet "an insolent, aggressive faction."

It could hardly have been expected that this revolution in the historic arrangements of the Papal communion, by which the Bishop of Rome has been made a supreme and *infallible* autocrat—invested, in short, with the "same infallibility with which the Divine Redeemer willed that *His Church* should be endowed"—would be effected, even under the manipulation of the Jesuits,

in silence, and without a protest from at least a portion of the Roman Episcopate, and from some of Rome's ablest and most candid theologians. From the tone of pastorals, like that of Dupanloup, published previous to the meeting of the council, it was evident that some of the prelates did not intend to yield to the innovation without a struggle. Difficult as it has been up to this time to obtain a complete and trustworthy version of the doings of the council itself, we discover, from the pastoral of the Archbishop of Westminster, that "*one hundred bishops were in opposition to their brethren*" concerning this "*doctrine, which, for centuries, had divided both pastors and people.*"*

In view of the fact that the opposition in the council was so great in number, and so respectable, both as to learning and piety, it is not surprising that, for a year or two preceding the opening of the Vatican assembly, the literature pertaining to "infallibility" should have greatly increased in variety and interest. The frank and scholarly Ffoulkes, in his first remarkable pamphlet, gave indications that a storm was brewing on the Papal coasts. Then came a protesting voice from Germany, embodied in what Archbishop Manning, with the usual Roman suavity, calls "*the infamous book, Janus.*" Then came Hyacinthe's letter to the general of his order, and the more sturdy and effective strokes from the pen of the learned Gratry, in answer to the Bishop of Malines. Pamphlet after pamphlet, volume after volume, followed each other for or against the newfangled doctrine, which the profound Döllinger, the foremost R. C. historian of the age, has, only the other day, declared to be destitute of Biblical foundation, contrary to the

teaching of the primitive Christians, and "based upon an entire misconception of the traditions of the Church, and upon an entire distortion of her history." Of these publications, "*Janus*," the work of more than one R. C. author, seems to have taken the lead. It has passed through several editions, and been translated into the different languages of Europe. Notwithstanding the Romanizing element which here and there crops out from its pages, it is a most interesting, significant, and valuable volume.

It, of course, allows a far more substantial primacy to the See of Rome than a true Catholic Churchman would consider justifiable; and yet it deals heaviest blows, with an unsparing hand, against the mediæval and modern theory of centralizing all power in the person of the Pontiff.

While the arrangement of its contents is not always the most logical or effective, it still presents the facts of history with such vividness and general accuracy, that "*Ultramontanism*" appears more shallow and more modern than ever. Displaying, on many points, less ability and research than the standard writings of such English divines as Jewel, Barrow, or Crackenhorpe—of whom our friend, the Archbishop of Westminster, in an extraordinary fit of moderation and candor, has said, in his late pastoral, "*The Anglican anti-Catholic writers are solid, learned, and ponderous, compared with Janus,*" "and, used against the (R. C.) Church from without, their arguments are *consistent* and *weighty*"—it has done a noble work in completely demonstrating from a liberal Roman Catholic standpoint, the truthfulness and impregnability of the Anglican position. Its plain avowal that the Primitive Church knew nothing of papal supremacy, *much less* of papal infallibility,—its candid description of the œcumenical councils, in which it is clearly shown that the modern prerogatives of the Papacy were not recognized in the conciliar period,—its honest admission

*"The last preliminary vote in the public congregation, a few days previous (to the 18th of July), stood, Placet, 451; non Placet, 88; Placet, with modification, 62. (*Vide* Archbishop Spalding's Pastoral, p. 6.) Thus, at that date, the opposition, more or less intense, numbered 150 bishops.

that "this one fact, that a great council, universally received afterward, without hesitation, throughout the whole Church, and presided over by papal legates, pronounced the *dogmatic* decisions of a Pope *heretical*, and *anathematized* him by name as a *heretic*, is a proof, clear as the sun at noonday, that the notion of any peculiar enlightenment or inerrancy of the popes was then *utterly unknown* to the whole Church,"—its thorough exposure of the earlier and later Roman forgeries,—its bold but accurate portrayal of the fearful consequences which must proceed from "papal infallibility," when once an established doctrine—these features of this extraordinary work combine to make it a shaft, which, driven home by her own friends, must pierce, to the very centre, Rome's present erroneous, not to say blasphemous, system, and rankling there, must produce results more and more disastrous to the Papacy, as years roll by.

In answer to this book, confirmed, as it is, in its most essential points, by the elaborate and powerful letters of Père Gratry, has appeared a work devoted to the *narrow* and *rigid* Roman Catholic view, from the pen of Professor Hergenröther, of Würzburg, entitled "Anti-Janus," which has been translated into English, and published in London, Dublin, and New York.

If the interest has at times been deep, when Roman and Anglican controversialists have engaged in discussions, the interest becomes intense when it is Roman fighting Roman—when the representatives of a boasted unity enter the lists against each other. To the Churchman who peruses "Janus" and "Anti-Janus," the result is most gratifying, and he becomes more satisfied than ever before, with the historic Church in which Providence has placed him. Leaving out of sight now many points which, though they may be of importance to Roman Catholics as such, do not bear very directly upon the great subject treated in these two volumes, let it first be remarked, that while the tone of

"Janus" is clear, firm, and courageous, as that of one sure of his position, the tone of "Anti-Janus" is largely apologetic and feeble.

Instead of adopting the sycophantic style of the Italian and South American writers, Dr. Hergenröther endeavors to *narrow*, as much as possible, the scope of infallibility. The weakness of the Roman position comes to light especially in the chapters in which he strives to reply to "Janus" in regard to the "errors and contradictions of the popes," and to lessen the asserted influence of the "false decretals," and other repulsive "frauds."

He practically admits that Julius I. (350) erred in the case of "Marcellus of Ancyra," but calls it "an error of fact." He gives but a halting defence of Liberius and his Arianizing tendencies.

After the thorough treatment of the matter in Gratry's letters, one must look upon it as a foolhardy enterprise to maintain the cause of the ill-fated Honorius.

The Würzburg professor, though he quotes from this writer and that, to show how this Pope was not a heretic, or, at any rate, was not speaking *ex cathedra* (whatever that phrase may mean), admits that the Sixth General Council *condemned* Honorius as a *heretic*; and, as a reason why the papal legates, at the council, sanctioned the anathematizing decree, offers these significant words of Hagemann, that "without the anathema laid on Honorius, the council could *scarcely have been brought to a termination*."

Says the late Archbishop Kenrick, in his work on the "Primacy," "The fathers of this assembly (the Sixth General Council) added to their anathemas against various heretics by name, this *very solemn* condemnation: 'We have resolved also to *anathematize* Honorius, who was Pope of ancient Rome, since we find, from the letter addressed by him to Sergius, that, conforming to his views in all things, *he confirmed the impious dogmas*.'" (P. 145.)

Again, the same council thus spake: "We have found it (the letter of Honorius) *altogether contrary* to the apostolic teachings, to the definitions of the holy councils, and of all the fathers entitled to authority, and *thoroughly agreeable to the false doctrines of the heretics.*" Pope Leo II., in approving the acts of the council, anathematized "also Honorius, who did not adorn this Apostolic Church with the doctrine of apostolic tradition, but by *profane teaching* strove to *subvert the immaculate faith.*"

"Anti-Janus" admits all this, but then has the hardihood to say, "However we may explain the Pontiff's (Leo's) words, more we cannot extort from them, than that the anathema punished a forgetfulness of duty, rather than a moral complicity in the Monothelite errors."

The quibbling, two-sided course pursued in this case of Honorius—a case so damaging to the modern papal pretensions—is sufficient to make one distrust the entire Roman system. The Jesuits maintained, until the middle of the last century, that the acts of the council were spurious. Since they have been obliged to abandon that ground, *some* Roman writers have denied that he was a heretic, while *others* have admitted the fact of his heresy, but denied that he wrote *ex cathedra*. As a fair specimen of their style of narrating the history of this event, the following passage from the pastoral of a well-known prelate may be adduced: "2dly, Honorius, in his letters, *clearly taught the sound Catholic doctrine*, only enjoining silence as to the use of certain terms then new in the Church."

Contrast such a statement as this with the words of the Sixth Council, quoted above, and with these other words: "These profane writings, pernicious to souls, in order to destroy them utterly, we have caused to be burned."

Here we have a general council on the one side, and the present Archbishop of Baltimore on the other!

Plainly, Roman Catholics must either give up the doctrine that a general council, confirmed by the Pope, is infallible, or else admit that the *personal, separate* infallibility of the Bishop of Rome was unknown in the seventh century. The anteniceene period, Dr. H., in two or three very weak pages, practically surrenders to his opponents. To be sure, he refers to the letter of Clement to the Corinthians, to the journey of Polycarp to Rome, to the trouble between Victor and the Eastern Churches; but even though he keeps back the most *important facts* in these cases, he only shows how poor a cause he has in hand. The very important testimony of Cyprian and Firmilian (in the case of the re-baptizing of such as had received the sacrament from heretics) against the Vatican theory of papal power, "Anti-Janus" passes by—dropping it as if it were a live coal—with these significant words: "The controversy of Cyprian and Firmilian," with Stephen of Rome, "was as passionate as it was *sophistic*, and, on that account, *cannot be here taken into consideration.*" Prudent man!

He offers no evidence whatever, that the See of Rome was superior in any respect, save in rank and honor, at the Council of Nice. He gives a very imperfect account of the controversy between Julius of Rome and the Oriental bishops, concerning the deposition of Athanasius, and even including the genuine "decretal" of Siricius (385), and the rhetorical language of some of the *fifth* century fathers, he really brings forward no arguments for papal infallibility which have not been repeatedly demolished by the great Anglican divines. "Anti-Janus" at length comes to this humiliating conclusion, which is virtually an admission that the primitive Church cannot be a witness for the new Vatican dogma: "We must ever keep in view that the Primacy was never, as a ready-made system, *traced out for the constitution of the ancient Church*, but was deposited in it like a fructifying

germ." But the nearer we approach the times of that apostle who is assumed to be the fountain of authority, the less clearly we see anything like a claim, even, to a primacy of honor on the part of the supposed successor of St. Peter. Even the Archbishop of Westminster, the English leader of the Infallibilists, after stating that the words of what he calls "the explicit promise" ("I have prayed for thee," etc.) are interpreted by both fathers and councils of "the perpetual stability of Peter's faith in *his see* and *his successors*," begins his "proofs" of this assertion near the opening of the *fifth* century, three hundred years after the last of the apostles had entered into rest, and with quotations from Ambrose, Chrysostom, Augustine, and Cyril of Alexandria, which contain *not one word* about "*St. Peter's See*" or "his successors."

He who, with the history of St. Peter in the Gospels, the Acts, and the epistles, before him, and with the picture of the earliest Church on the pages of Eusebius under his eye, can bring himself to look upon Boniface VIII., with his "We declare it to be of necessity to salvation for *every human creature* to be subject to the Roman Pontiff,"—or Paul IV., with his bull, "*Cum ex apostolatus officio*,"—or Urban VIII., with his "*In coena Domini*,"—or Pius IX., proclaiming the *new* faith in St. Peter's, and enforcing it from the Vatican,—as the legitimate and faithful successors, in office and doctrine, of the humble Peter, who exhorted the presbyters to feed the flock, "*not as being lords* over God's heritage," must have become the pliant devotee of a repulsive and unnatural form of ecclesiastical Darwinism—unnatural and repulsive, because it supports the development of error through spiritual disease, rather than the development of truth through increase of spiritual health and vigor.

In regard to the "Roman forgeries," so mercilessly exposed by "Janus," Dr. Her-genröther, in his every sentence, proves that

it is a tender subject. He undertakes to defend the modern theory of Roman canonists, that those forgeries did not create, but merely sanctioned, the ecclesiastical status of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries. But, by his exposition, the German professor only deepens the impression made on the minds of many who have carefully surveyed those frauds. This impression is well described by the celebrated Fleury, in the following language: "Of all these forgeries, the most pernicious were the decretals attributed to the popes of the four first centuries, which *inflicted* an *incurable wound* on the discipline of the Church, by the *new* maxims which they introduced for the judgments of bishops and the *authority* of the *Pope*," and, with no less clearness, in the words of the distinguished Jesuit, Father Regnon: "The impostor really *gained his end*, and *altered the whole discipline of the Church* as he desired, but did not hinder universal decay. God blesses no fraud; the false decretals have done nothing but mischief." (*Vide* "Etudes de Theol.," par les PP. Jesuites à Paris, Nov. 1866, quoted by "Janus" and Père Gratry.)

It would be interesting to follow "Janus" in its racy, and yet accurate sketch of the rise and formalization of the doctrine of "Infallibility," and to show with how feeble a pen, and with how little success, "Anti-Janus" attempts to fault that sketch; but time and space warn us that we must linger no longer over details. Gradually, but steadily, the change has progressed. Innovations, combated so earnestly by *protestant* Roman Catholics, especially in these later days, have crystallized into dogmas.

The contest within the Communion of Rome, so truthfully represented by "Janus" and its antagonist, has, in *one sense*, come to an end. "Ultramontanism" triumphed in St. Peter's on the 18th of July, 1870. "They have made a desolation, and called it peace." Rome may well tremble, however, lest the fierce struggle which was

commenced in Europe on the day succeeding that on which "the new dogma" was promulgated, be the mournful harbinger of yet more alarming convulsions within her own pale. As her presumption increases, so her perplexities and perils will thicken.

Thoughtful men find that they must either *ignore history, enslave the intellect, and stifle conscience*, or leave her fold.

Hemans, studying art in her catacombs and sacred temples, overwhelmed at the ever-widening gulf between primitive Rome and the Rome of to-day, gladly reëntered the Church which he, fascinated by the delusive charms of the tempter, once abandoned. Ffoulkes and Capes, after years of patient and laborious study, have become satisfied that they were deceived, and have returned to their old home. Maskell's scholarship is already chafing beneath the unscriptural and unreasonable yoke. Hyacinthe and Gratry hold firmly to their protest in suffering France.

And now the "noblest Roman of them all," the learned Döllinger, writes his manly, unanswerable letter to the Archbishop of Munich, containing this memorable declaration: "*As a Christian, as a theologian, as an historian, as a citizen, I cannot accept this doctrine;*" and the only reply is a writ of excommunication from the Vatican! Should schism ensue in the Roman ranks, in Europe,—should scenes, to some extent, similar to those of the sixteenth century, be reënacted in Bavaria, will not that schism have been forced upon some of the wisest and best of Rome's sons by the cruel imposition of this latest of her novelties? Who will dare to say, that when, in the light of the "Encyclical" of 1864, the bearing of this new dogma upon our American principles and institutions is fully seen, the same protesting spirit will be long repressed on these western shores?

As Churchmen, great responsibilities and lofty privileges are ours.

All prejudice, bitterness, and enmity should be laid aside, and, in the touching words of our sainted poet, we should always endeavor to

"Speak gently of our sister's fall.

Who knows but gentle love

May win her at our patient call,

The surer way to prove?"

The spirit of the Saviour, wherever it may be exhibited, should be admired and loved. Holiness of life, and "fair deeds of charity" should be honored, wheresoever they may be found.

But it would be fearfully wrong for us to shut our eyes to the painful fact that an intense and widespread Mariolatry, and the arrogant pretensions of the Papacy, boundless in its ambition, are gradually, but surely, eating out all that is primitive in her system, and are conspiring day by day, through the development of new features, more and more clearly to identify modern Rome with that destructive power whose appalling career is so vividly portrayed by the Apostle Paul, and the Seer of Patmos.

It is our bounden duty to place plainly before the world, and especially before inquiring members of the Roman Communion, perplexed and grieved at this latest act of spiritual despotism, our position as an integral, living branch of the Catholic Church of Christ, holding the apostolic faith in its integrity, and enjoying the ministrations of an apostolic ministry.

Thus may the Anglican Church offer a sure refuge for wayfaring exiles driven from their ancestral home by a heartless mother, form the bulwark of true Christianity in this day of superstition and unbelief, and prove, in the good providence of God, in some future and happier age, the means of restoring the broken unity of Christendom—of completing the fulfilment of the Redeemer's promise, "There shall be one fold and one Shepherd."

COMMUNITY OF GOODS IN THE CHURCH AT JERUSALEM.

BY THE REV. WALTER MITCHELL.

HERE is a fact of Christian history which has given trouble to many conscientious minds. This has gone to the extent of attempts to explain away the record. But the words of the book of the Acts are very distinct. The subterfuge of Ananias and Sapphira was punished with startling severity. The apostles relieved themselves of the burden of stewardship as soon as the first symptoms arose of questioning their fairness of administration. We cannot admit that this community of goods meant, as has been asserted, a mere charity fund, but that just what is said was the case—"they had all things in common." Nor is this to be taken as a mere hyperbole for extraordinary benevolence. "They sold their possessions (*i. e.*, real estate, lands) and goods (*i. e.*, personal effects), and parted them to all men, as every man had need."

Those who look to the Bible for literal directions according to which a Church is to be formed, or the Church conformed, who cannot baptize infants because such are not expressly mentioned, who disdain inferences and decline patristic testimony, would, we should think, be perplexed to meet so plain a proposition.

Again, those who are so in love with primitive practice as to always seek to go back of the latest discovery, and are fain to be more archaic than the very fathers themselves—those who believe that the Church, like the Bourbons, has "learned nothing and forgotten nothing," must find it awkward to plead the daily Eucharist of the Jerusalem Church with one hand, and with the other to deny the community of goods.

It has generally been the case with new and fanatic sects, that they have made this community of goods, as the modern phrase is, the first plank in their platform.

We believe the ordinary interpretation

is, that since utter community of goods is not exactly practicable, it means that no Christian should be needlessly rich. But as no one ever is needlessly rich, though all know of some one else who is, this solution is more remarkable for convenience than for consistency.

This gloss does not, however, remove the uneasy feeling with which some are taught to regard this fact of the Apostolic Church. We have heard it eulogized in sermons, as a proof of the higher spirituality of that time, and its disuse ascribed to the decay of faith and love.

To this position we decidedly demur.

In other respects, Christian thought and Christian effort has never been content with half-way work, much less with retrogression. In some things Christian ethics are in advance of the early time—we do not say of New Testament teaching, but of New Testament illustration. The rule of responsibility for truthfulness, chastity, purity, love toward one's neighbor, is not relaxed. The Christian conscience is as quick and more enlightened than in the palmy days of the Primitive Church. Canonized saints did, in the very name and cause of Christ, things which very ordinary Christians and quite worldly people would now shrink from.

St. Paul's instructions to Corinthians and Ephesians do not reveal a high standard of practical morality. "Let him that stole, steal no more," is quite as mild a way of treating infractions of the eighth commandment as any bishop would now be likely to use in a pastoral.

Why, in this duty (if duty it is) of holding things in common, should there be so marked an avoidance of the rule, or even any approximation to it? It is very certain that communism is regarded as anti-Christian, and that much of Christian

teaching is expressly directed to the duty of providing for one's own self and family.

We wish to exorcise this phantom of the past, and, by showing what it really was, to banish even its spectral presence. The first thing to be noted is, that it was confined to Palestine; and, in fact, no mention of it is made as existing outside the Jerusalem Church. Directions to the Gentile Churches are made, which are clearly inconsistent with this. St. Paul fully recognizes property. "Let each lay by on the first day of the week according to his ability," he says. That implies something of one's own, over which the community, the Church, has no power. He who owes *all* has control over a *part*. St. Paul labored, himself, for his own support, when he might have been chargeable. St. James, in his epistle to the dispersed twelve tribes, treats of the mutual duty of rich and poor in terms which are utterly conservative. If we take this epistle to be by the St. James, the first bishop of Jerusalem, and to be one of the earliest of Christian writings, we see how short-lived and partial the practice was, even in the central city of Christendom.

We dismiss, then, all thought of moral obligation, founded either upon Christian principles or upon more general ethical reasons, which applies to the community of goods. It cannot be carried out without seriously affecting more than one of the very points which are of the essence of the higher Christian life.

The monastic experiment has tried the two things in all possible combinations—voluntary poverty and community of goods. The result has not proved favorable to the continuance of elevated piety. In some cases, the wealth of the community has destroyed the individual poverty; in others, the lack of incentive has sunk the members of the order into sordid and animal sloth. The gentleness of Augustinian rule lapses into self-indulgence; the strictness of Carthusian discipline annihilates

the man into a fasting and praying machine.

If we turn to modern arguments in behalf of communism, we find that, under the thin veil of pretended mutual benefit, is concealed a studied and thorough selfishness. The community notion to inscribe over its doors the motto of the famous Rabelaisian monastery—"Do what you like." The first effort to reduce its fine theories to a practical gauge, revealed either the utter futility or the secret loathsomeness of the scheme.

What, then, was the reason for a practice which cannot be decided, and which it was, nevertheless, undesirable, as well as impossible, to perpetuate? We think that the motive was twofold, as we hope to show presently.

And first, what was the most prevailing error of the apostolic mind? It was that Christ would presently restore the kingdom to Israel. They held that error up to the moment of the Ascension. Probably not till after the gift of Pentecost did they finally emerge from this glittering mirage of false hope. But that kingdom, according to all previous Jewish notions and literal-mindedness, was to be found in a completed temporal prosperity. Answering to this, indeed, the condition of the fulfilment of the promise was the possession of land. Citizenship, in the earthly Canaan, was made both the obedience to, and the reward of, the law of Moses. It was the beloved, the delightful land, the home of rest and plenty, the two ideas nearest to the oriental heart. The popular religion hardly went beyond an earthly paradise upon the Palestinian soil, in the millennial reign of Messiah.

The sale of land was then the Hebrew Christian's disavowal of any belief that Messiah was yet to come. It was the practical pledge of the convert's sincerity of faith. It flung the gauntlet down in challenge of every doubt and denial that Jesus was the Christ. We are to notice that two

words are used in the account in the Acts—"possessions," and "goods." We might render them, by their legal equivalents, "real estate," "personal property." Community was not the object, but the consequence, of the sale. That ensued from the further belief in the Lord's speedy return. How strong that belief was, can hardly be now conceived. With the first wakening of the new idea of the Christian Israel, came also the strong sense of its utter hopelessness in a world so constituted as the world of the Christian Era. Against the Roman worship of brute force, the Greek service of intellect, the eastern inthralment to sensual voluptuariness—the might of the Gospel principles were all untried. The simplest solution was to be found in a new heavens and a new earth, since failure, antagonism to God, loss, and decay, seemed written on all around, as well as dimly shadowed forth in those prophecies of which the mighty scrolls were but just beginning to be unrolled in the clear daylight of fulfilment. They looked for no continuing city. Every meteor that shot across the midnight heavens, every cloud which rose from the Mediterranean waters, the tumults which raged in the almost daily collision of fanatic sects, the strange and thrilling tidings which stole in whispers from the palace chambers of the far-off imperial city, wars and rumors of wars, the sea and the waves roaring, men's hearts fainting and failing them for fear: all these were, to simple-minded men—impressed, as they were, by prophetic words, spoken in their own hearing by lips which they now knew to be the very oracle of unseen God, the Word made flesh—the signs of that advent which none believed would be long delayed.

They were as shipwrecked men upon a lonely and barren islet, who daily look across the waste of waters for the coming sail. To men in such a position, the sharing of goods, the common stock, the provision from day to day, becomes the nat-

ural consequence. It sets no precedent; it disappears of itself, as hope of change dies out, and the reconciled abiding takes the place of the wearing waiting.

The same phenomenon has arisen, from time to time, whenever the expectation of the second advent has been rekindled by fresh solutions of unfulfilled prophecy, or by fantastic coincidences of interpretation. It is the natural corollary of a belief in which property, and especially that which is founded on permanent abiding, loses all its value. It passes away when the sign fails—when the prophetic day dies into twilight, and all things continue as they were.

It may be asked, What is the value of these speculations, granting them to be, as we hold, correct? We answer that we believe it desirable to meet two theories, both of which are not unknown to our own day. One is, that the Christian life has decayed, that Christianity is, in practical issue, a failure; and the other, that the mere accidents of the primitive Christian Church are to be taken as signs of what its ideal life should tend to. We have striven to show the true source of the community of goods, that its absence now should not be taken, as in the infidel sneer it sometimes is, for loss and lack of faith; and to press the other point, that it is not the proof of an exalted mundane spirituality, but of enlightened selfishness.

Whatever approaches it most nearly in ordinary life, is based on unseen foundations of toil, and sorrow, and degradation. The helot is laboring without hope, or fervor, or joy, in order that the citizen may lounge in idle ease in the portico and the forum, in days of the bath and nights of the banquet. The leisure for culture, the following of pleasant pursuits, the dress of state, the coronal of flowers, are above in the light; but beneath, in the darkness, the slave sweats in hopeless misery, and only fear extorts the deftness and patience, out of which is wrought the beauty and fastidiousness of luxury.

So in our own day, wherever there is shown the tendency to exchange the home for the hotel life, the club, the rushing hither and thither of aimless travel, the communism before which the family is wasted away—there at once appears decay of morals and manners, the supreme selfishness of a soulless egotism.

Not all the excellences of the monastic system could save it from the working of its own unnaturalness. The Family and the State are Divine institutions. Over them is the Church, resting upon them, but not destroying them not impairing them, even, but revealing the purpose, and sanctifying the work of each.

ATHANASIUS AND MIRAMEH.*

A Tale of Oriental Life.

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND HORATIO SOUTHGATE, D.D.

CHAPTER I.

While the great generations depart,
And full ages and firmaments roll,
Mighty love is the lord of the heart,
And pure truth the bright king of the soul.
Alger's Poetry of the Orient.

OPPOSITE Stamboul, just where the Euxine disgorges itself, by the mouth of the Bosphorus, into the Sea of Marmora, lies the little village of Kadi Keuî. The site of the ancient Chalcedon, where assembled the Fourth Œcumenic Council of the Church, and where the armies of the First Crusade gathered their forces, ere they entered upon their disastrous march through Asia Minor, it had become, at the date of our story, and, as that is not far distant, still is, a degenerate Turkish town, bearing the usual features of silent, lonely streets, of jealous, latticed windows, and of brown, wolfish dogs. It had, however, a mixture of the Christian with the Mohammedan, as is not unusual in Eastern populations; and to this fact it was indebted for the two invariable signs of Oriental Christianity, a church and a wine-shop; or, rather, to speak by the square, it had two churches, a Greek and an Armenian, and more than two wine-shops; the drinking of wine being a Christian privilege, which Mohammed denied to his followers. There might have been but one church, so far as the need of the population required, had not the fathers

of the Armenians, fourteen hundred years ago, seen fit, in the exercise of that wisdom peculiar to religion which makes the wit of the individual superior to the utterance of the universal brotherhood, to reject the decisions of the great council convened on the very spot where their descendants now live in schism. The Greek priest who tended his "Orthodox" sheep in this unpropitious atmosphere was wont to conduct the Western traveller (who here first touched the soil of Asia, and, with the simplicity of the crude notions which reduce the full-grown foreigner, amidst new scenes, to the condition of curious and undistinguishing childhood, eagerly sought, first of all, to view the sacred place where the great synod had assembled) to his humble church—a venerable edifice, which had, doubtless, withstood the ravages of centuries, but which one could hardly look upon as the session-room of the Fourth General Council, without a feeling of intense sympathy for the unfortunate Fathers who were convened to deliberate upon the grand religious issue of the time, within such straitened limits, and in such palpable darkness. The huge masses of low columns seemed to fill half the little space; and ineffectual day struggled in vain to shed more than a faint glimmer upon its obscurity.

But, whatever the modern Chalcedon had

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by PLINY F. SMITH, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

lost in internal interest, by the passage of time and the change of masters, the beauty of its situation remained undimmed. It lay on the shore, in a bend, just where the Bosphorus widens into the Propontis. Opposite Constantinople, in full view of its waters, its minarets, the seraglio, which crowns the point of Byzantium, and the Golden Horn, the treasure-house of merchants; protected from the cold winds of the Euxine by the high lands of Scutari on the north; with the ever placid stream before it, stretching away, as it widens, into a sea interminable to the eye; Kadi Keuī was, in the stillness of its repose, the very symbol of life in quietness. Below it, enters the Gulf of Nicomedia, extending some sixty miles eastward, to the city which gave its name, and dotted, at its mouth, with a group of islands, styled the Isles of the Prince. An inlet from the gulf, back of Chalcedon, gives to the land something of the character of a promontory; at the point of which, where the gulf enters from the Sea of Marmora, once stood a lighthouse, for the guidance of the Genoese traders, whose commerce was, at one period, the chief connecting-link between east and west. It had now, in true illustration of Turkish progress, become little better than a hollow heap of stones. The promontory on which Chalcedon lay, was covered with the richest vineyards; spreading from the village back to the inlet that we have mentioned. Here was a most luxurious scene. The vineyards, full of the vine of the *Tchamoush*, the most luscious grape in the world, peculiar to this region, were parted by narrow pathways, bordered by hedges, which concealed the walker from every eye; and, among them, at intervals, stood the houses of wealthy citizens, who found here their summer retreat. On the quiet little inlet behind, were one or two cafés, overlooking the water, which lay in a repose like that of a lake among hills; and here might be seen, in the season, the *caïques* of Turks from the city, drawn up on the sand; the

rowers stretched around under the trees, or amidst the shrubbery, and the masters sitting listlessly in the cafés, looking out upon the waters, and enjoying, to the full, that *summum bonum* of Turkish happiness, perfect tranquillity. There let us leave them, while we enter the village on the other side of the promontory.

"What is the news from Stamboul?" said Dimitri, our host of the wine-shop where the Greeks most did congregate, to a plain, honest, laboring man, who had done his day's work in the city, and now came to the general resort, to hobnob with his co-religionists of the village. The hour was evening; that sacred hour when the sun has set, and nature seems, like weary man, to rest from the labors of the day. How tranquilly, at that hour, did Kadi Keuī lie in the bend of its little bay; the smooth water before it; Stamboul, across the stream, sleeping in beautiful repose; the air unstirred by a single sound more vigorous than the splash of oars from a village boat approaching the long wooden slip which Kadi Keuī had hospitably sent out, some one hundred feet, to meet and receive all travellers from town.

"There is nothing," said Spiro, in reply to our host. "Our new *Padishah** has visited the Arsenal to-day; and there is some talk of a fleet for Egypt; but nothing certain."

"Are the *Rayahs*† to be brought into the service?" asked Dimitri.

"They say, not," replied Spiro. "The Sultan wishes only for *Greeks*, as the Armenians and Jews are no sailors; and the Greeks (here his voice fell to a low, significant tone) cannot be trusted to fight for Islam."

"They are a troublesome set," said Dimitri, whose full, round, rosy face had

* A title of the Sultan, from the Persian, denoting absolute authority.

† Subjects of the Sultan, not Mussulmans. The same word (*Rajah*) is applied to the non-Mohammedan kings of India.

too much of the jolly influences of the vine in it to make him a good conspirator. "These fellows of ours are always stirring up trouble. Better live in peace under the sway of the Padishah, and make the best of it. They will see evil some day."

Spiro made no reply, but turned his face toward the city, which lay in full view before them; and his eye seemed to rest on a cluster of four massive and not very graceful minarets, which rose just outside the seraglio wall, and apparently within a stone's throw of the opposite shore.

"You are looking at *Santa Sophia*," said Dimitri. "I suppose you would like to say your prayers there again."

"A Greek entered it yesterday," returned Spiro, "in the train of the French Ambassador, who was conducting some great general through it; and the Turks beat him out with their slippers. He came nigh being murdered on the spot."

"Well, well," said Dimitri, "he ought to have had more sense than to have gone there. There is no use running one's head into danger."

There was, certainly, little use in any talk between Spiro and Dimitri on such a subject as this. Dimitri loved his Church, and was proud of his nationality. What Greek is not? No one would have bowed more profoundly, or crossed himself more vigorously, before the new pictures in the restored Cathedral of St. Sophia, on the high-day of its revived nuptials with Christianity; no face would have gleamed with a more radiant joy than his own rubicund visage. But he had no ambition to be a martyr; nor did he like the smell of blood which lurked in the fond dreams of his nation. The Turkish power falling; the Greek Empire rising; the Cross soaring once more above the Crescent; he would like to see it, but he would not like to *do* it. There was too much, in the prospect, of the clash of arms, and deadly strife, and rivers of blood, to suit a nature which was by no means a cowardly one, but which

took life as something to be enjoyed, not to be sacrificed. He had no idea of saving life by losing it. There was to him no deeper mystery in the Gospel. It *was* of little use for him to talk with Spiro.

CHAPTER II.

"HAVE you seen anything of my boy Athanasius?" said a tall man, who, at that moment entered the café. He appeared agitated, yet as one who had his feelings under strong control.

"No," replied Dimitri. "I do not reckon Athanasius yet among my customers; but I shall expect the *paras** from him, one of these days. What of Athanasius, Yani?"

Yani did not answer for a moment. He seemed lost in thought; and as his figure stood in the light of the doorway, with the background of water and city behind it, the strong relief brought it out so boldly that it is easy to sketch it. He stood erect, his shoulder slightly touching the doorpost; and, as he stood, his height could not be less than six feet. His face was thoughtful, almost to sternness, and there was a quick flash about his dark eye which looked like the glimmer of powerful passions pent up within. He was thin to spareness; straight as an arrow, yet with the least possible tendency to a stoop at the shoulders, which told that he had been accustomed to bear the burdens of life,—as, indeed, he had. There was, in his whole mien, that air of quiet, determined firmness, which bespoke the strong character of a man who had a will of his own.

"It is now past sunset," at length he said, in a grave, measured tone. "My boy went out at nine o'clock,† to play in the garden. For some reason he ventured into the street, and has not yet returned."

"Is that all?" said Dimitri. "Trust me, he is safe enough, somewhere. He could

* The smallest denomination of Turkish coin; value, about a mill. Also, a general name for money.

† Three P.M., Western time.

not wander far in this famous city of ours. But perhaps he has gone to the vineyards. I dare say he is munching grapes to his heart's content, while his anxious father is looking for him in the last place in the world to find him. Believe me, Yani, he will turn up safe and sound before you go to bed. He is a bright youth, and will not get lost easily."

The last words were said in a tone of cordial good nature, which was, really, the basis of the seemingly *insouciant* character of mine host of the cabaret. He was a careless man; but he meant nobody harm, and was everybody's friend, as everybody was his.

"He was last seen," continued Yani, "in the Turkish quarter, in company with a Turkish woman, but he is not now to be found in any of the streets of the village."

"What woman was it?" asked Spiro, who had hitherto listened, in silence, but with marked attention, to the dialogue.

"I don't know," replied Yani. "A neighbor, who knows him well, told me he saw him with her, and she had him by the hand."

"I don't like the looks of that," said Spiro. "Athanasius is a fair boy."

"And a good one," replied his father. "He is not out at this hour of his own will, and if he had gone to the vineyards, he knows his way home as well as any of us."

"But the best slip sometimes," said Dimi-tri; "and boys are boys. I dare say he will turn up safely yet."

The speech was made for consolation, but it was uttered in a hesitating, limping manner, as if the speaker was trying to keep up a confidence which was deserting him. Yani heeded it not.

"We must find some other person who has seen him," said Spiro. "We must learn who that woman was."

At this moment the group from the last boat from town entered the place, and Yani, who felt little disposition to join in the free frolicsomeness of some of the

younger members of the party, retired. He was followed by Spiro, who presently stood at his side, and said, "My friend, do you go home. Your wife and children await you. It is the hour of dinner. Leave this affair to me. You had better not be seen making inquiries. I will continue the search, and bring you word an hour or two hence."

"Very well," said Yani. "Spiro, you do not know what it is to have a son; but you know how to be a very good friend."

Spiro was a lonely man. His home (if he could be said to have one) was in a distant province; and he had come to the capital, to earn a scanty living by his daily labor. He had no learning. He could not read nor write. But he had a true, honest heart, which would lead him to do his friend a service without much show, but with great sincerity. His fears were excited for the boy; and his religious feelings were moved to their depths by the thought which had entered his mind. He strode away at once from Yani's side, and entered the Turkish quarter of the village. Yani pursued his way home. He seemed, as he walked, to stoop more than usual. A new burden had been added to the accumulated cares of his life. He was not the man that he had been an hour ago. Will he ever be the same man again?

The sorrows of time march along the same pathway with ourselves, but in the reverse direction. They meet us. As soon as they have gone by, they vanish into empty air; but each, as it passes, lays its load upon us; then it disappears—its mission and its life ended forever. But the load which it carried has been laid upon our shoulders; and the life which it bore has entered into our spirit. From a sorrow without, an isolated event moving toward us, it has become, when it touches us, a part of ourselves, transfused into the springs of our being; and we travel on, on, on, toward eternity; and, through eternity, we shall carry a soul which has re-

ceived a new influence into its nature. It is not the same soul that it was before the sorrow met it.

Yani could not indulge in such reasonings as these. He was not a scholar—he was a plain gardener; but he had the finest touch of manhood: the dark eye, the jet-black hair, the marked, decisive features, the free, firm mien, which told of a mind at rest upon itself, self-poised; and the lustre of his eye, bright, at times almost fierce, yet unflickering and steady, seemed to shoot out from a well of deep, strong passions, held in check by the omnipotent sway of a stern, relentless will. He moved along slowly, thoughtfully. He did not even notice the salutation of a passing friend. His dark face lowered with gloomy, passionate thought. His close-pressed lips were the outward symbol of the firm grasp of the master within: and yet, if one had seen him, an hour later, among his children, that flashing eye would have seemed the very soul of tenderness, and gentle, protecting love.

The house, though full of little people, was that night desolate. Spiro returned, as he promised, but he brought no good news. Indeed, it was too late to gather news in an Oriental village, whose population is generally wrapped in slumber within two hours after sunset. Yani went to his bed with a heavy heart, weighed down by a gloomy anticipation. He knew what to expect; and the fearful presage oppressed his spirit more than if he had heard of the death of his son. Athanasius was the oldest of eight children, and yet his age was only ten. Yani lived in a little cottage, overgrown with vine, close to the border of the sea. His occupation, as we have said, was that of a gardener. He raised vegetables for the city market. The garden, covering something less than an acre, was open to the sea; but, on the side of the village, was enclosed by a high wall, which ran along the principal street of the Turkish quarter. The houses on this street,

overlooking the garden, were the largest in the village, and were occupied chiefly by Turkish *effendis* from the city, who made their summer residence there. The garden was a picturesque and lovely spot. Secluded by its high wall on one side, and looking freely out on the sea on the other, it had an air of perfect retirement.

Here Yani had lived many years. Hither he had brought his wife, who was a Greek girl of Scio, soon after their marriage; and here all his children, three boys and five girls, had been born. His life had been spent in his humble, useful occupation, and the fruits of his industry had saved him from want, if they had not raised him to affluence. He had little to do with the outside world; seldom crossed to the city, on which he looked every day; and none of his children had ever seen Stamboul, except in the distance, across the water. Their young imaginations had often been excited by the sight of those lofty minarets, those magnificent domes, and those grand houses, rising, as on terraces, above the sea; and it was among the felicities of the dim and shadowy future, that they would one day see the wonders of the great city for themselves. Athanasius, the oldest, was particularly full of this boyish enthusiasm, and he promised himself not only a sight, but a life, in Stamboul. He would be a merchant, and sell goods in its rich bazars, and his brothers and sisters should come to see him. These day-dreams were, in part, soon to be realized, but in a manner which he little wot of. In the meantime, days, and weeks, and months rolled on, passing peacefully over this happy family, in the garden by the sea-side.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the morning dawned, the search was recommenced. The Greek population of the village was now thoroughly roused. The Turkish quarter lay as in the slumber of death; but every house among the

Greeks had heard the story of the disappearance of the child, and every heart was sympathizing in the loss. Yani, who had passed a sleepless night, amidst weeping children, sobbing in their troubled dreams, was early abroad. But no tidings came, and it was evident that the child was nowhere out of doors. No one doubted that he was in a Turkish house; but how to find him was a question not so easily solved. Inquiries at doors would gain no information, for the child was stolen and secreted, and search-warrants are unknown where a poor Rayah seeks justice against a Turk. The attempt would bring only abuse, if not something worse. Had Yani known in what house his child was hidden, he would not have hesitated to demand him at the door; for parental love had banished all fear from his heart. But this was a mystery which he could not unravel. Only one person had seen the boy and woman together, and *he* knew not who she was. The close veil and the *ferejee** hid her from observation.

Yani did no work that day. His wife toiled on, sadly, amidst her domestic cares, and the children wept and talked, by turns, affrighted and grieved at the loss of their brother, who was the leader in all their sports. Nothing was heard of the boy till about four o'clock† in the morning, when a messenger from the quay came to say that Athanasius had just entered a boat, accompanied by a Turkish lady and her maidens, and that the boat was the *caïque* of Selim Effendi, a rich Turk who was spending the summer in the village. Yani hurried to the shore, and could see the barge, impelled by four powerful rowers, half way across the stream, directing its course for the city. Pursuit was hopeless. He went to the house, which was one of those overlooking his own garden, and knocked at the door.

It was opened from within by a string attached to the latch, and running back to a little apartment at the rear of the house. The voice of a servant, in the distance, apparently of a black woman, demanded who was there; and Yani inquired whether the Effendi was in.

"No," was the reply. "He has gone to Stamboul, and all the family."

"When will they come back?"

"They will not come back. They have gone home to the house in town."

Here was a new arrow tipped with steel and touched with poison. Yani started, involuntarily, as it entered his heart. His boy in Stamboul! His boy stolen! His boy—but his soul recoiled from the picture which his imagination next presented. It was hideous as a vision of hell. Jacob would go down into the grave, unto his son, mourning, because an evil beast had rent him in pieces. Yani would gladly have seen Athanasius torn limb from limb before his eyes rather than contemplate the fate which now awaited him. But he was not the man to sink into despair before any calamity. For one brief minute he stood in the doorway, still as death, waiting till the wave of sudden anguish had rolled over him. Then he slowly closed the door, and turned away. He did not go back to his house, though he passed the gate which opened into his garden. "I will not blight my paradise while I can help it," was the thought that crossed his mind. He went on to the quay. There he met a friend, by whom he sent a message to his family: "He was going to Stamboul; he hoped to be back at night; but they must not be alarmed if he did not appear till morning." His neglected garden never entered his thought. He found a *caïque* at the quay, with a single rower, who was waiting there for a chance passenger. The people had gone to town in the great village boats early in the morning. Yani seated himself in the *caïque* without uttering a word.

"Well," said the boatman, as he took his

* The loose, ungainly cloak worn by Turkish women out of doors.

† Ten A.M.

seat and threw out his oars, ready for a start, "where shall we go this bright morning, my friend?" for he knew Yani well.

"To Stamboul, *Yeni Jami*," replied Yani, naming a landing on the Golden Horn.

The boat put off; ran up along the shore to the *Maiden's Tower*, and there struck into the rapid current of the Bosphorus, which carried it down, as it crossed, until it approached Seraglio Point, where the stream divides. Taking the inner branch, it glided gently up the harbor, by *kieushk*,* and mosque, and bazar, until it reached the landing at *Yeni Jami*. Yani deposited the pay on the bottom of the boat where he sat, and stepped ashore.

"Yani is in trouble," said the sympathizing boatman, who was a Greek, and had heard the story which all the village knew. "I will tie up here and follow him; perhaps I can be of service to him;" and Kiriako removed his boat out of the throng at the landing-place, pushed it up on the shore, and was soon on Yani's track. "Let me go with you," he said, as he overtook his friend. "Maybe I can help you, or you may wish to send a message to your family."

"Very well," replied Yani, after a moment's pause; "if you will come, come; but you will lose your day's work."

"Never fear," said Kiriako. "I will get a passenger back at sundown, and that will find me bread and olives for wife and children at dinner."

They went together up the hill, which led into the heart of the town, and as they walked, Yani, who felt relieved at the presence of a friend in his distress, disclosed to him his plan. It was a very simple one, but it was the only thing to be done.

"I am going to the *konak*† of Selim Effendi. My boy is in his house. I shall demand him at the door."

* Summer-house, pavilion.

† Literally, an inn, or guest-house; used, also, of the ample and hospitable mansions of wealthy Turks.

Kiriako, who had not heard till now what had become of the lad, was confounded by the intelligence.

"You will never get him, Yani. Do you not know that they never give up a stolen child?"

"I can but try," said Yani; and they moved on in silence.

Yani knew the quarter where the rich Turk lived, although he did not know the house. But that he could learn from a green grocer in the neighborhood, one of his own nation, to whom he had sometimes sold his vegetables. They quitted, at length, the bazars, and entered the Turkish quarter, not far from the great mosque of Suliman, which crowns the highest hill in Constantinople. The grocer gave them the necessary direction as they passed, and they soon reached the door of Selim Effendi.

This wealthy and powerful Turk was one of that favored class of men who live on their rents. It is a numerous class in Stamboul, and represents in its habits and prejudices the old Mussulman of the Imperial City more closely than any other. Time and innovation have wrought few changes in it. It looks with disfavor upon the new-fangled system of the Sultan; hates Franks, and calls Christians "dogs." It has no active energy. It presents the Turk in his listlessness and decrepitude; clings to ancient customs with dogged obstinacy; and is, really, after its fashion, the most religious class in the community.

Selim Effendi had never been in public life. It was too much trouble to bear its annoyances. But he was well known to those in authority, and his wealth and strictness in religion gave him influence, both at the Porte and among the religious orders. He was in no sense a bad man, save that he was a bigoted and narrow-minded Mohammedan. He said his prayers, according to rule, five times daily; kept the Fast *Ramazan* with devout scrupulosity; killed his sheep at the great Feast

Bairam, and performed all the ceremonial ablutions.

His *harem* was worthy of a religious devotee. He had but one wife, though she was childless, and the beautiful maidens of the harem were not his concubines. They were the fair attendants of *Pembeh Khaneum*, whose duty it was to minister to her comfort and pleasure. They could dance; they could sing; they could embroider; and one or two of them could tell a story. But, as to all useful acquirements, they were as ignorant as children: a playful, harmless set of girls; full of life, and, strange as it may seem, happy and free from care.

The harem resounded with their merry laugh, whenever it was allowed by *Pembeh Khaneum* (which means, by the way, the *Violet Lady*; a pretty nickname, such as Oriental dames of high degree often affect; her real name being *Fatma*, which corresponded better in English with her physical condition, for her proportions were of rather uncomfortable magnitude, and she waddled as she walked—you could see it even under the disguise of that uncouth over-all, the *ferejee*); whenever she gave them license, the harem, I say, rung with their peals of unaffected laughter, and shook with their romps and playful tricks. For a Turkish harem is anything but a gloomy prison-house. It is the scene of more fun, and, we are sorry to say, of more intrigue, than saloons, ballrooms and watering-places, in our Western world. The seclusion from the society of men favors both the freedom of the mirth and the preservation of the strict secrecy of the plot.

Selim and his wife were now well stricken in years. His beard, which he preserved with religious scrupulousness, flowed in snowy whiteness to his breast. *Fatma* was considerably his junior, and (having borne no children) had kept her youthful look to a remarkable degree. Were it not for her ponderosity, she might have passed for less

than forty. But she was beyond the age of child-bearing.

This had been the one great sorrow of her life: *she had no child*. It was not merely that she had brought no heir to her lord, but she felt—as every Oriental dame, of every religion, from the days of *Leah* and *Hannah*, and, doubtless, long before, has felt—that barrenness was a curse and a reproach; and she had resorted to prayers, and charms, and Jewish doctors, to remove the evil. *Selim*, who really loved his wife, and had loved her from the time when “gazelle” and “stag-eyed” were more appropriate terms of the tender passion than now, comforted her in her sorrow, and declared himself, like *Elkanah* to *Hannah*, “better to her than ten sons.”

But this was the language of earlier years. Now, both were falling into the “sere and yellow leaf.” The silver cord would soon be loosed; the golden bowl was nigh to be broken. The light of children was not in their home; the voices of children never broke upon their ears. And *he*—to whom should he leave his wealth? “What wilt Thou give me,” said *Abram* to his Maker, “seeing I go childless?” *Selim*, who had read the words, felt, with the progenitor of his religion, as he believed the father of the faithful to be, that there was no good in store for him, while he was without the hope of a posterity. His wife observed the change. He did not complain; but she read the secret feeling, and it troubled her. She had often thought of adopting an heir, but she had found none to her mind; and it is not so easy to effect this in a land where the poor man accounts his children as in the place of riches, and the rich man reckons his as the best part of his wealth. Years flowed on, and the house was still desolate. *Selim* and *Fatma* listened no more with delight to the “voice of singing men and singing women.” The pleasures of the harem palled upon their taste, and the frosts of age began to chill the blood in their veins.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was an evil day when Pembeh Khaneum first saw Athanasius. Looking through the lattice of her window at Kadi Keuî, she descried, in the garden opposite, a group of playing children. The eldest was a boy, about eight years of age. She had never seen anything in human shape so lovely as was he: radiant with spirit,—his light brown hair flowing freely around his shoulders, in sunny tresses,—his face the image of health,—his complexion clear and transparent,—his liquid eye, of softest blue, lighted with the animation of an active temper and a joyous heart,—his whole form moulded for vigor and for ease. The Turkish dame sighed as she looked upon him, and said within herself, "Alas, for me! Had I a boy like that—so fair, so young, so full of promise! Would he were mine! Why did Allah give a son so beautiful, to a *Giaour*,* and deny to me the fruit of the womb? Would he were mine!"

She watched him day by day. Many a weary hour—hour of useless longing—was spent at the lattice, when the children were at their sports. But she had no other sight of them. They were not allowed to leave the garden, and she could not enter the house of an infidel without exciting suspicion.

The summer passed, and she returned to her *konak* in town. But she did not forget the boy. His image was in all her dreams; and, often in the day, she yearned to hear his silvery laugh break on the dreary stillness of the house.

"Why is he not mine?" she said. "I would bring him up in the true faith—a child of the Prophet. Now he is among unbelievers. Surely, it were a good deed to rescue him, and Allah would approve the act. He must be mine. I will give the Effendi an heir, and my old age shall

be solaced by the presence of a being whom I can love."

Her resolution was taken, and she never departed from it.

Another summer, however, passed without affording her an opportunity of fulfilling her purpose. Several little plans which she laid went awry.

In the meantime, the life of the gardener and his family moved on in their quiet retreat by the water-side, the parents little dreaming of the tempter that was seeking to enter their Eden. The third summer, when Athanasius was ten years old, chance, as it seemed, one day threw in Pembeh Khaneum's way the occasion she had so long sought. She had been, in the afternoon, to see a friend near by, unaccompanied by her maidens, and was returning home, when she met Athanasius alone in the street. She accosted him with an affectionate greeting. He knew something of Turkish, as most Greek boys of Constantinople do. Athanasius answered in his free and fearless manner, open as the day. The music of his voice charmed her.

"Will you go with me, my soul?" she said. "My house is close by. I will give you sweetmeats, and show you some pretty things."

Athanasius hesitated. He had not asked his father and mother.

"I will not keep you long," she said. "You shall go home by and by."

His evil star must have been at that moment in the ascendant. His own transparent frankness made him unsuspecting of guile. He took the extended hand, and went toward the house.

If the boy could have seen the agony in which his father would stand at that door, some twenty hours later, he would have died ere he would have crossed the threshold; but he was no prophet, and he entered.

The first hour or two were pleasant enough; but the shades of evening were now falling, and Athanasius thought of

* *Infidel*; pronounced *gow-oor*; doubtless a corruption of the Persian *gebr*.

home; and Fatma thought of guile. She told him that she would send to the house and get permission for him to spend the night there, and he should go home in the morning. An order was given to one of the men-servants, to go on the errand. He went, or seemed to go, and, in due time, returned with the desired permission, which placed Athanasius at his ease for the rest of the night.

He had never slept in so elegant a room, or on so soft a couch. The ceiling above him was painted in bright colors, and looked like a bed of beautiful flowers. For the first time in his life, he had a bed to himself, elegantly arrayed, in the midst of the harem, where some of the maidens slept. Everything was done that art could suggest to please the boy and make him forget his home.

Nor was it all *art*. No one could look upon his beautiful face, or listen to his bright and joyous words, without loving him. Pembeh Khaneum yearned toward him with the tenderest feelings of her heart. He was the embodiment of the image of a son which had so long floated in her dreams. He began, already, to fill the place which a son would have filled. The pent-up affections of years of longing were let out upon him. The natural desire for maternity found in him its object.

Her kindness, therefore, though artful in form, was true and sincere in spirit. She loved Athanasius with a love which had been growing in secret two full years, and now she lavished it freely upon him. The boy was happy; it were idle to deny it. He said his prayers in his bed, made upon himself the sign of the cross, as he was wont, and thought of his brothers and sisters, but not with regret. His active fancy was rather pleased with imagining how they would be surprised to see him where he was, and how he would like to have them there with him. He was not one who took a sombre view of anything. He was easily ruled through his affections, and

his bright nature shed off sorrow as rain-drops slide from a polished surface.

Besides, his imagination and his heart were flattered by the new and romantic scenes in which he found himself, and by the kindness which flowed upon him so bountifully. The lady had kept him by her side till bedtime; and now the fair maidens amused him with their merry talk and laughter. He was a very happy boy.

When morning came he would fain go home, for nothing could make him forget those whom he had left there. But Pembeh Khaneum suggested a visit to Stamboul. "Would he not like to see the city? She would show him the bazars. She had a much finer house in Stamboul, and a beautiful garden, and many servants, and he should ride her horse, and have some of the nicest things to eat. They would go that morning and return before night, when he should go home." Now, of all things within the scope of his imagination, a visit to Stamboul was what Athanasius most desired. It had dwelt in his fancy almost from infancy, and happy, he had often thought, would be the day when he should accomplish it. But his father and his mother he remembered, and he spoke of them. "Oh, it was easy to obtain their permission." And it *was* obtained, in the same way as the permission to spend the night.

A longing to take one peep at his brothers and sisters seized him as he passed the gate, but the maidens hurried him on, and almost before he was aware, he was on the glad waters of the Bosphorus.

He had never been in a boat before, and no one can cross that stream for the first time on a fair day in summer without a momentary hallucination, as if he were in a land of romance.

As they passed the Maiden's Tower, an isolated building in the midst of the water, Pembeh Khaneum regaled him with a story of a beautiful princess, a daughter of an ancient Padishah, who had shut her up there to keep her from the company of a lover of

low degree, on whom her heart was set : a restraint which, as is common in such cases, proved ineffectual. The maiden contrived to look out at the window. The lover contrived to hover around, at night, in his caïque. Stolen talk through the window was followed, after a time, by closer interviews within, the rough keeper having succumbed to the influence of a great present, an influence omnipotent in the East since the time when Jacob sought to appease Esau with the gift of a portion of his beeves. For now, as then, "a gift is as a precious stone in the eyes of him that hath it : whithersoever it turneth, it prospereth." It is of more value in his estimation than all hard earnings ; while the reception of it is a pledge of peace and amity to the giver. "A gift in secret pacifieth anger ; and a reward in the bosom, strong wrath."

But the cruel Padishah discovered the intrigue, and the maiden, of course, died of a broken heart.

It was a doleful story. But the tale has many versions ; some of them more agreeable to the lover and his mistress.

However, Athanasius could not be very deeply afflicted with sympathy, while so many bright scenes were around him. The prospect of the blue water and gliding caïques, of the graceful minarets and the lofty domes, and the houses rising one above another on the hill-sides, and the strange vessels and gay flags of many nations in the harbor, and the crowd, and noise, and hurry at the landing-place, filled his fresh, young heart with unmingled delight.

An *araba* * met them at the landing, and they jolted through narrow streets, which were never meant for arabas, until they reached the large, hospitable gate of the konak of Selim Effendi. The *hamals* † followed with their luggage, which had come in another boat.

* A carriage of any kind, from an ox-cart to a chariot.

† Porters ; the burden-bearers of Constantinople.

Domestic transportation, in Turkey, is a summary and easy process ; no chairs, no tables, no bedsteads, no washstands—all can be packed in bundles, and carried on the backs of men. Beds and bedding, dresses and jewelry, and pipes ; there is little else to encumber the march from town to country, or country to town. And in Pembeh Khaneum's case, (as her lord owned the house in Kadi Kenî, and its furniture), she had little to bring back but the dresses, the jewelry, and the pipes.

If any unsophisticated reader should commit the impertinence of asking why her husband did not return with her, let him know that it is worse than ungenteel, it is vulgar, and bordering on the immoral, for a man in Turkey to be seen with his wife. Nor is this a *Turkish* prejudice only : it is *Oriental*, from the beginning ; not in all tribes of the East, but in all *civilized* tribes, if we may so call those who have made a mark in history. We have known a Turkish woman to insult a European lady walking arm in arm with her husband, in the street of an Eastern town. "*Ootan-maz-meu-seun ? ai-ih dir,*" * she said, pulling at her arm to separate them. No ; Selim Effendi, with a becoming sense of propriety and self-respect, had gone over to the city early in the morning, and was taking his breakfast in the *selamleuk*, † when Fatma and her merry train, now as demure as young misses elsewhere on their good behaviour, entered the great gate of his konak, and proceeded to the harem.

"The lady has come," said his attendant to him.

"Very well," was his grave reply.

He did not see her till night.

CHAPTER V.

It was not long after the arrival of the family that Yani stood before the gate.

* "Art thou not ashamed ? It is disgraceful."

† The apartments of the *men* in a Turkish house, as the harem is of the *women*.

He had let Kiriako retire to the green grocer's in the neighborhood, and essayed his bold, and somewhat perilous, adventure alone. Kiriako would willingly have remained with him, but his presence could do no good, and might embarrass the enterprise. So he consented to act as a reserve corps, in case of any sudden emergency. Yani stood before the gate. It was a lofty door of two leaves, broad enough to admit the passage of an araba. The house presented nothing to the street but a high, blank wall, without window or other aperture, besides the entrance just mentioned. That opened upon a broad court, flagged with large, flat stones, but empty and destitute of ornament of every kind; as bald and uninteresting as the dead wall without. On the opposite side of the court stood the house, which had, externally, almost as little attraction as the outer wall. It was painted of the universal dull red which distinguishes Turkish mansions, and was a long, low, rambling structure, after the national style of two stories; the lower of stone, roughly plastered; the upper of wood, in most parts projecting over the lower, the projection supported by oak braces springing from the stone. There was a main entrance from the court, nearly opposite the gate, into a hall upon the ground, from which stairs ascended to the rooms above.

The only other entrance to the house was near the extremity of the court. This was a lonely door, closed, never opened except when some one went in or out; and this was an occurrence which might not happen through an entire day. That morning it had admitted Pembeh Khaneum, her maidens, and Athanasius. This part of the house was the harem. It was distinguished from the rest of the building chiefly by the silence of the court in front of it, and by the fact that its windows were entirely covered by lattice-work; while in the other half of the structure the windows were partially revealed, and the presence of servants about the entrance, and the frequent

inging and outcoming of men, relieved somewhat the air of loneliness and desolation which reigned throughout the court.

Behind the house was a garden, hidden from sight as you stood in the court, but we need not penetrate its sacred precincts now. The araba which brought the family had disappeared. It was a hired vehicle. Pembeh Khaneum was solacing Athanasius in the harem, and planning for his comfort and happiness, when Yani, his father, knocked at the outer gate.

He was a strong man, not easily moved, but every limb stirred with emotion when he lifted the huge iron ring which hung upon the gate. It was opened in due time, in that slow, suspicious way in which Turkish doors open to all but their masters; and a servant appeared, filling the narrow aperture which he had made.

"What do you want?" he said to Yani, at the same time shaking his head, as if he had already denied his request.

He evidently knew who he was, or had some secret instructions concerning visitors that day. By his dress he saw that he was a Greek, the dark shalwars, tight about the calf of the leg, the black shoes, the scanty girdle of thin, black cotton, the close-fitting *enterch*,* buttoned to the open throat, the loose jacket over it, and above all, that surest sign of distinction, the *fez*, or red cap, wound round with two or three rolls of black cloth, like that of the girdle. The man was a Rayah; he stood confessed at first sight.

"Is the Effendi at home?" asked Yani, with that humility of manner which seems the native-born heritage of a Christian when he stands before a Turk.

"What is your business?" inquired the man.

Yani hesitated. He must see Selim Effendi. Without that there was no hope of success; little, his heart told him, with it.

* A long garment (reaching to the feet), round which the sash is wound. It is worn by both sexes.

"I wish to see the Effendi," at length he replied.

"The Effendi is busy," returned the servant, curtly; "he cannot see you;" and he made a motion as if to shut the gate.

"Stay, my friend," said Yani; "what is your haste?"

"I have business," said the man; "I cannot wait here on you."

"I must see the Effendi," returned Yani.

"Clear out. Go, *Pézévenk*," angrily retorted the serving-man, shutting the gate at the word.

The epithet he applied to Yani may as well remain in the obscurity of the original.

It is one of those expletives in which the Turkish vernacular is peculiarly rich, and most obscenely foul.

Yani was left alone in the world. A peculiar feeling of desolation stole over him as he stood without at the gate, followed by a wave of anguish as when the poisoned arrow entered his heart at the Turk's door in Kadi Keui. He crossed himself devoutly, and muttered a secret prayer. The agony which rent his soul was keener than the sorrow of him who mourneth for the dead.

One must know the horrid imagination which fills the mind of an Oriental Christian at the thought of a denial of his faith, to understand the anguish of such an hour as that. He lives in the ancient homes of Christianity. His religion comes to him in unbroken line from Apostolic days. It is, with a singular reality to his mind, the religion of the Apostles. He utters their language. His devotion rises in the self-same words with theirs. He lives in the land in which they lived, toiled, and suffered; nay, in the land in which the Founder of the religion Himself was born, taught, wrought His miracles of power and mercy, and died for the sins of the whole world. There is a sense as of a personal union with Him and them. The religion itself (from its unbroken continuity, its origin in those Eastern climes, its association with the

habits and manners of the Orient, its embodiment in the language of his fathers, in which its earliest records were made, and its doctrines were dispersed on the winds of heaven, to all nations, and in which, as its original garb, its sacred books have come down to later ages, and are still preserved), is, to him, a national heritage; is allied to, interwoven with his national history; is a sacred trust, delivered to him by the progenitors of his race; hallowed by its Divine origin; hallowed, also, by their undying memories. His is the Mother Church throughout all the world; the first founded; the parent of the whole family of Christian people.

And then must be added another feeling, also hereditary. Christianity, with him, has stood face to face with a false religion for many centuries. It has sunk into an inglorious subjection to the faith of Mohammed; a subjection civil and social, no less than religious. His fathers have suffered, for more than a thousand years, under the galling tyranny. Many, a company innumerable, have sealed their fidelity to the ancient faith of his nation with their blood. He is himself degraded in the degradation of his religion. His position is that of a slave, paying a yearly tribute for the privilege of acknowledging himself a Christian. It is not a right, in the eyes of his masters. It is a sufferance, against a law which, if strictly executed, would demand his life in atonement for his unbelief.

And with the oppression has come down a solemn teaching. Age by age, Christianity has sought to fortify herself against this powerful and deadly foe, by inculcating upon her children, in their tenderest years, attachment to her faith and her institutions, and a fearful idea of the horrible consequences of apostasy. Into the man who abandons his faith enter foul demons, who torment him before his time. His soul is consumed, even here on earth, by the fires of hell; and there is no hope for him in the world to come. "Even his body," once

said a zealous Greek to us, "sometimes rots before he dies." Count this superstition if you please; but is it a matter for wonder that, by every art of persuasion, a persecuted, down-trodden religion should seek to keep its hold upon its unfortunate children?

Yani was a true Greek. He was not learned; but he knew, and he held fast to, the popular traditions of his religion. Yes, he would rather see his son in the grave, than a prisoner in the house of a Turk. They had stolen him, to make him a Mus-sulman; no one could doubt the intent. And, at that moment, if his dead body could have been handed to him through

the gate, he would have borne it away, rejoicing. To go to his home with the sad intelligence, was only less painful than to bear the load of grief himself. But there was no alternative. If Athanasius was to be rescued, it must be by a more powerful influence than his own. He had much to think of. His confused and agitated mind could settle upon no scheme of action. He was weary and worn with grief. He would go to his home, and hide his sorrow in the bosom of his family. Alas! how many thousands of Christian men and women in the East have borne that sorrow within a thousand years!

(Continued.)

"ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES IN CHRISTIAN BELIEF."

BY THE REV. JAS. MULCHAHEY, D.D.

IN the very thoughtful "Preface Relating to the Volume of Essays and Reviews," which Dr. Moberly has prefixed to his volume of "Sermons on the Beatitudes," a just discrimination is made between the logical soundness or strength of a sceptical argument against the Christian faith, and its effectiveness in shaking the faith of individuals. Speaking of the pernicious book above alluded to, he says: "As an attack upon Christianity itself—the Christianity of the Church of eighteen centuries—I regard it as wholly innocuous; but as a means of shaking the faith, the personal faith, of such as are imperfectly grounded in Christian truth, I fear that it will be, and has proved to be, very dangerous."

The distinction is as practically important as it is critically accurate. The Christian faith has nothing to fear from the assaults of infidelity. It gives demonstrated strength by its defence against every such assault, as it would be easy to show by a review of the controversy of the last and present centuries, as well as of the early ages; and certainly the Christian argument

was never so overwhelmingly strong as it is to-day. But "the personal faith of such as are imperfectly grounded in Christian truth" may be easily undermined by any plausible sceptical suggestion. And in an age like ours, when there are so many facilities for the circulation of such suggestions; when the sceptical spirit has taken possession of almost every department of the popular literature; when even abstruse philosophical essays, and laboriously learned scientific treatises are floated by it into an almost unlimited popularity,—there is an unquestionable danger of a general unsettling of personal faith.

There can be no hope of reaching the many who are "imperfectly grounded in Christian truth" with elaborate defences of the faith, much less of preoccupying their minds with the grand demonstrations of Christian verity which are afforded by the developments of history in harmony with prophecy and true philosophy. We do not know that there is any counteracting influence which is likely to be at all effectual, save that which is purely moral

and spiritual; but we have found it to be an aid to faith in some individual cases, to call attention to the elementary principles which are as unquestionably true in Christian belief, and almost as essential, as are the axioms in mathematics, but which the prevalent scepticism of our time either contravenes or ignores. And, possibly, it may not be altogether useless to occupy a few pages of this magazine with a simple statement and illustration of these principles.

I. First of all, then, as a fundamental and indisputable starting point, it should be considered settled that in religion, as in every kind of science, *there is such a thing as FUNDAMENTAL TRUTH.*

There either is, or else there is not, one living and true God; and He either has, or else He has not, made that revelation of His nature and His will which is contained in the books of Scripture, and proclaimed in the preaching and the sacramental ministrations of the Church.

There can be no other alternative—no compromise that can mitigate, in the least, the opposition between these positions. One of them must be true—true as matter of absolute fact, altogether independent of any notions of ours; and the other must be as absolutely false. It is not a question between different sets or phases of opinion, either of which may be held or rejected in the way of mere speculation. It is not a balance of suppositions or theoretical notions. But it is a simple, unmitigated alternative between absolute truth and sheer falsehood.

II. It follows, then, as a second settled principle, that belief *of the truth*, and *nothing but the truth*, in this matter, is of vital importance.

Pilate's question is often put, now-a-days, whether put by him or not in such a spirit, as a sneer at the folly of insisting on any decided conviction in religious doctrine

or fact. "What is TRUTH?" it is asked. "Who need care for that? What difference does it make whether we believe in one God, or in three gods, or in twenty, if we only live godly? What matters it whether we hold all the articles of the Christian faith as contained in the Apostles' Creed, or deem this faith no better than antiquated superstition, provided only that our conduct accord with virtuous principles? Or, of what importance can any dogmatic shades or degrees of belief be, provided only that we are sincere in what we do hold?"

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

This sounds very plausible, and finds an easy currency with the careless and superficial. But one must be very careless and superficial not to see that its plausibility is not that of truth, but of wretched fallacy.

For it ought to be understood by every one who thinks at all, or assumes to know anything about religion, that in both its function and its subject-matter, *faith*, objectively considered, is something quite distinct from, and altogether superior to, mere *opinion*. There are, unquestionably, in religion, as in every other department of life and thought, a thousand subjects which are properly matters of opinion. But here, as elsewhere, they are only such matters as are uncertain and indeterminable. In assigning them to the province of opinion, we determine them to be such. We do not profess to have certain knowledge respecting them, but only a probable judgment. We are of the opinion—that is, we think, on the whole, from the degree of evidence afforded us—that they are so and so; but concede, or ought to concede, to others who may see them from a different standing-point, or in the light of different evidence, the right to an entirely different opinion.

But faith—and especially religious faith—is quite distinct from this. Faith is not what one thinks or conjectures, but what

one believes. And the subject-matter of belief is not that which is deemed to be presumable, but that which is recognized as accredited fact. Religious faith is the assent of the mind and heart to the truth which God has revealed.

This truth is extended to us. It remains the same whether we believe it or not. It does not depend upon and is not at all affected by our thoughts or sentiments. But surely, if it be revealed, and if we be living in the light of that revelation, we must be responsible for its reception, and it must make a very great difference in our character and our destiny whether we receive and conform to it, or refuse to do so.

There are certain truths in the revelation of nature. They are the truths of nature; and whether men have faith in them or not, does not alter nature, but it does seriously affect men.

It is a truth, for example, that, while many of the earth's products are nutritious, others are poisonous. Now, one may have but a very imperfect knowledge of all that is involved in this general truth, and his practical use of it may be proportionably restricted. But *faith in the truth* will keep him from presuming beyond his knowledge, and so ensure his safety. But if, on the other hand, one determines for himself to ignore this truth, and insists on making his own individual taste and opinion the sole rule for deciding on what he shall eat or drink, his faith is positively wrong; that is, it is faith in his own self-sufficiency and infallibility, instead of in the real fact. And it would not be very surprising if he should go on to choose the sweetness of poison; in which case, he would have nobody but himself to blame in the suffering of its consequences, agony and death.

Precisely so, in the revelation of grace. The subjects of this revelation are God's truths—truths that do not depend upon and are not at all affected by the notions or fancies of men. For instance,—that there is One Living and True God; that He is

our Almighty Creator and Father; that He cares for us, loves us, yet holds us accountable by the laws of righteousness; that when we had fallen under the power of sin, He sent His Only Begotten Son to take our nature upon Him, and in it to live and die for us; that in the Person of Christ Jesus was God the Son, thus incarnate and dwelling in our flesh; that, His life was for us a true fulfilling of the law of righteousness, His death a true propitiation and satisfaction for our transgressions; that He rose from the dead and ascended again to the right hand of the Father in heaven, where He now liveth to intercede for us; that before His ascension He ordained and constituted sacramental ordinances, one for initiation into His religious economy, and another for continued communion and fellowship in its spiritual life; that so was established for universal and perpetual extension His Church on earth, "which is His Body," the habitation of His regenerating and sanctifying spirit, in which He is revealed and imparted to every faithful soul as the way, the truth, and the life; and that the conditions of everlasting salvation are thus proffered to every one of us. These, and such as these, are the truths revealed. They are truths, whether we receive them or not. If we had never received a revelation of them, we should not be held responsible for belief in them. But, surely no one who is not blinded by miserable self-deceit can fail to see that if a revelation of them has been vouchsafed from heaven, and if we have been placed by God's providence within the light of that revelation, it does, it must, make a momentous and vital difference to us whether we rightly believe them or not.

If in the light of such a revelation one throw himself back on his individual fancies and opinions, and determine to exercise his independence by trusting in and following them, he does not change the truth in the least by his conclusions, but he puts himself in relation to the dispensation

of Divine grace in a position precisely analogous to that of the case previously supposed in relation to nature.

In assuming that position, it is clear, in the first place, that the mental temper is wrong. It is an attitude of absurd self-conceit; an assumption that he has sufficient wisdom and strength in himself to stand apart from all the common relations of the economy in which Divine providence has cast his lot; that he can subsist without dependence on any of its resources, and find his way clearly without accepting its light.

The vanity of such an assumption is not more remarkable than its folly. And these are both surpassed, if possible, under the claims of the Christian revelation, by its ingratitude. For here the withholding of faith involves not only rejection of truth, but also repudiation of a Person. And that Person—Him who claims to be the only begotten Son of God, incarnate for our salvation. His claim to our faith involves, also, claims to our deepest gratitude and our most dutiful and loving devotion; claims to the homage of all that we are and have, to the entire submission of ourselves, and all that is ours, to His service, under the direction and guidance of His Holy Spirit. And it is not possible for us to withhold faith from Him without its involving, as a consequence, the refusal of our gratitude and our allegiance. It is not possible to be deficient in our faith, without an exactly proportionate detraction from all our religious principles and affections.

To these considerations it is to be added, now that there is no doctrine which comes to us as a doctrine of revelation. We mean simply, on that assumption, no article of the Christian faith which is not in its very nature, if true at all, of the utmost practical consequence.

Take the great fundamental truth of all revealed religion: that there is One Almighty and Everlasting God, in whom, and by whom, and to whom, are all things.

This, if it be a truth, is a truth, the knowledge of which involves obligations far beyond that of a mere theoretical opinion. It demands the devotion of all our faculties to Him, and our most implicit trust in Him. And, on the other hand, we cannot disbelieve it without being left, in our unbelief, without God in the world; and our very existence becomes to us, in consequence, a mere accident of time, without principle, without devotion, without hope. So, with the revealed character of God, the doctrine of the Bible in relation to His attributes—of omnipotence, omnipresence, omniscience, goodness, holiness, justice, and mercy; if our belief strip Him of any of these attributes, or substitute others of different character, it is plain that both our service in relation directly to Him, and also our whole character, in all its relations, must, in so far as we are true to our belief, be essentially affected.

So, with any of the doctrines which are distinctively Christian, the alternative is the same between truth and falsehood, and the practical consequences are just as diverse. If the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ be true, it involves the duty of honoring Him, even as we honor the Father. But, if that doctrine be not true, then the rendering of such honor unto Him is nothing else than downright idolatry. If the doctrine of the Atonement by His blood be true, it demands repentance of sin, and implicit faith in Him for salvation; if it be not true, such repentance is needless, and such faith vain. If the doctrine of the Resurrection and future Judgment be true, it is our wisdom and our duty to live, as they that must give account, for an inheritance of eternal life; if it be not true, we may as well adopt as our motto, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Where such alternatives are at issue, it must not be pretended or thought that it is unimportant, that it is less than vitally important, to know and believe the truth.

This, then, we repeat, should be held ever

as a settled fundamental principle, that a true belief—belief, that is, *of the truth*—in religion is not a matter of indifference, but of the utmost importance.

III. And now there is a third fundamental principle, which is this: That in religion, as in all science, the truth is to be authenticated by certain legitimate rules, and has its vitality in organic institutions.

There is a large and quite pretentious class of religious philosophers, in these days, who are continually talking about “searching for the truth,” as if “the truth” were something which is adrift, somewhere in the wide universe, and which every individual is to spend his life in seeking, each one in his own way, and on his own account.

But surely there are some things tried and proved in religion, as in everything else. Truth has its laws and principles, which are settled, and which are not to be ignored and continually reargued; but, on the contrary, to be accepted and relied upon with undoubting assurance.

Suppose we should adopt a similar philosophy in the matters of the present life. Suppose we should take the ground that every man must find and test for himself all truth. Suppose we should compel every one to find out for himself whether fire will burn, whether water will drown, whether there be any such thing as poison, and what are its effects, whether it really makes any difference what we eat or drink, and in all other matters demand from every man, nay, from every boy and girl, the exercise of the same right of private judgment, it is quite probable that it would not be very long before our philosophy would, by its own practical conclusions, effectually demonstrate its absurdity.

No; truth is not thus adrift, without local habitation or name. It is not thus subject ever to individual empiricism. It is established in laws and institutions. It has the attestation of testimony, and the

prescription of common consent. And woe to him who presumes, without very good reason, to contradict any fact or doctrine which is substantiated by this weight of concurrent authority. To do it, under any circumstances, is to assume a tremendous responsibility. True, it is possible that a doubt of some principle which is apparently thus established, may cross, nor only that, but lodge itself in one's mind, and evidence against it, seemingly new and credible, may come to him or flash upon him. And then his individual responsibility requires that he should—*not* plunge at once into general scepticism, nor suffer his mind to betake itself indefinitely to the entertainment of all sorts of questions and doubtful disputations,—but give himself, with all his capabilities, and under a full sense of all the responsibilities that God has laid upon him, and with a faithful and conscientious use of all sources of light, and all means of tests of knowledge to the investigation of just that point; to search out the ground of his doubt, and determine the worth of his evidence. And it is possible that, in the process, the old truth may become to him a demonstrated falsehood. But he must be an exceedingly vain and presumptuous person who does not think from such a position, or who can enter into it without most profound deference to the overwhelming presumption of prescript authority which stands against his notion.

The practical conclusion, then, to which we come, and to which we hope we have brought our readers, is, that the true spirit in relation to the religion of Christ is not that which puts one continually in a questioning and doubting attitude, but it is that of a modest and deferential disciple, quick to receive, apt to believe, and predisposed to implicit faith in all established and legitimate authorities.

It is a gloomy and a wretched thing to lose this faith or to have it unsettled. There is a conceit which the young and inexperienced are apt to entertain, and which there

are peculiar influences at work in our time to foster, that scepticism is a proof of strong-mindedness; something that one may be proud of. But it is a miserable delusion, a delusion which a larger knowledge and a deeper experience of life reveals to be miserable in both its character and its effects. It is no proof of intellectual strength, it is but surface work, to doubt; to go on from doubt to disbelief is to go somewhat deeper; but disbelief may require no real thought, no knowledge, no honest judgment—nothing but an untrue conscience, a depraved taste, and a perverse will. These are quite sufficient to lead any one who submits himself to their guidance into the lowest depths of religious unbelief.

But, to have a well-grounded faith; to have proved the worthlessness and futility of sceptical speculations; to have come to a clear apprehension of the facts and the responsibilities pertaining to all our relations, both temporal and eternal; to recognize and duly appreciate the evidences of history, of prophecy, of miracle, of natural analogies, of Divinely established and

providentially perpetuated institutions; to have come through doubt, through difficulty, through the drawbacks of carnal conceit and self-pleasing, by real, earnest thought and study, and prayerful striving, unto the knowledge of God in Christ; to be able to say, honestly, with a noble hero of old, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him"—this requires, if not intellectual *strength*, at least intellectual and spiritual *integrity*.

And it is itself a ground and source of strength. "I believe," Robertson well says, and on this point we quote the more gladly from him as one never suspected of any tendency toward a too credulous faith, "I believe is to be strong. Doubt cramps energy. Belief is power; only as a man believes strongly, mightily, can he act cheerfully, or do anything that is worth the doing. * * * The only manly thing, the only strong thing, is faith. It is not so far as a man doubts, but so far as he believes, that he can achieve or perfect anything. All things are possible to him that believeth."

HUMILITY:

A Sonnet's Plea.

BY THE REV. D. WASHBURN, A.M.

"Transcendent boon! God's sacred Book"—exclaimed
 The poet Wordsworth, when with Southey's work,
 Fair sketch of England's Church, he claimed
 For lines that in some nook compactly lurk—
 "A verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies
 Profounder Tracts, and by a blest surprise,"
 Like his when seen they twain at one had aimed,
 "Convert delight into a sacrifice."
 Thus "In hoc signo vinces," Templar-famed,
 From silent cross quick truth may vocalize,
 As running brooks and primrose wild to eyes
 And souls prepared have lore from Nature won,
 While chinking sonnets fain may share His prize
 Whose wisdom finds a place for flowers and sun.

Criticisms and Book Notices.

THE INVITATION ANSWERED. A reply to Dr. J. Kent Stone's "INVITATION HEEDED," and to His Holiness, Pope Pius the Ninth's invitation to the Vatican Council. By the Rev. W. Herbert Smythe, Rector of Trinity Church, Hudson, Mich. Dedicated to Bishop McCoskry, D.D., Bishop of Michigan. Pp. 360. New York: Pliny F. Smith.

We have in this book, not only a *reply* to Dr. Stone's *Invitation Heeded*, but a complete and most masterly *answer* to the fallacies which underlie the whole of Dr. Stone's work. His sophistry is ably detected, keenly exposed, and successfully annihilated.

We promise our readers to make Mr. Smythe's clever book the subject of an article in our August number, as it came too late for a review in this. In the meantime we strongly recommend our readers to purchase it and read for themselves without delay.

THE CHURCH, ROME, AND DISSENT. By the same author. Pp. 350. New York: For sale by Pliny F. Smith.

This book has had a good sale. The author has been requested to bring out a new edition, with the title altered to *The Church and the Churches*; the word "*Dissent*" not being appreciably understood in this country.

THE BIBLE AND THE COMMON SCHOOLS; OR, THE QUESTION SETTLED. Pp. 54. By the same author. New York: Pliny F. Smith.

The subject is one in which both the Church and the nation are interested. The author takes a new and unique position, and writes with clear and convincing force.

SHILOH; OR, WITHOUT AND WITHIN. By W. M. L. Jay. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Hartford: Church Press Company.

Nature and religion smile upon *Shiloh*,

and both conspire to give it immortality. It is a beautiful performance, both in design and execution. It is sacred to truth, although in the sweet and pleasing dress of fiction; and, indeed, in that superior class of fiction that is a reflection of truth.

No one can sit down and read this book without rising from it the better for the performance.

Shiloh is already in its third edition; and we are credibly informed it is reprinted in England, whose press could not pay itself a higher compliment, in this class of literature, than to reproduce a work of genuine American growth, that is destined to a long career of usefulness in both countries, where it will win for its author a well-merited, just, and lasting literary fame.

CULTURE AND RELIGION, IN SOME OF THEIR RELATIONS. By J. C. Shairst. Pp. 197. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

We have thought this little volume to be of such sterling excellence as to make it the text of an article in *THE CHRISTIAN YEAR*, to which we direct our readers.

NOT DISCERNING THE LORD'S BODY. By the Rev. Benjamin B. Griswold, M.A., Rector of Trinity School, Baltimore. New York: Pott & Amery.

THE CROWN RESERVED; OR, HEAVEN CLOSED TILL THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. By the same author. Baltimore: Geo. Lycett.

SHEOL; OR, BETWEEN DEATH AND THE RESURRECTION. By the same author. Baltimore: Geo. Lycett.

Three tracts on very important articles of revelation. Perhaps no topics have occasioned more anxiety in timid minds than these, which are lucidly treated, and definitely settled by the author, in these little hand-books of pastoral theology.

We are glad to see a beginning of what

ought to be extensively cultivated among us, viz.: "tracts for the times," for all readers, for every family, yea, for every man throughout the land.

Mr. H. B. Durand, of 32 Ann street, New York, has placed upon our table a large assortment of very valuable books for review. Many of them are *recherche* for a bibliographer, and of which we are informed he has a rare collection in his store, recently opened, which will well repay every clergyman to visit who comes to New York.

LETTERS TO N. WISEMAN, D.D., ON THE ERRORS OF ROMANISM. By the Rev. Wm. Palmer, M.A., of Worcester College, Oxford. Pp. 222. Durand.

No man, living or dead, has shown the weak points of Romanism more successfully than Mr. Palmer. He has exhibited, with entire success, the well-known tactics of Roman Catholic controversialists, viz.: the undue prominence they give to what they know to be their impregnable positions, and their uniform reserve on what they well know to be the weak points of the system of modern Romanism.

These letters are an invaluable compendium of the errors of Romanism.

MANT ON THE RUBRICS. Pp. 204. Durand.

In view of the liturgical discrepancy of these days, its extent, evil, and remedy, this is a very timely volume; and we earnestly advise its immediate perusal by all who would maintain their adhesion to the mother Church of England, in every essential point of doctrine, discipline, or worship, and who desire not to depart from her any farther than national or local circumstances may require.

This book has long been recognized as one of the classics of our *horæ liturgicæ*.

READINGS FOR CONFIRMATION. By Miss Sewell. Pp. 323. Durand.

An unusually excellent book. We have read it with infinite delight and profit. Could this little volume be put into the hands of every candidate for confirmation,

it would, if thoroughly digested, be a true guide to the anxious inquirer; more especially for those who are daily coming from the denominations to the Church. Its method is novel and original. Its selections are wisely and well made. While it teaches sound orthodoxy, from the very best sources, it is devotional and edifying. It is a volume for the heart, the closet, and the library.

A HISTORY OF THE MODES OF CHRISTIAN BAPTISM. By the Rev. James Chrystal, A.M. Pp. 324.

Although whole libraries have been written upon this vexed question, yet, in reading Mr. Chrystal's work, one feels as though it was necessary to this branch of Christian polemics. All who have any doubt on the subject of *Infant Baptism*, and the *Trine Mode* of that sacrament, should read this book. It is a scholarly production, drawing its materials from Holy Scripture, decisions of councils, the fathers, schoolmen, canons and rubrics of the Church east and west. The object of the work is stated by the author, thus:

"We deal only, or at least mainly, with the question of the *mode*. And, with respect to this, we propose to show from Holy Scripture, councils, fathers, and the baptismal offices of the whole Church, and from the most learned divines of all creeds, and particularly those of our own Church, that this preference of the rubric is based upon the unanimous authority of the primitive and Apostolic Church, and that this immersion was *trine*, not single, and that, while the Church has admitted other modes than this as valid, yet that such modes were regarded as 'Divine compends,' and were resorted to only as such, and in cases of necessity alone. This will correspond with the teaching of the rubric." (P. 28.)

When a new edition of this book is required, its arrangement, by being made more logical, would be more effective. Its grammar, also, is susceptible of improvement.

BAPTOLOGY; OR, MY BOOTMAKER AND I ON MODES OF BAPTISM. By An Old Student. 2d ed. Pp. 104. Durand.

A very cheerful little colloquy, and well worth perusal.

STORIES AND LESSONS ON THE FESTIVALS, FASTS AND SAINTS' DAYS OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Pp. 334.

This is an English reprint, but of great intrinsic merit, marked interest, well adapted for our youth, which fully justify its introduction to American Churchmen. We strongly recommend this book to every Christian family, and every parish library in the land. So highly do we think of it, that as an illustration of its beautiful simplicity and charming efficacy, we give one chapter of it entire in our Children's Department, as a specimen of the work.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF INFIDELITY. By G. S. Faber, B.D. Pp. 284.

To which is added—

MODERN INFIDELITY CONSIDERED. By R. Hall, M.A.

Judging from the *standpoint* of infidelity, as a system of negative belief, Mr. Faber has done one thing better than any other author of our acquaintance. He has shown, beyond all dispute, that as a matter-of-fact argument, it requires a larger amount of *credulity* to reject the Christian system, than it does of *faith* to receive it; hence, the comparative difficulties besetting the two systems are immense—ly against infidelity.

This volume should be in every Christian library.

NOTE.—There is appended to this volume a catalogue of the most valuable books, on the evidences of revealed religion, from the most eminent authors, to which we specially call the attention of the biblicist.

SUNDAY ECHOES IN WEEK-DAY HOURS. By Mrs. Carey Brock. 3 vols. 12mo. Pp. 500. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

These three volumes are fitted into a
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nice box, in a style that evinces a just taste, and business tact.

The publishers, the printers, and the binders have done for this set of books all that skill and art can do to make them attractive. The mechanical workmanship is admirable.

These volumes are reprints from England, and, although published in set, they have no logical connection, but are complete in themselves. The first of the *series* comes with an *introduction* by the Rev. J. Williams, D.D., Bishop of Connecticut, and is a tale illustrative of the Collects. Our best recommendation is perhaps a sample from the work itself:

"It is a story about the Collects," said Mrs. Ryley, "and I hope it will make you remember them better and to understand more of what papa teaches you on the same subject."

"Are there different stories, mamma," asked Frances, "or is it all one story?"

"And is any part of it true?" asked Constance.

Alick, who dearly loved fairy tales and allegories, was a little disappointed when his mother answered—

"It is all one story, and a great part of it is quite true."

But Constance replied, "Oh, I am so glad it is true. I don't care half so much for stories about giants and fairies. I never can think I see them. I love books about children like ourselves. Is it about children, mamma?"

"Yes, Constance, especially about one child. It is the story of a little boy's school life, and how he was helped in it by those very Collects which you all learn every Sunday of your lives. We shall not begin our book till next Sunday, because that will be Advent Sunday. I only brought it to show it to you to-day, and because I want to ask you a few questions about these things before I begin to read the little book which I have written, in order that you may learn to understand them better.

Henry, can you tell me what day of the month it will be next Sunday?"

Henry thought a little, and then replied, "Yes, mamma; it will be the 30th of November."

"Then it is not the first day of the year, is it?" asked Mrs. Rley.

"No, mamma, of course not," said Tom; "the first of January is always the first day of the year."

"Of *one* year," said Mrs. Rley; "but there is another year whose course we have to follow. Constance, you can tell me the name of that little book of hymns that always lies on my dressing-table?"

"Yes, mamma; it is called the *CHRISTIAN YEAR*."

"Yes," said her mother; "the *CHRISTIAN YEAR*—that is, the year of the Church. And the Church does not begin her year on the first of January. She has a different manner of marking time, and begins—"

"I know, mamma," interrupted Henry; "on Advent Sunday."

"That will be next Sunday," said Mrs. Rley.

The *second* volume of this *series* is—

A TALE ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE CHURCH CATECHISM.

To all who would wish to learn what a real earnest Christian woman can do in parish work, among the poor of the Church of England, we most cordially commend this volume. The same sort of work done in the Church in our own land would be an infinite blessing to the people, and a most appreciable boon to every parish priest. Surely our own godly women might find a rich harvest of luxurious delight in imitating the example of the heroine of this tale.

The *third* of this *series* is—

A TALE ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE JOURNEYS OF THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

There are many ways of doing the same thing. This book is a proof of the fact.

We sat down in right good earnest to enjoy it, being attracted by the title, and tried hard to enter into its *gist* and *tone*, as though we ourselves had written it. But we found it a tangled skein of colloquy, allegory, metaphor, and narrative, of such a complicated style of writing that we shut it with a feeling of disappointment. It does not answer to its title; but it is just the reverse of its pretensions. Its plot is very well; but its general arrangement and matter of detail were certainly never intended to meet the eye of just and honest criticism.

There is a strange and unaccountable eagerness, permit us to observe, in some of the trade to pick up English books, and to push their sale among us with all the *puffing* common to the book market, simply because they are *English*; while many of our own native productions of real sterling value and merit are left to die of neglect, or are pooh-poohed, as utterly unworthy of the attention of either seller or buyer. Ye who set a mere commercial value upon the native *mental* toil by our own midnight lamps, tell us the *reason* why.

We have seen the *cold shoulder* turned to many a native manuscript, whose genuine merits as far outweighed this book as solid gold outweighs the spray of the ocean. This ought not to be.

THE WOMAN AND HER ACCUSERS. By the Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg, D.D. Pp. 72. New York: Pliny F. Smith.

A book of intrinsic merit.

PROPHECY INTERPRETED BY HISTORY. Being a brief and popular explanation of Daniel and of St. John. By John W. Birchmore, A.M., Rector of Christ Church, Hyde Park, Mass. Pp. 279. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

Unfortunately, this volume came too late to hand to give it the notice its importance demands. We must reserve our criticism for our August number.

Youths' Department.

ST. JAMES'S DAY.

COLLECT.

GRANT, O merciful God, that as Thine holy Apostle Saint James, leaving his father and all that he had, without delay, was obedient unto the calling of Thy Son Jesus Christ, and followed Him; so we, forsaking all worldly and carnal affections, may be evermore ready to follow Thy holy commandments; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

IN the second class train from London to Oxford, sat a young man, apparently not more than twenty years of age; his dress, his sunburnt face, and still more, his careless, happy manner, spoke him to be a sailor. William Burton, for such was his name, was returning home after an absence of nearly eight years, which he had spent at sea, or in foreign countries. As he drew nearer and nearer to his native village, and recognized familiar names and places, his heart was so overflowing with happiness, that he could not refrain from sharing it with his fellow-travellers. An old gentleman who sat opposite to him, pleased with his frank nature, entered into conversation with him, and William soon put him in possession of his history. He told him that his father was a farmer, and had seen better days, but that little by little his property decreased, and when William was twelve years old, his parents were so poor that they did not think it right to refuse for their son an offer made by the captain of a merchant ship, who liked the lad, to take him on board his ship. It cost them much, no doubt, to part from their only son, and it must have been a hard trial to William to leave his father, his mother, and only sister, for he spoke of it now with tears in his eyes; but they were very happy tears, for, as he said, in less than an hour he hoped to be with them. And he had no thought of leaving them again, for he had been well paid, and had saved a good bit of money;

and he had received a letter from his father, a year ago, telling him that he had inherited several hundred pounds by the death of a relative, that his farm was well stocked, and larger by many acres than in former times, and that he looked forward anxiously to the time when his son should return and help him to manage it. "And now," said the youth, "I *am* come, thank God, with forty pounds of my own earnings to add to the stock. I have never said a word to father of that, it will be such a surprise to him; and I have brought him a gold watch, and some foreign seeds, and all sorts of curious things for my mother, and rare shells; and this for my sister," added he, showing a fine parrot which he carried in a cage.

It was impossible not to share in the pleasure of the youth, and when he left the train at the station half a mile from his home, his fellow-travellers wished him joy with all their hearts.

Poor William Burton! he was dreaming indeed only of joy, and his heart was little prepared for the sorrow which was coming upon him. As he approached the village, every object was familiar to him; here was a tree which he had climbed when a boy, and there a brook over which he always lifted his little sister; and now the church spire is seen above the trees, and he feels as if it were but yesterday that he had heard the sweet music of the church bells of his home. He walked faster and faster, thinking of the joyful meeting which awaited

him, of his father's blessing, and his mother's tears of joy, and of his little sister now grown into a woman.

The sight of a stranger would have attracted attention in the little village of Westham, even if he had not carried a talking bird in his hand. William was soon followed by a troop of little children, whom he was almost too eager to notice; but when he saw on the opposite side of the road his old acquaintance the village schoolmaster, he crossed over and made himself known to him. The good man shook him warmly by the hand, but in answer to William's eager inquiry whether they were all well at home, he shook his head sorrowfully. The poor youth had been so happy a moment before, that he could not believe or understand sorrow.

"Is any one ill—father or mother?" he said.

"No, not ill; but now," continued the other, gravely, "come in with me; you must not hear bad news in the street."

William followed him mechanically; he had a dreadful fear at his heart, but he could scarcely give it a name.

"Life is short, my boy," said the schoolmaster, when they had entered his cottage, "and eternity is long; you must think of that. You will not see your parents again here, but I trust you will *there*," pointing up to heaven as he spoke. "Death did not find them unprepared, and they died blessing you, and leaving many a word of good advice for you. If we had known where to find you, we should have written to you to spare you this shock."

Words cannot describe poor William's grief; he could not realize his loss, for the sudden change from joy to sorrow had overpowered him. In a few moments, however, he rose, and said he would go to his sister.

"Mary," said the schoolmaster, "is married; she went to the north with her husband three months before her mother died."

Then William sat down and listened to all the particulars, for he had no one wait-

ing for him now, and his own dear village was more desolate than the wide sea to him.

He heard that soon after his sister had married a grazier from Yorkshire, his mother had died of cholera; her daughter, who was sent for, did not arrive till she was dead, but she was in time to attend the deathbed of her father, who only survived his wife ten days. The kind neighbors had taken care of the property for the poor lad until he should return; and the minister had the charge of his father's will, in which everything was left to his son, Mary having had her share at her marriage. She had returned to her husband, and they had lately heard that she had a little girl.

"Now, don't be thinking of going to the old place to-night," said the kind-hearted man to William; "there is no one there but old Susan; you know her, she used to help your mother in busy times, and she is there to look after things, and her son has minded the farm for you. You'll only be fretting yourself all night long if you go there."

William thanked him, but said he had rather go; at least he should realize his sorrow when he looked upon the vacant seats of his parents, and even that would be some relief to him. They accordingly set off together; as they went through the village, William had many a look and word of true sympathy from his old neighbors, who, as they said, pitied the poor lonesome lad from their hearts. He had hardly courage to open the door of the house and look around him, and was truly thankful when his considerate companion called old Susan away, and busied himself with her in making preparations for his supper and his night's rest, thus leaving him alone to give vent to his full heart. He threw himself on his knees beside his mother's chair, and wept bitterly. Every little recollection of his childhood came fresh upon his mind; he saw his father's Bible in its old place, with the spectacles upon it, as they had always been; and there was a broken piece of an

old rocking-horse, and a cricket bat, kept, no doubt, by his dear mother because they had belonged to her boy. Sad as all these thoughts made poor William, it was a relief to him to give way to his sorrow, and when his friend came in again he found him more composed; he fixed on an hour in the following day, when his own duties should be over, to accompany William to the clergyman, and then took leave of him, as he said he wished to be alone. It was then that the poor boy first felt how truly desolate he was on earth, when the evening grew into night, and he was alone with his gloomy thoughts; he went to bed, and after lying awake for many hours, he slept, and dreamt that he had returned home in happiness, and awoke to find it only a dream. In the morning he sat brooding over his grief and disappointment, until he was aroused by the church bells.

At that familiar sound he rose up and took his hat; he had never been allowed to neglect that sacred call to prayer in the house of God when a boy, and often, when far away, he had dwelt with pleasure on the thought of again walking with his mother to church. Now he should pass the grave of both his parents, and he set off early, that he might visit it unobserved. When he entered the church, he went to the part of it where he had sat with his father and mother, and kneeling down, prayed as he had never done before. I do not mean that William was an irreligious lad—far from it; he had been trained in the right way, and he had never entirely departed from it. Morning and evening he said his prayers, and the Bible and Prayer Book his mother gave him at parting had been well used, and carefully treasured by him; but, like many of us, he had looked upon prayer as a duty only before, now his heavy heart made it a necessity. It was well for him that the language of prayer was not strange to him, and that reverence for the house of God was a feeling long implanted in his heart, or how could the holy service have

comforted him now? He saw the light stream through the colored window on to the seat, as it had done when he was a little child, and his mother had chidden him for playing with it. His happy home, father, mother, all were gone; every child he had known was grown almost beyond his knowledge; the old people were dead, and their names on the tombstones he had passed; the clergyman he had known was gone, and his place supplied by another; the church alone was unchanged, and as he sat there, he felt as if he were a child again. He remembered the last time he had been there it was with his mother and sister, and he recollected that it was St. James's Day, and that he had learned the Collect for the day for the last time, to say to his father.

At last the service commenced, and though poor William's loss mixed itself with all his thoughts and prayers, yet he found in the very effort to bring his sorrow before the throne of God, and to join in praise and prayer for spiritual mercies with others, that his heart was strengthened and comforted. Every word of the Litany seemed as if it had been written for him, just as when he had been happy it had seemed all praise and thanksgiving; he felt no longer utterly desolate, and the thought of the calm rest into which he trusted his beloved parents had been received, filled his heart with peace. He was startled when the Collect was read to find that it was again St. James's Day; the same feast of the Church come round again after all his years of separation, the very day on which he had last accompanied his mother to the church; he had not observed the saints' days since he left England, and with the words of the Prayer Book, like an old remembered tune, came back on his mind a tide of long forgotten and endearing recollections. He thought of the stories of the holy Apostles which his mother used to tell him on Sunday evenings, and of how the first Christians had passed through much tribulation to their rest, and that we, their

followers, must not wonder if God should likewise teach us by affliction that this world is not our own; that we must not make earthly happiness our idol, but remember that we are like children at school, learning the lessons in this world which are intended to fit us for a residence in our Father's house.

All these words of his beloved mother passed through William's mind when the service was concluded. And he had lingered behind the rest of the congregation to visit once more the grave of his parents. He was not allowed to go home to dinner, for many kind neighbors came to ask him to return with them and share their best, and a hearty welcome.

When the bell rang for afternoon service, William was again in his place at church. After the second lesson, the clergyman questioned the school children, and William heard similar answers to those which he had given, when a child, to the same questions. The clergyman said, that doubtless the day which we observed in commemoration of St. James, was the day of his death by the hand of Herod. St. James was the brother of the Apostle John; the Gospel for the day gives the account of the first coming to Jesus, when their mother asked for them that they should sit one on the right hand and one on the left of their Lord, in the kingdom of Christ. St. James was one of that favored few whom we oftenest find in the company of their Divine Master; from the day when he "left all to follow Jesus," until his death is recorded by St. Luke, who says that Herod killed James, the brother of John, with the sword. The clergyman then referred to a hymn which the children had learnt at school. They did not repeat it then, but I will give it for the sake of those of my readers who do not know it:

Two brothers freely cast their lot
With David's royal Son;
The cost of conquest counting not,
They deem the battle won.

Brothers in heart they hope to gain
An undivided joy,
That man may one with man remain,
As boy was one with boy.

Christ heard, and willed that James should fall,
First prey of Satan's rage;
John linger out his fellows all,
And die in bloodless age.

Now they join hands once more above,
Before the Conqueror's throne;
Thus God grants prayer, but in His love
Makes times and ways His own.

The clergyman said it was a common mistake to think that prayer was denied because it was not answered when and how we asked and expected. The mother of the Apostles James and John was thinking probably of earthly honors for her sons, but Christ heard her prayer, and enrolled them among that number of faithful men who were partakers of His sufferings here, and will share His glory hereafter. In our days, many a parent may deem her prayers for a beloved child refused, because, perhaps, its early death afflicts her heart; while in reality her prayers for the salvation of that child were heard by our heavenly Father, who foreknoweth all things, and removed the son of her love from a life of temptation, which might have been the death of his soul.

Or, again, a dutiful child may be returning homeward, full of prayer and hope that he might brighten the declining years of his parents, and live with them in peace and happiness, causing them joy by walking in the right way in which he had been trained, and God may answer this prayer too, though in a manner very different from that which poor earthly love had planned; the parents may be taken to their eternal rest, and the child left to honor their memory, and fulfil their wishes, while he submits without a murmur to the decree of his Father which is in heaven, and tries so to live here that he may rejoin the parents he has lost for a time in a blessed and never-ending eternity.

William's tears fell fast while the minister was speaking; holy and happy thoughts came into his heart, and his life, which had seemed so dark and dreary the evening before, appeared now like a happy preparation time for heaven. When the prayer was said for that "peace which the world can neither give nor take away," he felt as if he had never experienced it before, so true it is that such peace is only to be found by fixing the heart upon those things which are above, far, far above, the shifting scenes of this life. When William left the church he did not leave his consolation behind him, but the blessing of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, which he had prayed for, and the minister had pronounced in God's name, went with him; he returned home, not to give way to his sorrow, though not to forget it, not to repine because God had seen fit to send him affliction, but to pray that it might be sanctified to him.

When the good schoolmaster came that evening, he was thankful to see how much more resigned he was; he went with him to the clergyman, and there left him; for, as he said, "No one can speak so well to you as the parson, and I had best leave you alone with him."

William found indeed a kind friend and counsellor in his parish priest, who never lost sight of him, and seldom allowed many days to pass without calling at his little farm, where he retained old Susan and her son as his assistants; he was quite inexperienced in the management of land and cattle, having been trained to such a different life, but he found every farmer in the village willing to do him a kind turn, and lend him a helping hand. In the house of God he found the support and teaching which he needed in order to bear his trial rightly. And morning and afternoon, before service on Sundays and holy days, he assisted in the school, hearing the youngest children repeat their lessons.

By the clergyman's advice, he wrote to

his sister, and asked her to come, with her husband and child, on a visit to him, so that when Christmas Day came round, the first Christmas he spent in England, and to which he had so long looked forward, his home was not entirely lonely. In the course of time William married, and became a happy as well as a useful member of society; happier, no doubt, in the joys and affections of this life, because he had learnt to look through them, and above them, to Him who will hallow the Christian's joy, and sanctify his sorrow. The church was to him a sacred spot, where all that was dear on earth, and all his brightest hopes of heaven were centred; there, by his mother's side, he had lisped his first prayer, and there, when his father and mother had forsaken him, and found heavenly comfort—there, soon after his return, he received the rite of Confirmation, and was admitted to the Holy Communion; before that altar he was married, and each little one with which God blessed him, was solemnly dedicated to its Saviour there, and made an heir of the kingdom of Heaven in holy Baptism. Beneath the shade of the old church tower, and near his parents' graves, he was soon called to lay his first-born little son, in full hope of a joyful resurrection.

When last I saw him, he was surrounded by his children, and his children's children, and his silvery locks and stooping form reminded me that, before many years had passed, he too would be carried to his last rest in that green church-yard; but it must have been severe weather indeed which robbed him of his daily service in the house of God.

"For he loved the sole thing that knew no change
In the soul of the boy or man,
And the last dear thing he was fond to love,
Was that holy service high,
Which lifted his heart to joys above,
And pleasures which do not die." *

* Ballads by the Rev. A. C. Coxé.

ST. PATRICK.

BY THE REV. JOHN N. NORTON, D.D.

WOULD it not be a funny spectacle to see a long procession of English tradesmen and mechanics, with banners flying, marching through the streets of London, on the 22d of February, and deluding themselves with the notion that in thus honoring the birthday of General Washington, they were showing respect to one who had been on the Tory side during the war for American Independence, and fought the battles of King George? Ridiculous as such a sight would be, it is not a whit more so than what is presented in all our large towns, every year, on the 17th of March, when crowds of our fellow-citizens, from the Emerald Isle, in their "Sunday clothes," with a sprig of clover (the Shamrock) in their hats, celebrate the birthday of St. Patrick, under the impression that he was not only an Irishman, but a Romanist! "Charlotte Elizabeth," in her pleasant letters from Ireland, has told the whole story in a nut-shell: "Patrick was a Briton, a member of the pure Scriptural Church, in which Alban was the proto-martyr; and the doctrine which he proclaimed in Ireland not later than the fourth century was that of the undefiled Gospel. To the people of this country he became exceedingly dear, and his memory was held in such veneration that when the Romish apostasy resolved to direct one of its poisonous streams through Ireland, their emissary, Palladius, adopted the name of Patrick, and commenced his mission in A.D. 430, professing to hold the same truths with that eminent teacher of righteousness, and thus laying the foundation for a confusion of the two individuals which involves the early history of the Irish Church in such darkness and perplexity." [Letter iv.]

A branch of the true Church was planted in Ireland hundreds of years before the first Pope was born; and the Romish Church

of the nineteenth century has nothing in common with St. Patrick, to identify him as hers, except in the points in which she has kept the faith free from error, and holds it in agreement with ourselves.

St. Patrick was a Briton by birth, the son of a British deacon, grandson of a British priest, nephew of one Gallic bishop, and a pupil of another. He was ordained by his uncle Martin, Bishop of Tours (who was no Romanist), and consecrated a bishop himself by Germain of Auxerre, and Lupus of Troyes, neither of whom had any sympathy with Papal Rome. The Metropolitan See, founded by St. Patrick in Ireland, although seized at one time by the agents of the Pope, has been continued, through God's mercy, in the possession of the true Apostolic Church, in the person of the present Primate of Armagh.

The early life of St. Patrick was full of stirring incidents. When sixteen years old he was carried off by pirates, who sold him into slavery in Ireland, where his master employed him as a swineherd. Here he passed seven years, during which period he learned the Irish language, and was thus fitted for the career of usefulness which Providence had marked out for him. Escaping at last from captivity, he reached the continent, where he was educated for the ministry, and ordained, as has been already mentioned.

St. Patrick, accompanied by a band of devoted missionaries, returned to the island where he had spent those seven dreary years of slavery, and, in spite of opposition and danger, he did good service for his Lord. An interesting book, called "The Confession of St. Patrick," affords the fullest evidence that he held none of the errors taught by the Church of Rome in her degenerate days. There is no reference in it to the Pope, nor the invocation of Laity,

nor the worship of the Blessed Virgin; nothing, in fact, which a loyal Protestant Churchman might not have written.

Among the special services which the Irish people attribute to their patron Saint was that of driving all the serpents out of the Island. Colgan gravely tells us that St. Patrick accomplished this by beating a drum! I do not refer to the "snake story" because I believe it, but as a specimen of the curious things which are told of great and useful men long years after they are dead.

There is a pleasant legend, that once,

when St. Patrick was preaching on the doctrine of Trinity, a scoffer present asked how it could possibly be true, when the bishop, stooping down, plucked a three-leaved sprig of clover, called Shamrock, as an evidence to the senses of the most stupid that the union of three in one was quite possible.

St. Patrick founded nearly four hundred churches, and baptized twelve thousand with his own hand. He died at the advanced of more than a hundred years, and his remains were preserved down to the time of the Reformation.

WHOSE SEED IS IN ITSELF.—How much is contained within the small acorn cup! When a little child holds an acorn in his hand, it holds not a small nut only, but a whole forest: for, folded within its tiny shell, lie trees and their children trees—even a whole forest.

How wonderful was the command of God—"Let the earth bring forth . . . the tree yielding fruit *whose seed is within itself!*" It is a great work to make a tree; but how much more wonderful to give to the tree the power of producing other trees for countless years!

There is this self-multiplying power in all our acts. Love begets love, hate produces hate, Christian patience and courage have in them the seed of future heroism. Of nothing is it more true that its seed is in itself, than of our moral influence. How careful, then, should we be of each trivial act, since in its minute compass is enfolded the forest of a thousand full-grown deeds, each in their turn to fill the earth with germs of right and wrong.

IF you would fertilize the mind, the plough must be driven over and through it. The gliding of wheels is easier and rapider, but only makes it harder and more barren. Above all, in the present age of

light reading—that is, of reading hastily, thoughtlessly, indiscriminately, unfruitfully—when most books are forgotten as soon as they are finished, and very many sooner, it is well if something heavier is cast, now and then, into the midst of the literary public. This may scare and repel the weak: it will arouse and attract the stronger, and increase their strength by making them exert it. In the sweat of the brow is the mind, as well as the body, to eat its bread.—*Guesses at Truth.*

CHILDHOOD is like the mirror, catching and reflecting images all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lips, may operate upon a young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon a polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after-scouring can efface.

THE road ambition travels is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, and too dark for conscience.

A HELPING word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and a smooth-rolling prosperity.

MR. PROCTOR looks upon the planet Mars as coming nearer, in physical resemblance, to our earth than any other, and consequently more within the possibility of maintaining inhabitants, of which we can form some conception. The aspect of Mars before the telescope is distinctly marked by ruddy spaces, interspersed by other spaces of a darker and greenish color. These variations are taken to indicate seas and continents, and a map of the planet is thus laid down, with names given to the various lands and seas. This map shows a very great contrast to our planet in the disposition of land and water. There appears to be no vast expanses of ocean; but the water is extended more in long, ribbon-like seas. The poles are supposed to be covered with ice-caps. If seas are really indicated in the dark green spaces, it is natural to suppose that there must be also vapors and clouds; and the discovery of such has been earnestly sought. It is claimed that, at times, the usual configuration of the surface is obliterated, as though a veil were drawn over it. On one occasion, Mr. Lockyer found that what is called Dawes's ocean was hidden from view. In place of the usual dark aspect was a faint, misty light. His observations ceased at 11 o'clock; and it happened that Mr. Dawes observed Mars the same night after twelve, and his drawings of it show that the veil had lifted and gone. Furthermore, it is noticed that when it is winter in one hemisphere, that it is quite likely to be veiled, while the other remains clear. All this is supposed to indicate the presence of clouds; and, if so, of meteorological conditions similar to our own. One great difficulty in making observations on Mars is that it is only a small part of the time in favorable position; so that, during two centuries that it has been studied with the telescope, there have been, all told, but few days for effective work. The specific gravity of Mars is such that one of our pound weights would weigh only 6 ounces 3 dwts. In such circumstances, a

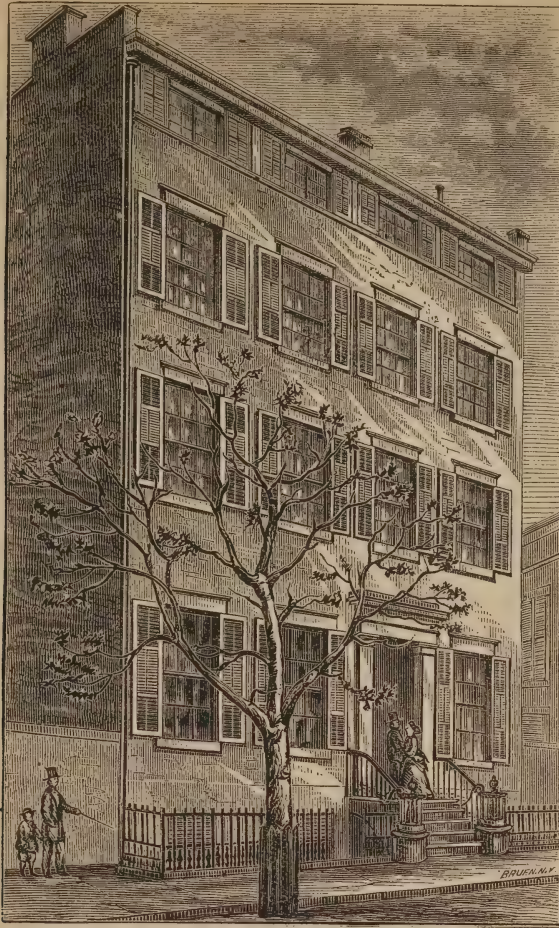
Daniel Lambert could easily leap five or six feet from the ground.—*Independent*.

ANECDOTES OF BISHOP GRISWOLD.—A part of his (Bishop Griswold) support in his first settlement, as well as after his marriage in Simsbury, was earned by actual labor on the farm. Mr. G. remarked: "The parson and myself have often worked out together as hired men, in harvest time, at seventy-five cents per day. He was a hard worker—among the best day-laborers in town; and one of his day's work was worth as much as that of his common men."

Among those who were in the habit of attending the Episcopal church, under Mr. Griswold's care, was the wife of the Congregational minister. She had been educated an Episcopalian, and her old feelings of attachment to the Church being revived, she frequently attended its services, notwithstanding her husband's remonstrances, as often as she did so. Mr. C. was a regularly educated man; and thinking, perhaps, to influence his wife through her pride, he asked her, one day: "My dear, pray tell me why it is that you go so frequently to hear that Simsbury shoemaker?" She replied: "Shoemaker or not, he is a good preacher, husband; and if you could preach as well, I should not like you the less, though you were a shoemaker, indeed."

THE TRUE MAGNET.—The power of the magnet gains nothing from the gilder's or the graver's art; its attraction lies in itself, and is diminished by foreign accretions. So it is with the greatest of all magnets, of which Christ spake when He said: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." We may draw men to ourselves by genius, eloquence, eccentricity, but we can draw men to Christ only by the attraction of the Cross.

"A SMILE may be bright while the heart is sad: the rainbow is beautiful in the air, while beneath is the moaning of the sea."



THE MIDNIGHT MISSION—NEW YORK.
(No. 8 Winthrop place, near Eighth st.)

The Charities of the Church.

THE MIDNIGHT MISSION.

BY WOLCOTT RICHARDS, M.D., PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

"THE Midnight Mission" is a branch of Christian work long and sadly neglected by the Church, but now awakening a general and very deep interest. Christ's people seem everywhere aroused to its great importance, and to a just sense of culpability in so long overlooking its claims. From all quarters come inquiries as to the

nature of the work, the method of working, and the results accomplished; as though men would now by zealous endeavor try to atone in some measure for past delinquencies. Already, in more than one of our great cities, similar institutions are in successful operation.

This work of rescuing fallen women

(so far as known) was inaugurated by J. Blackmore, Esq., Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, about thirteen years ago. It was afterward taken up by what is called "The London Midnight Meeting Movement," and by that association has been prosecuted up to this time with remarkable success. Mr. Gustavus Stern, who had had an opportunity of observing the work in London, came to this country in 1866, and in November of that year, in the course of conversation with the Rev. S. H. Hilliard (then chaplain of St. Barnabas's Mission, in the city of New York), he introduced the subject, and they discussed it together. This was not, however, the first time that Mr. Hilliard had given it his attention. As chaplain of St. Barnabas's, his walks among the poor had often brought him in contact with the degraded class which abound in that part of the city. His sympathies had been aroused, and he had done what he could individually to touch their conscience, and turn them from a life of sin and shame. Eagerly, therefore, he listened to the encouraging statements made by Mr. Stern, and promptly brought them before the St. Barnabas Missionary Association. Two members of that association, Mr. Daniel Huntington, and Mr. Philip B. Henry, at once pledged themselves to coöperate with Mr. Hilliard in starting the good work. Other gentlemen soon entered the field, and in January, 1867, the subject was brought to public notice by means of circulars distributed in several of the churches in New York. It so happened that on that same evening the Rev. Dr. Peters preached a memorial sermon of the late Mrs. Richmond, who, in her personal ministrations among the poor, had extended a tender, helping hand to the fallen of her sex. On the following Monday evening, January 21st, a public meeting was held in behalf of the Midnight Mission in the Sunday-school room of Trinity Chapel, at which the Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter, of the Diocese of New

York, presided. A statement was made by the Rev. Mr. Hilliard, followed by several addresses from clergymen and laymen. A warm zeal was enkindled in behalf of the work, and new members were added to the society. During the same week several ladies volunteered their services as co-workers in the holy cause. Being thus encouraged by official sanction and public approval, and stimulated by pecuniary contributions, rooms were hired for three months, and comfortably furnished. On the 1st of February the first reception was held. Printed cards of invitation were distributed by the members, who went out two and two upon the streets, while the ladies remained at the rooms to welcome, encourage, and comfort such as might be induced to come. Simple refreshments were offered, then a hymn was sung, followed by a short address, prayers, and a second hymn. At this first reception there were seventeen guests, most of whom joined in the devotion with tremulous voices and tearful eyes. The next reception was on the evening of February 8th. Notwithstanding it was a stormy night, ten visitors came in. On the following Friday evening, February 15th, we were cheered by the presence of twenty-six young women; many of whom seemed much impressed, and desirous of abandoning their life of shame. But, alas! we had no accommodations for them, and were compelled to see them go out after midnight, and plunge into the temptations of the street. This we could not endure. After much deliberation and prayer, it was resolved to go forward with faith; to take another step, relying upon Christian liberality to sustain us. We were not disappointed. A commodious house, 23 Amity street, was hired at \$3,000 per annum; the parlors were neatly but simply furnished, and adorned with a few books and pictures and illuminated texts; and the dormitories were comfortably furnished. The services of a "Lady in Charge" were secured, and early in May, 1867, we were enabled by the

blessing of God, not only to have our weekly entertainment, but also to offer a peaceful refuge to those who might desire to abandon their unhappy course of life. So rapidly did the work grow upon our hands, that before the year was out, all the rooms were occupied, and ere long we were under the painful necessity of *rejecting* many who, *conscience stricken* and weary of a life of prostitution, sought admittance at our door. This was a trial too grievous to be borne. Trusting, therefore, to the providence of God, and encouraged by the aid and approval of both clergy and laity, we hired, in May, 1870, a larger house, No. 55 Amity street, where, during the year past, we have had part of the time more than thirty inmates. We have made the best provision for them in our power, although unable, for lack of space, to classify them as we could desire. Thankful for the facilities already secured, yet aiming at a more complete accomplishment of our hopes, a great and general effort was made by our indefatigable treasurer, Pliny F. Smith, Esq., to raise a building fund, with a view of purchasing or erecting a house, which should be provided with every convenience for carrying forward the work to the best ad-

vantage. Where there should be space enough to enable us to separate novitiates just betrayed into sin from the more hardened and debased, and where there should be afforded opportunity to the truly penitent, each in the solitude of her own chamber, unmolested by the jeers of companions in sin, to cast herself at the Saviour's feet, and plead for pardon and deliverance. Though partially disappointed by the failure to raise the whole sum needed, the trustees are, nevertheless, grateful that about half the requisite amount has been obtained. With this a most eligible building has been bought, which, after being thoroughly repaired, neatly and modestly furnished, will be ready for occupancy in a few weeks. Would we could enter upon this enlarged sphere of labor unincumbered by the depressing burden of debt! To this end an additional \$15,000 is required. Will not some Christian whom God has endowed with wealth, and with a heart to use it in the cause of Christ, come forward with a donation of \$5,000, and induce a few others equally favored to join him, and thus enable the association to go on with renewed zeal and courage in their labor of love?

FUNERAL ATTENTIONS.—Most of us have witnessed at funerals scenes that were anything but funereal. A lady in Elmira mentions a touching instance of the proprieties in a good woman of that place at the funeral of her husband. Just before the sexton was about to screw down the coffin-lid, the anguished widow came forward and said: "Wait a minute; let me dust George off!" and, taking a cloth, coolly dusted off the face of the defunct, and then dusted off the coffin; after which, as an old ballad hath it:

The corpse with care were borne away,
To mingle with its native clay,
—gle with its native clay.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

A CLERGYMAN asked some children, "Why do we say in the Lord's Prayer, 'Who art in Heaven,' since God is everywhere?" He saw a little drummer-boy, who looked as if he could give an answer, and turned to him for it. "Well, little soldier, what do you say?" "Because it's headquarters."

No finer compliment has ever been paid to a man than that of Jean Paul to his friend Weisse, when he said that "his face was a thanksgiving for all his former life, and a love-letter to all mankind."

Do good, and throw it into the sea; if the fishes don't know it, God will.

ST. JOHN, viii. 10, 11.

I.

Sobbing, through the crowd of hearers,
 Came a woman lean and pale,
 With her golden hair, dishevel'd,
 Stealing round her like a veil;
 Came she, with her broken spirit,
 Crushed by penitence and shame,
 Dragged by men of bitter passion,—
 Righteous only in their name.

II.

Kneeling on the marble pavement,
 Meekly at the feet of One
 Whose pure teachings, sweet and lowly,
 From her soul repentance won.
 HE, the Saviour, pure and spotless—
 Man of Sorrow, undefil'd;
 She, the beautiful and fragile,
 Nature's erring, lovely child.

III.

Now she listens to His accents,
 Till the thoughts, that o'er her fell,
 Of her past and present being,
 Make her heart with sadness swell;
 Bitter, mournful musings started
 O'er that spirit, steep'd in crime—
 Echo'd then her memory faithful,
 "Now is the accepted time!"

IV.

God look'd down with tender pity,
 On her tears of heartfelt woe;
 But her *brother* murmur'd loudly,
 That the sinner joys should know.
 Crowding 'round the prostrate woman,
 'Round the Saviour's holy form,
 Show'd they, by their tones of anger,
 Human passion's mighty storm.

V.

Stinging words of mad reviling,
 Shower'd upon the quiv'ring frame,
 'Till her brow was wildly hidden—
 Flush'd with agony and shame!
 Then, above the railing tempest,
 Calmly rose the Saviour's tone,
 Stillling, by its accents earnest,
 E'en the sinner's suff'ring moan.

VI.

"He among you that is sinless,
 Let *his* vengeance first be shown;
 Let the mortal, still unerring,
 Be the first to cast the stone!"
 Silence fell upon their number;
 Conscience-struck, they turn'd apart,
 Leaving her unharm'd, and grateful
 For the change within her heart.

VII.

Softly o'er the lost one bending,
 Spake the "Master" words of love:
 "Woman! where are thine accusers?
 Are there none thy sin to prove?"
 "No *man*, Lord!" in accents humble,
 Came her answer: "Thou know'st all;
 I, a guilty, sinful creature,
 For Thy sov'reign mercy call!"

VIII.

"Woman! be thy sins forgiven!"
 Came the gentle words of love;
 "Go thou, now, and sin no more!"
 Angels caught the strain above.
 Even thus, in God's compassion—
 Stronger than *our* boasted cares—
 Man excludes the weeping sinner,
 He a home with Him prepares!

G. P. S.

Diocesan Items in Brief.

DOMESTIC MATTERS.

MASSACHUSETTS.

A correspondent of *The Churchman*, after giving an account of the Easter services in Christ Church, Springfield, closes his letter as follows:

"In West Springfield, two miles from Christ Church, a beautiful chapel has been built, mainly through the interest and liberality of one family, having a summer residence there. The nucleus of a congregation and Sunday school was formed last summer, by Dr. Burgess, who hopes soon, with suitable assistance, to open this Chapel of the Good Shepherd as our associate parish, as also the church at Chicopee, some time closed. Thus, to Christ Church, Springfield, two chapels and five Sunday schools will owe their guidance, making it a centre of Church influence and progress which is already being felt in the western part of the diocese."

Bishop Eastburn's convention address, at Springfield, shows 880 persons confirmed during the year; ordained, five deacons, two priests; deposed, one, deceased, two; consecrated four churches; clergy transferred to other dioceses, twenty-two, received, ten; number of candidates for Orders, twelve, of whom eight are in the Theological School at Cambridge.

William Carlton, Esq., of Charlestown, has just made a donation of \$50,000 to the college at Northfield, Minn., over which presides the Rev. James W. Strong, formerly of Montpelier, and which will hereafter be known as Carlton College.

CONNECTICUT.

Grace Church, New Haven, on the corner of Blatchley avenue and Exchange street, was opened for Divine service on Thursday, the 4th of May. Its cost was \$25,000, of which \$15,000 have been paid. Number of sittings, 500. . . . The parish has not yet called a rector, but will be supplied by the Rev. Dr. Brigham of Maine, who has been lately received into the Church from the Presbyterians, and ordained to the Diaconate, and it is to be hoped that a useful, as well as prosperous, future lies before the young parish.

LONG ISLAND.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, FLUSHING.

The rector of this parish, Rev. J. Carpenter Smith,

D.D., called his young men together about a year ago, and told them the great wants of the city; how utterly impossible it was for himself, single handed, to meet these wants; that his time was consumed chiefly in visiting his flock, preparing sermons, etc., and inquired whether his people were willing to co-operate with him. On receiving their affirmative reply, he organized them into a society, called "The Guild of St. George's Church." Every member of the guild was to be a missionary. The city was mapped out into districts, and two men appointed to each district. They were to visit every house in the district, and make inquiries as to their Church connection, if any; when not attending any, to invite them to church, and to send their children to Sunday school.

Missionary boxes were to be procured, and one placed in every Episcopal family, and in every other family where they were willing to receive them. The contributions thus made were for missionary purposes in the city, and the people were urged to give what they could. Once a month (on Saturday) the money was collected from the boxes.

Various committees were appointed:

1. To explore the city, with a view to the opening of Sunday schools and establishing missions.

2. To collect the contributions of the people, made through the missionary boxes; to find out all cases requiring aid, and report the same to the treasurer of the fund.

3. Committee of reception, to be regularly in the vestibule of the church at the time of services, to receive strangers and show them to a pew; to become acquainted with the people who come to church, and report them to the rector.

4. Committee to conduct cottage lectures and lay services in halls, and to read the Bible to sick people and others, who need religious ministrations in their homes.

5. Committee to find places for young men who have no positions; to seek out the young men in their accustomed haunts, and invite them to the guild and to the reading-room.

Results in one year: Organized two Sunday schools; invigorated the chapel at College Point; collected money enough in the boxes to pay the salary of the minister at the chapel; also, to support a missionary,

and purchase books and papers; distributed \$360 for charitable purposes, and had several hundred dollars left in the treasury.

A meeting was held in Grace Church, Brooklyn, on Wednesday, May 24th, for the taking leave of two ladies, missionaries to the coast of Africa, under the auspices of the foreign committee of our church. There were present the Right Rev. Bishop of the Diocese, the Rev. Drs. H. Dyer, Benj. H. Paddock, Hall, Schenck, Jno. A. Paddock, and the Rev. Messrs. Hart, Cornell, and Graves. In addition to the clergy, Messrs. Stewart Brown, James S. Aspinwall, and L. Curtis, of the foreign committee, were present. The special service set forth for the meetings of the board of missions was read. The bishop stated the occasion of the meeting, and introduced the Rev. Mr. Hart, secretary of the board of missions. He spoke of the comforting influence of the Gospel, and the great sin of withholding it from those living in the shadow of death. By a most Providential discovery, only that afternoon, it had been found that the brig, which was to have carried these two missionaries, the next day, to the coast of Africa, had been pronounced unseaworthy, and, at that late hour, the passage had been changed to a European steamer, and from England, by steam, to Africa. He thanked God that he had not been instrumental in sending away these two devoted servants of Christ, on so perilous a journey, in a vessel unfit for service.

He was followed by the Rev. Dr. Dyer, of New York, who spoke of a former classmate, and devoted missionary to Africa.

The Rev. Dr. B. H. Paddock spoke of the apathy existing in the Church about foreign missionary work, and how extremely necessary it was that still more zeal and sympathy should be manifested. Miss Scott, he stated, was a former parishioner of his in Detroit. In 1865, she sailed for Africa, under his advice, to join the faithful laborers on that shore. How faithful to the work she herself had been, any one who had read the *Spirit of Missions*, during the past few years, could testify. Even the officers of our navy, who had been to that sickly coast, had spoken of "one little woman there, on whose shoulders the Episcopal Church seemed to be supported." Her indefatigable efforts, during many trials and discouragements; the sickness of the bishop, and other hindrances, had won her an undying name in the memory of all Christian men and women. Eighteen months ago she returned to this country, broken in health, and never expecting to cross the sea again. Not only was she now going back to her school at Cavalla, but she had in company with her a younger Christian sister to share her work. Miss Potts is to assume the charge of the orphan asylum at Cape Palmas.

The bishop then addressed a few words of encouragement, and, after the singing of the psalm,

"God shall charge his Angel legion,"

dismissed the congregation with the blessing of peace.

A short time since, a large number of persons assembled in the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, to say farewell to the three lady missionaries who are about to depart for Japan. The Rev. Dr. Budington presided, and made an address. He was followed by the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, and the Rev. Dr. Eddy. Mrs. Loring Andrews presented to the missionaries a beautiful American flag, sixteen feet in length, which is to float from a flagstaff given by another lady at the mission in Yokohama. These missionaries are Mrs. Pierson of Chicago, Miss Crosby of Poughkeepsie (niece of the Rev. Dr. Crosby of this city), and Mrs. Samuel Pruyn of Albany. They left for Japan, via the Pacific railroad. They go under the auspices of the Woman's Union Missionary Society.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

The bishop of the diocese has confirmed, in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Rochester, 27; and in Trinity Church, Middleport, 17—three from St. James's, Johnson's Creek.

Thursday, the 13th of April, was a glorious day for Bath, a village of about 3,000 inhabitants. In the morning was consecrated to the worship and service of Almighty God, a beautiful stone church, costing, as I was informed, about \$55,000, very churchly in its arrangements, and reflecting much credit upon Mr. Dudley, the architect. Whether the \$55,000 includes the stone chapel attached, I am not quite sure, but my impression is that it does. Connected with the consecration service was the administration of the Holy Communion to a great number of communicants, and of the laying on of hands to a very large class, numbering some fifty-six persons. There were more than twenty clergymen present. On this occasion, the bishop's sermon was one of his very best. In the afternoon was a business meeting of the board of missions of the diocese. In the evening, stirring missionary addresses were made to a crowded house, by the bishop and others.

The seeds of the glorious results, so gratifying to the present rector, the Rev. Dr. Howard, and his parishioners, and which will ever make memorable the consecration day of St. Thomas's Church, Bath, were sown, as I was informed, by a pious woman in the early history of the town. So thoroughly in earnest was she in her religion, and so determined that her family should receive the blessed ministrations of her dearly beloved Church, that she carried her children for baptism across the wilderness country,

on horseback, to the more favored village of Geneva, a distance of about forty miles. This earnest woman, who became, indeed, a mother in Israel, has her name very deservedly written in one of the memorial windows of St. Thomas's Church, and, what is far better than all, we doubt not it is written in some beautiful mansion of the redeemed, in her Father's house.

MARYLAND.

On the morning of the third Sunday after Easter, was consecrated, at Jonestown, the Chapel of the Good Shepherd. It is a mission of St. John's Church, Elkridge, established during the past year, by its rector, the Rev. W. A. Mitchell, in a neglected hamlet, about two miles from Ellicott's mills.

The circumstances leading to this result are noteworthy.

A child, attending the Sunday school of St. John's, asked the rector to visit her sick mother at Jonestown. He ministered to her, comforted her in many ways, and, at her death, buried her. This had prompted an intercourse with the neighbors, who, though under the influence of Methodism, offered a family room for the holding of Church services.

After a year or so, when a larger place was sought for, one of the community, himself a poor, aged, and uninstructed person, presented an acre of land for the site of a chapel. Another, a carpenter, undertook, during the winter, to erect the building at cost price. So thriftily and earnestly did he work, that he exhibits now, as his handiwork, a comfortable and neatly arranged chapel, with about a hundred sittings, costing the moderate sum of \$850. The infant of this man was the first one baptized in the completed building. The giver of the land, with his wife, were among the number confirmed at its consecration.

With the consecration were conjoined the regular Morning Service, and the Confirmation and Eucharistic offices; so that the crowd of witnesses and worshippers, few of whom had ever beheld the like before, were enabled to apprehend the four great acts of worship of the Church.

The Rev. Mr. Mitchell was assisted by the Rev. Dr. Shepherd, of St. Clement's Hall, and the Rev. Mr. Fuller, of London, England, by whom an earnest discourse upon "The Good Shepherd" was delivered.

Bishop Whittingham took a large share of the services, and spoke to the four candidates for Confirmation, with much fervor, of the superiority of self-sacrifice to the sacrifice of mere property, which, in the case of one of them, had been made to the Church.

It is indicative of the energy of the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, that, in a country parish, he has, in little more than a year, presented twenty-nine for Con-

fimation, established a mission with a chapel, and expects the bishop, within a month, to confirm another class.

LAUS DEO.

OHIO.

One hundred and eight persons have been confirmed in the parish of St. John's Church, Cincinnati, in two and a half years.

The assistant bishop has confirmed, at McArthur, eight, and afterward, in Portsmouth, for the same place, one, making nine in all; in Christ Church, Portsmouth, ten; All Saints', Portsmouth, fifteen; Pomeroy, ten; Marietta, six; St. Paul's, Columbus, four, and in Trinity, Columbus, seven.

Grace Church, Pomeroy (the Rev. Carlton P. Maples, rector), was consecrated by the assistant bishop, on Wednesday, the 3d of May, the Rev. Dr. Haight, of New York (who has been intimately associated with Pomeroy), preaching the sermon.

ILLINOIS.

The Rev. C. E. Cheney, of Chicago, has been tried before a court duly appointed, and found guilty of performing ministerial acts while suspended from his ministry, by the bishop of the diocese, in accordance with a finding of a court, before which he had been tried, for refusing to use the appointed office in administering Baptism. The court declare that he should be deposed from the ministry. He is deposed accordingly.

TENNESSEE.

The bishop of the diocese consecrated St. James's Church, Bolivar, on Thursday, the 20th of April, and confirmed four persons. At Covington, six were confirmed, and in Brownsville, thirteen.

The Church people in Memphis have recently purchased an episcopal residence, at a cost of about \$16,000. It was the property of Bishop Otey; is a most commodious and suitable building. Bishop Quintard has lately taken pastoral charge of St. Mary's Church, formerly under the care of the Rev. Dr. Hines.

IOWA.

On the 27th ult., Bishop Lee laid the corner-stone of Trinity Church, Iowa City.

The new church is to be completed by the close of July next.

MICHIGAN.

A new church was opened for Divine worship, on the third Sunday after Easter, at Davisville, five miles west of Lexington, Sanilac county. The church is 21 by 50, of Gothic style, with tower and steeple. It will seat 150 persons.

Mr. James F. Conover, editor of the *Detroit Tribune*, has resigned his position, in order to become a minister in the Episcopal Church. He has been connected with the Detroit newspapers for eighteen years.

WISCONSIN.

The Easter offering in St. Paul's Church, Fond du Lac, reached the sum of \$1,824.89.

ALABAMA.

Noticing several accounts of the Easter festivals in the northern churches, I thought some notice of what we were doing in the south might not be unacceptable to your readers. St. John's is the only parish in Montgomery, but it is one of which any city might be proud. The Rev. Mr. Stringfellow entered zealously upon his duties in the fall of 1869, and soon succeeded in raising \$10,000 for enlarging and beautifying the church, which may now rank among the handsomest in the south. Among the attractions which have been lately added, we may mention several beautiful memorial windows, an organ, whose handsomely illuminated front occupies one side of the chancel recess, and an eagle lectern of polished brass, which was imported from England. But the energetic activity of the rector has not been confined to improving the church building. A parish school is in successful operation, and a commodious brick building is now nearly finished, which is intended to accommodate the children in "Bishop Cobb's orphan home," an institution supported entirely by the parish. Mr. Stringfellow and his wife have also undertaken charge of Hamner hall, a Church school for young ladies; formerly a diocesan, but now a parochial institution, which has proved a great success, under the self-denying labors of Mrs. Stringfellow.

The congregation give their rector a hearty support in all this work, and manifest the greatest interest in the services of the Church. The attendance during Lent, and especially during Passion-week, was very large.

On Good Friday, the chancel was draped in black, while Easter-day was welcomed with a profusion of flowers, all arranged with the greatest taste, and adding much to the beauty of the church.

On Easter-even, the bishop of the diocese confirmed thirty-one candidates, and on Easter morning, two hundred and seventy-eight persons partook of the holy Eucharist, the whole number of communicants in the parish being about three hundred and fifty.

In the evening, the Sunday school had their celebration, which has become quite a feature in the parish. The children, preceded by the clergy, entered the church in procession, and, after a short service, each class advanced to the chancel, with its

banner, and placed its offering in the hands of the bishop.

The money is raised entirely by the work and self-denial of the pupils and teachers during Lent, and is devoted to the building of the new orphan asylum. The offerings last year amounted to \$1,700, this year to \$1,300, which is really an increase, since money has been very scarce in the south this winter, owing to the low price of cotton. The school does not average more than two hundred and seventy-five pupils, and the large amounts are very creditable, since all the parochial expenses, which have been very heavy, in the last two years, are paid without external assistance.

As a token of their appreciation of his zeal, the vestry have lately added \$1,000 to the rector's salary, and there is some talk of building a new rectory. On the whole, there is every sign of growth and life in the parish, and we hope that it will become a centre-point whence Church influence may radiate in every direction into the surrounding country. *

CALIFORNIA.

The sum of official acts for the year, will be as follows: Ordination (Priests), 2; corner-stone laid, 1; consecration of churches, 4; candidates confirmed (on thirty occasions), 262.

Besides these, I have performed the following services: Baptisms (adults, 1; infants, 6), 7; burials, 8; marriages, 20.

I have received notice of the following clergymen being displaced from the ministry: John Cosby, by the Bishop of Virginia; A. McElroy Wylie, by the Bishop of Long Island; Edward B. Allan, by the Bishop of Massachusetts; William D. Harlow, by the Bishop of Long Island; Rowland H. Bourne, by the Bishop of New York; John Cromlish, by the Bishop of New York; Fabre Byllesby, by the Bishop of Pennsylvania; O. B. Thayer, by the Bishop of Illinois; Frank R. Girard, by the Bishop of Wisconsin; I. F. Roberts, by the Bishop of Oregon; William H. Cooper, D.D., by the Bishop of Iowa.

The following clergy have taken dismissals from the diocese: the Rev. Henry C. Perry, to the Bishop of Illinois; the Rev. B. S. Dunn, to the Bishop of Montana.

I have transferred, also, the following candidates for orders: Joseph H. Young, to the Bishop of Long Island; Emmerson Jessup, to the Bishop of Connecticut.

The following presbyters have been received into this diocese by letters dimissory: the Rev. John H. C. Bonte, from the Bishop of Central New York; the Rev. William Binet, from the Bishop of New York; the Rev. James W. Lee, from the Bishop of Nevada; the Rev. Theodore B. Lyman, D.D., from

the Bishop of Pittsburgh; the Rev. George W. Foote, from the Bishop of Montana.

During the past year, the College of St. Augustine has been remodelled. The Divinity and Collegiate departments, for the present, have been suspended, and the Academical Department alone has been retained. It is our object to make it a first-class training school for boys, and so far our expectations have been realized. The Rev. Dr. Breck has retired from his place as Dean, and the Rev. W. P. Tucker has been placed at the head of the institution. Dr. Breck has commenced, at Benicia, a Church school for girls, called St. Mary's Hall, which, from his long experience in educational institutions, will, we doubt not, be all that the needs of the Church require.—*Bishop Kip's Address.*

NEBRASKA.

At Silver Creek, the people are rejoicing over the arrival there of an elegant communion service, the gift of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, the patron and benefactor of the little parish.

A letter of Bishop Clarkson appears in the *Spirit of Missions*, describing a recent ordination at Omaha, Nebraska, of three young men, trained on the ground, for the Episcopal ministry. Messrs. Young and Peterson, one a Presbyterian and the other a Methodist, were clerks in A. T. Stewart's store in New York.

The third, Rippey, a Presbyterian, was a physician in good practice at Omaha. Two others, formerly Methodist ministers, are soon to be ordained. He has also six candidates in training. Two new and beautiful churches are awaiting consecration, and he could have three more if he could pledge the sum of \$500 apiece to aid them. He has a congregation of colored people, with a colored minister. He also reports 75,000 Indians within that diocese, 15,000 of whom attend religious service. The bishop thinks the effort to civilize them is proving a success.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It is announced that the next convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and British Provinces will be held in Washington, on the 24th of May. The following are the topics prescribed for consideration in the convention: 1. God's Word—How shall it be studied, and how shall the study of it be promoted in our associations? 2. Modern Scepticism in its relation to young men—How shall it be met by our associations? 3. Secular Instruction—What place should it have in the work of our associations? 4. Young Men in Business—What are their temptations, and how shall they be resisted? 5. Money for the Support of our Associations—How shall it be raised? 6. Our Religious Work—How shall it be made more effective?

FOREIGN MATTERS.

THE new "Kemble College," at Oxford, has been formally admitted into the University, with the full privileges of a college.

THE Private Chapels' Bill has been read a second time in the House of Commons, after several ineffectual attempts to amend it. The bill was ordered for a third reading on the 2d of May, when Mr. Beresford Hope was to go through the form of moving its rejection.

THE Chancellorship of York Cathedral, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, master of the Temple, has been conferred upon the Venerable Basil Jones, M.A., Archdeacon of York, and Rector of Bishopsthorpe.

A CONGREGATION JOINING THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—According to the *Rock*, a congregation of Dissenters at Wimbledon, numbering between 400 and 500, are about to join the Church of England. The trustees will open their chapel as a church, and the Bishop of London will license the same. It is intended that the service shall be that of the true Church type, and that the patronage of

the Church shall be vested in trustees and the congregation.

SIR JOHN FREDERICK WILLIAM HERSCHEL, BART.—A despatch from London announces the death of Sir John Herschel, the great astronomer. He was the only son of the equally illustrious Sir Frederick William Herschel, and was born at Slough, near Windsor, on the 7th of March, 1792. He was, consequently, in his eightieth year.

The funeral took place on the 19th, in Westminster Abbey.

The deceased astronomer was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he became Senior Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman in 1813. While yet a youth he devoted himself to the pursuits which had made his father famous throughout the civilized world. His reconstruction of Lacroix's treatise "On the Differential Calculus," undertaken in conjunction with Peacock, contained his earliest mathematical researches. A considerable portion of the year 1816 was devoted by him, sometimes alone and sometimes with South, to observations on the multiple stars, for

which each received a gold medal voted them by the Royal Astronomical Society on February 7, 1826. His observations numbered 10,000, and as a result of them, in 1823 he presented to the Royal Society a catalogue of 380 double and triple stars, whose positions and apparent distances had never before been fixed. A second catalogue was published by him in 1827, containing 295 stars of this kind, and during the year following another, containing 324 more. In 1830 he published in the "Transactions of the Astronomical Society" a paper, in which was recorded the exact measurement of 364 stars, and a great number of observations on the measurement of double stars. During the same year he also gave to the public important measurements of 1,236 stars, which he had made with his twenty-foot telescope. While engaged in this work he was also occupied in investigating numerous questions in physics, the results of which he published in his "Treatise on Sound," which appeared in the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana;" a "Treatise on the Theory of Sound," a "Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy," both of which were published in Lardner's "Cyclopædia," and his "Treatise on Astronomy" forming part of the same series. For his "Catalogue of Nebulæ" the Royal Astronomical Society, in 1836, again voted him the gold medal. His last great enterprise was his sojourn four years at the Cape of Good Hope (February, 1834, to May, 1838), where he examined the whole Southern celestial hemisphere in the most exact manner, and under circumstances the most favorable. While at the Cape he suggested the idea, which is now being adopted by nearly all the great nations, of making exact meteorological observations on given days, and simultaneously, at different places. His expedition to the Cape was undertaken at his own expense, he declining to accept the indemnity afterward offered by the British Government. On his return to England honors were showered upon him by the aristocracy and other educated classes of the country. He was offered the votes of a large number of the members of the Royal Society for the office of President, made vacant by the resignation of the Duke of Sussex—an honor, however, which he did not seek. He was made a baronet in 1838; a D. C. L. of Oxford in 1839; and in 1842 was elected Lord Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen. In 1848, while President of the Royal Society, his colleagues voted him a testimonial for his work on the Southern hemisphere. He published his valuable manual entitled "Outlines of Astronomy" in 1850, and in 1857 his contributions to the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*. In December, 1850, the astronomer was appointed Master of the Mint, but he resigned that office in 1855, during which latter year he was elected one of

the eight Foreign Associates of the French Institute, in place of M. Gauss. Sir John Herschel was distinguished as much by the excellence of his private character and the liberality of his disposition, as by his genius and his high scientific attainments.

TO THE RAINBOW.

By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart.

Fair bow! that o'er yon clouded height
Hast poured thy various ray,
To gild, with sweet and holy light,
The tear of parting day;

How bright, o'er spire and mountain top,
The mingled dyes are flung,
Where, firm upon the falling drop,
Thy beauteous arch is hung!

Where flaming sunbeams wide are hurled,
Thy milder glories fly,
To shed their solace o'er a world
Where night and gloom are nigh.

Comfort and hope are in thy beam,
Light out of darkness wrought;
The hope that cheers the saddest dream,
The joy by suffering brought.

God wills not aye that hearts should pine;
But in our saddest hour,
He bids us look upon thy sign,
Nor doubt His saving power.

ON the 9th, Miall's resolution for disestablishment of the Church of England came up in Parliament, and was voted down, but got no less than eighty-nine suffrages in its favor. The agitation is only postponed till it can get strength enough to put in a claim for distributing the *property* of the Church, as well as disestablishing it. The resolution is as follows: "That it is expedient, at the earliest practicable period, to apply the policy initiated by the disestablishment of the Irish Church, by the act of 1869, to the other Churches established by law in the United Kingdom." The *Tablet* (Roman Catholic), of London, says the feeling of Catholics on this question is significantly shown by the division-list of Tuesday. Of thirty-six Catholic members, only four voted in favor of Mr. Miall's motion, while four voted against it. We are no partizans of the Establishment, but we cannot follow in the wake of a politico-religious movement, whose grounds of attack clash with our principles. In the eyes of dissenters of the type of Mr. Miall, who differ less fundamentally than Catholics do from the creed of the Establishment, it would seem to be a matter of no moment to abolish this national recognition of God and of Christianity.

DISESTABLISHMENT NO CURE FOR "OUR UNHAPPY DIVISION."—In a letter to the *Times*, Professor Brewer, of King's College, takes up several points of Mr. Miall's speech. Facts are, he says, against the idea that the carrying out of the honorable mem-

ber's theory would be the advent of peace: Half the religious world in England already enjoy the blessings of Mr. Miall's millennium, and neither live, nor wish to live, under Establishment. What is the result? Do they exhibit that spectacle of peace and unity which Mr. Miall assures us we shall certainly have if we disestablish the other half? I was talking the other day to an intelligent Frenchman, who asked me how many sects of Dissenters there were in England. I told him I could not positively say. There were Particular Baptists, who refused communion to General Baptists; Primitive Methodists, who hated and despised Wesleyan Methodism; Independents, who were Congregationalists and non-Congregationalists; and Trinitarian Presbyterians, who anathematized Unitarian Presbyterians. A week after I met my Gallican friend. "You were quite wrong," says he, "in what you told me of the sects of Dissenters." "Well," said I, "I am happy to hear it." "Why," said he, "there are not two only, but I have already discovered two hundred and fifteen sects among the Methodists alone who do not join in each other's worship nor admit the same spiritual authority."

HINDOO TEMPLE IN LONDON.—If the information furnished to the *Bombay Gazette* be true, London is about to be provided with a Hindoo temple, at which the worship of a deity, who, or rather which, goes by the diffuse name of Hurkeshwur Mahadew, is to be cultivated. The plan is in connection with a fund for assisting young Hindoos to come to this country, in order to finish their education. We are by no means so startled as we should have been a few years ago. Christian worship, under various auspices, has of late made us unhappily acquainted with so many strange developments, that a little downright idolatry, terrible as it may be, is scarcely able to excite much surprise. To our bigoted minds it seems that a man may almost as well worship Hurkeshwur Mahadew as an isosceles triangle, or a negation. At least, there are enthusiasm and devotion in the one, and there is not room for much of either of these in the other. In the excess of toleration which is now so popular, we shall doubtless, after the imported worship has obtained a fair footing amongst us, begin to talk loudly about "our heathen brethren." "Our heathen brethren" will then probably busy themselves with disestablishing the Church, provided always that some of our other brethren have not completely effected the same object in the meantime.—*English Churchman*.

THE Queen has conferred a peerage on Miss Burdett-Coutts, who will henceforward be styled the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. As far as we can remember, no other woman throughout English history has

received a peerage for her services to the State; and no unmarried woman has ever received one at all, except for being concubine to a king. The title will add nothing to Miss Burdett-Coutts's popularity, and little to her rank in society; but it will serve to show that benevolence, sympathy in action, is at last accounted among the virtues recognizable by the State.

THE new Danish Lutheran church has been consecrated at Hull, by Archdeacon Rothe, of Copenhagen, who was specially commissioned to represent the Primus of Denmark. This is the first church of the kind duly consecrated in England for Scandinavian worship. The walls of the church were decorated with Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, and British flags, looped up with rosettes of scarlet and white ribbon. By express desire of the Archbishop of York, Canon Brooke attended as the representative of the arch-diocese, while the English and Scandinavian clergy walked side by side in the procession to and from the building. The collection amounted to £160.

THE Synod of the Irish Church has recommended several changes in the rubrics and the Catechism, which, if adopted, would make the language of the Church ambiguous on the most important doctrinal points. Fortunately there is little chance of their adoption.

THE first series of addresses to the King of Bavaria in support of Döllingerism is said to have received more than 10,000 signatures.

THE Bishop of Salisbury has, in a pastoral letter, intimated his intention of summoning a conference to take into consideration the desirability of constituting a permanent diocesan synod, elective both of clergy and laity, to take, by means of committees, the management of various ecclesiastical affairs within the diocese, and to be of counsel to the bishop.

THE Bishop of Litchfield has stated that he does not consider himself bound to enforce the decision of the Privy Council in the Purchas case. All that he feels to be incumbent upon him is to set an example of obedience to the law. He holds it to be no part of his duty to keep in check either Evangelicals or Ritualists who may choose to say that, in matters of dress, or posture, Lord Hatherly and his colleagues have misinterpreted the law.

THE magnificent offer of Mr. Henry Roe, to restore Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, at his own expense, has been accepted. The probable cost will be about £50,000.

IN the last half century, nearly £75,000,000 have been expended in Church purposes from voluntary contributions, mostly for the poor; 3,520 new churches have been built in the last thirty years; 12,500

Church schools of the National Society have been established; and thousands of other Church schools. The Bishop of London's fund amounts to £430,000. In the diocese of Oxford alone (an agricultural one), £2,125,000 were raised in the last twenty-five years for Church objects. Sir Arthur Guinness gave £150,000 for a cathedral in Dublin, just before the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Miss Walker contributed £40,000 for a cathedral in Scotland, and £1,000 a year for the first incumbent thereof. Miss Burdett-Coutts's munificence in ecclesiastical affairs is well known, as well as Dr. Warneford's generosity to the church in Gloucestershire and elsewhere. Keble College, Oxford; the Curates' Augmentation Fund, the Church Scripture Readers' Society, numerous theological colleges, and training institutions for Church schoolmasters and mistresses, have been founded. £400,000 has been expended year by year by incumbents for curates, to render the services of the Church more efficient. Almost all our cathedrals, minsters, parish churches, and chapels of ease have been restored or enlarged. Sixty colonial and missionary bishoprics have been founded. £250,600 is subscribed annually by the S. P. G. and the other Church Missionary Society. St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, and other missionary institutions, have been established. Bibles and Prayer Books have been circulated at home and in foreign parts by hundreds of thousands, yearly. Home missions, by the additional Curates' and Church Pastoral Aid societies, have been instituted. Individual philanthropists—especially in the north of England—have built and endowed numerous churches and almshouses. A movement in the right direction, viz., in the fabric of the church, or parsonage, or school, almshouse, orphanage, or reformatory, has been made in every parish in the realm. The Lambeth Synod has been held—perhaps the most important event since the Reformation. Convocation has a vast moral influence. The Church Congress has also much weight. All this has been done of late by the English branch of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, in the very face of adverse influences, rationalism, and schism of every kind; latitudinarianism, scepticism, and even infidelity.

THE Rev. J. M. Capes, who thirty years ago joined the Roman Communion, renewed his connection with the Church of England, in St. James's Chapel, York street, St. James's square. Mr. Gladstone, Lord Elcho, and many other members of the Legislature were present.

MRS. MINNS, of Jarrow, who was once lady's maid to Miss Milbanke (subsequently Lady Byron), died recently, aged eighty-seven. Mrs. Minns, from her personal knowledge, contradicted many of Mrs.

H. B. Stowe's statements respecting Lord Byron in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

PROF. MAX MULLER lately declared that the political guidance of Europe belonged in future to Germany and England—the guidance of the whole civilized world to England, America and Germany—and that a cordial understanding between these three Germanic nations meant peace.

AN Anglican Sisterhood is to be formed at Clifton Wood, near Bristol.

THE Bishop of Chester has formally admitted a lady to the office of deaconess at a service in his lordship's private chapel, at Deeside.

THE Rev. J. A. Froude, the historian, has taken steps, under the Church Disabilities Bill, to divest himself of his clerical designation.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.—The last account received at Lambeth Palace represents his Grace as in good health, and looking forward hopefully and cheerfully to the resumption of the duties of his high office. The Archbishop proposes spending a few days at Stonehouse or Addington before he comes into residence at Lambeth Palace.

DR. MANNING has, it is stated, created quite a sensation among the choirs of the Romanist churches by a mandate excluding female singers, and allowing only male voices. The artistic and pecuniary results are said to be most disastrous.

DR. MCCOSH is preparing for the press a work on "Natural Theology and Apologetics," comprising his recent lectures on the "Relation of Physical Science to Religion," "Conservation of Force," "Star Dust," "Protoplasm," "Origin of Species," "Natural Selection and Evidence of Plan in the Development of the Physical World."

THE streets of Rome and Constantinople now resound with the shrill cries of the newsboys selling the daily newspapers to their astonished citizens. Daily and weekly papers in a dozen languages are now printed in the capital of the Mussulman empire; while in Rome, since the overthrow of the papal power, and the consequent removal of restrictions upon free thought and a free press, over twenty journals have been started. The ringing shouts of the enterprising newsboys will always be the knell of the intellectual stagnation of a people.

PROTESTANTISM is making bold inroads into Rome. There are American, English, and Scottish churches. The Methodist Episcopal Church in this country has sent a missionary to open another place of worship. Five buildings are also occupied every Sunday by Evangelical ministers, who preach in Italian. Four-fifths of the city belongs to the clergy, or to the ecclesiastical noblemen; the other fifth is held by citizens,

many of whom are afraid to risk the wrath of the clerical party. Nevertheless, edifices have been found for the Baptists, Methodists, and Waldensians. There are 360 churches in Rome, most of which are dilapidated, and are only open on their *fête* day; and it is conjectured that, as in Spain, some of these will become public property, and be sold to the highest bidder. In Antonelli's note to the Apostolic Nuncios, of January 25th, protesting against the arrival of the Piedmontese *travellers*, he said: "Can any honest man—not to say a Catholic—cast a glance upon what is being propagated in matters of faith and ecclesiastical discipline, upon the obscenities which are being spread among the people, upon the subdivision of religious principles, by the distribution of Protestant books and Bibles, and believe that, in any other country in Europe, such atrocious assaults on the religion of the State would be tolerated with impunity?"

RELIGIOUS liberty in Rome is daily being asserted in some new and striking manner. A correspondent announces that "influential men are gathering around Father Hyacinthe, and are preparing to offer the Jesuits a severe battle. In a few days, Father Hyacinthe will deliver, in the Colosseum, a speech on Papal infallibility."

It is stated that Père Hyacinthe was allowed to make his Easter Communion at a Paris church, notwithstanding his excommunication.

THE Italian authorities have just closed the chapel in the Monti di Pietà, because the chaplain, Abbate Graziola, was holding a *triduo* for the restoration of the temporal power.

THE GREAT TEACHER IN CASUISTRY.—Pope Pius has just formally conferred the title of "Doctor of the Church" upon St. Alphonsus Liguori, who died in 1787, and was canonized early in the present century. The above title belongs to few, and these alone the Church addresses and salutes in her Liturgy with the words, "*O Doctor optime, Ecclesiæ Sanctæ lumen*," allowing the Creed to be sung in the Mass of their festivals as in that of Apostles and Evangelists. It is said that, in the eighteen centuries and more of the Christian era, this title has been conferred on only seventeen learned writers before St. Alphonsus Liguori. *Catholic Opinion* says that this act of the Holy See had been solicited by no less than eight hundred and three bishops—that is, by a large majority of the Episcopate of all countries, and by twenty-five generals of religious orders, besides theological faculties and chapters. Every (Roman Catholic) bishop in England, Ireland, and Scotland, signed the petition.—*Guardian*.

CHINA.—Advices from Pekin (April 12th) state that the imperial government has made a demand upon the foreign ambassadors, that the schools for the

education of females be abolished; that teaching to the male subjects of the empire of all doctrines opposed to those of Confucius be forbidden; that missionaries shall be considered Chinese subjects; and that no woman will be permitted access to the empire in that capacity. The ambassadors were also notified that the attendance of women upon religious services is one reason of the recent massacres of foreigners; and that, though these events cannot but be deplored by the imperial government, compensation for their commission is absolutely refused. This news has created considerable apprehension at the Bible House in New York, and elsewhere, and the hope is expressed that our government will take a firm stand against the proscriptive policy of the Emperor. Another massacre is feared.

TURKEY.—The Patriarch at Constantinople has complained to the Russian Synod of the opposition offered by the Porte to his views in reference to the summoning of a council, and has asked the synod if he has acted rightly against the Turkish government, which has disturbed the order of the Church in Bulgaria. The reply of the Russian Synod was to be made to-day.—*English Churchman*, March 30.

A RUSSIAN ARCHIMANDRITE ON PAPAL "INFALLIBILITY."—A Russian archimandrite has translated the protest of Dr. Döllinger against the dogma of infallibility, and published it with a commentary of his own. In the preface to this work, he says that hitherto he had thought the Jesuits were worldly wise, but that his belief in their sagacity was completely shattered by their conduct at the Œcumenical Council. "Those must be blind, indeed," he proceeds, "who are so incapable of making use of the spirit of the times to advance their own ends. Seldom has any corporation committed so suicidal an act as the holy fathers did on this occasion, for in their wish to throw dust in the eyes of the Catholic world, they have opened the road to its reformation, and taken the first step toward filling up the cavern of obscurantism. The wheat will be cleared of the chaff, and the mountain, which has so long pressed on the hearts of true Catholic Christians, will totter on its base when men like Professor Döllinger and his brave followers fight for the truth against falsehood."

In the Friendly Islands, where, fifty years ago, there was not one native Christian, but gross and unbroken darkness, the regular attendance on public worship now exceeds 30,000, and contributions to religious objects are over \$15,000 a year.

THE American Episcopal Mission in China has over two hundred children under daily instruction, most of the teachers being Christian natives. Seventy were baptized, most of them adults, and forty-eight confirmed the past year. Five hundred of the

starving poor of the city of Shanghai were fed, morning and evening, by the missionaries, during the past winter.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.—The *Dublin Daily Express* reports a lecture on this subject delivered in the Metropolitan Hall of that capital, by the Rev. John Fegan, late a Roman Catholic priest. After introductory remarks, he proceeded to apply himself to the doctrine of infallibility, as supposed to exist in the Church of Rome, and having quoted from different works to show that there was contradiction in the conclusions of the Councils of the Church of Rome, he asked how they could all be infallible, when they did not agree on one subject. How could they be infallible, when one Council condemned the decrees of the other? The second Nicene Council declares that one reason for worshipping the image of Christ is, that He is not *sensibly* present with us, but only in His Divinity; and the Epistle of Germanus, received by this Council, declares that He is not present *bodily*. It likewise anathematized all who assert that Christ was not circumscribed as to His humanity. Now, if there be any meaning in words, all these statements manifestly contradict the doctrine of Transubstantiation. But later, the Council of Trent, also called infallible, declared just the opposite doctrine, maintaining and defining the full and complete dogma of Transubstantiation. Having contrasted the contending decrees of different Councils, the reverend gentleman pointed out that Pope Liberius subscribed an heretical formulary different from and contradicting that of Nice; and in the year 678 Pope Honorius I. was condemned as a heretic by the sixth Ecumenical Council, plainly showing that the doctrine which taught that the Popes were infallible was false and treacherous in the extreme. The reverend lecturer concluded in the following terms:

"I have given you my reasons for abandoning this doctrine of infallibility, together with its consequent doctrine of exclusive salvation, and its consequent practice of persecution on the score of conscience. In common with thousands of my fellow-countrymen, I see it to be a fatal blight upon our island. I see it planting bigotry and intolerance in minds that otherwise would be fair and just. I see it barring Irishmen from working together in harmony and strength for the good of their country. The Irish Protestant has too long been looking to and depending on English parties; the Irish Catholic has too long been looking to and fighting for the mere policies of Roman courts. On this day we are told that the Royal assent was to be given to the bill for disestablishing and disendowing the Irish Church. May this result in good and prosperity for our common country. May it purify and strengthen the cause of pure Gospel truth. When

the State support ceases, the State shackles are broken, and I am hopeful that the days are dawning when all Irishmen, both Protestant and Catholic, no longer divided by the cunning and craftiness of foreign courts and parties, will concentrate their hitherto divided energies, and, working together for the cause of truth, and for the common prosperity of their common country, realize the motto we have adopted of 'Union, Peace, and Love, to Old Ireland.'"

AMBULANCE LIFE IN PARIS.

[From the *Monthly Packet*.]

The advent of the first grandchild carried us over to Paris about the middle of last August, and the interest of the situation kept us there watching the course of events. The *Times* arrived regularly every afternoon, telling us of the progress of the German armies, and of successive crushing defeats of the French; but somehow nobody seemed to attach any importance to these warnings. That Paris was really going to be besieged was not seriously believed by any Parisians; according to their characters, they either treated it as a good joke, or a partisan falsehood. Even foreign residents caught the infection, and fancied it could not be. By dint of hearing on all sides that the thing was utterly impossible, we came ourselves half to believe it must be absurd; and at any rate we determined to wait and see what was to happen.

On the 8th of September, the baby was baptized. The church was close to some public bureau where clothes were distributed to the Mables, and scores of them were waiting to receive their bundles; they were lying on the pavement, or sitting closely packed on the curb-stone, and we had to pick our way between them. Poor little darling! These were early days for a two-weeks-old maiden to come into such close contact with war; just at the moment, too, when her sponsors were about to renounce for her the devil and all his works! God bless our little Mary, and grant that the future course of her life may be more tranquil than its beginning!

On the next day, the 9th, baby's papa suddenly (and sensibly) decided to remove the whole family from Paris; and after incredible exertions we got everything ready for them to leave on the morning of the 10th. Oh! how thankful was I then not to be a man, to travel with a wife, six children, a governess, four servants, and more boxes, bags, baskets, and bundles, than I know how to count! What a Babel it was! Parents, friends, children, and servants, all talking at once in English, French, and Spanish. Everybody giving orders, and nobody attending to anybody else; two of the children in despair at my confiscating a mass of toys as impossible to take in

the train; and a third in tears because the canary bird and guinea pigs were to be left behind.

That proved to be the very last train taking luggage; and we were most thankful to get them off, though at the time we did not understand the importance of the case. A week passed away, filled with conflicting rumors; and then on the 17th came the last postal delivery. Henceforth, no more letters, no more communication with the outside world; we were shut in. Then began a new and strange life.

Very early in the siege, I determined to work in some ambulance. The sick-room was too familiar for me to look upon it in the romantic light in which some inexperienced ones viewed such work, but all the more it seemed my duty to take a share of what was to be done. The red-cross flag was at first hung out from hundreds of houses merely to protect them; but General Trochu speedily put an end to this abuse, and it was only allowed to be used after proof was given that it meant earnest service, and that beds were ready for a certain number of wounded. Still the number was very great, and the question was, which shall I join? This question was settled by remembrance of a maxim of one who now rests from his labors: Do first the good that is at hand, then go as far afield as you like. I, therefore, joined a French ambulance in my immediate neighborhood, drawn to it by the announcement that it was under the direction of certain nuns, already well known and dear to me, from association through several years—the *Sœurs de l'Espérance*. If any of your readers have lost dear ones in France, and seen these devoted women by the bed-side, instant in season and out of season, they will understand the feeling which drew me to this establishment—the very sight of that dress in the street makes my heart swell.

On going to the house to enroll myself, the superintendent, or *econome*, as she was called, informed me that there were as yet no wounded in the rooms, though of course nobody knew how soon the thirty-two beds might be filled. In the meanwhile, there was an immense deal of sewing to be done, and the ladies who were already members had the habit of meeting in the workroom every day from twelve to six. "If Madame will bring her needle and thread to-morrow, she will find ample occupation, and she will also make the acquaintance of *ces dames*." This sounded very formidable; but the next day found me there, hoping that the *econome* would take me into the *Salon de Travail*, and introduce me to somebody for a beginning. She was too busy, however, and could only indicate the room I was to enter; the sound of many female voices in animated conversation was direction enough, and it was rather an ordeal to open the door with a consciousness of the sudden silence that was to follow the appearance of a stran-

ger in the doorway. The sooner it was done the better; so I opened the two battants, and looked around; on the right-hand side was a large table with several ladies sewing at it; in the middle of the *salle* a group of young women, apparently paid employées; and on the left-hand side an old lady, with beautiful white curls, sat alone, beside a small table covered with piles of old stockings. Those beautiful curls, and her grave, distinguished manner, together with the conviction that darning stockings was one of my talents, settled the matter. I drew a chair up to the table, and asked permission to join her. She proved to be as charming as she looked, and an acquaintance was then commenced which I hope to renew in happier days.

At first there were no wounded. Day after day we would ask, always to have the answer: "*Pas encore, Madame*." Day after day we would work there for hours—mending, darning, patching, altering, hemming, and stitching; needles flying through the linen, and some of the tongues going faster than the needles. It was an odd experience of life. Women are permitted to be ignorant of military matters, but really nobody has the right to say such absurd things as some of these ladies said. My beautiful old lady, and her intelligent, agreeable daughter, used sometimes to exchange glances with me, when our fellow-workers would utter their impossibilities. I am a little afraid we three thought ourselves cleverer than our companions.

Next to the war, the most engrossing topic was the price of provisions, and the quantity each had laid up—how much butter each had succeeded in getting, and how many dozens of eggs, what means had been adopted for preserving these stores, what been paid for ham and bacon, and what trouble the *bonne* had that morning or yesterday to buy fresh meat. (This was before the Government had brought the butchers into some kind of order.) But tears are very close to laughter. One day the room was more than usually noisy and merry; the next, a sad hush fell over the workers, when the *econome* said, "Ladies, since our last meeting, Madame S— has lost her only son, a fine young man of twenty-four. He dined at home yesterday, went on outpost duty at night, and was shot through the heart; the doctor of the ambulance has gone to bring home his body."

The days went on; never was there such enchanting weather; the streets were full of Mobiles and Gardes Nationales, busily engaged in drilling, it is true; but then, the squares and gardens were positively spilling over with children and nurses. I never remarked so many babies in Paris before. It was hard to believe we were living in a beleaguered town. We went regularly to our sewing, till at last the *econome* announced there was really no more to

be done; and in answer to an inquiry from my beautiful old lady, added the information that even when the wounded came in, all the nursing was to be done by the Sisters—the ladies were only to act as *lingères*.

This decided me to offer my services at some other ambulance; and after visiting several, I selected the Anglo-American Ambulance in the Avenue de l'Impératrice, and there, on the 23d of September, I first heard cannon fire to *kill*. Mont Valerien was very near, and the sound of its huge guns was startling. Afterward we became so accustomed to it, that we constantly could not remember whether firing had been going on or not.

The aspect of the American ambulance was very different from all others. Instead of taking possession of houses, and putting four, five, or six beds in each room, here was a large building lot at the corner of two streets, on which a number of tents had been erected. Some of these tents were round, others long, and capable of accommodating from thirty to forty patients each. The first sight of the place gave one an idea of a fête, and one was tempted to think that it was a holiday sort of thing, not meant for hard work. I expressed some idea of this to the American lady who introduced me. "Wait and see," was her reply. "Don't you know that we have profited by the lessons learned in our civil war? The tents have been selected instead of houses, because there are no walls to suck in and hold the awful poison that comes from open wounds. Dr. Swinburne intends to have no smell here. Almost all the materials employed here have come from the United States; the waterproof duck of the tents, the elastic slats of the beds, and the very wagons that are to go out to the field to bring back the wounded. The head surgeon served through the whole war, and those five weary years have taught him more than any books could do."

"The tents are very well in fine weather," I said, "but very soon they will become intolerably cold."

"Not at all. A large stove is sunk in the earth, outside of the upper end of the tent; pipes are carried under the flooring, and the smoke-pipe comes out beyond the lower end. A thermometer hangs in the centre of each tent, and the head nurse must watch it carefully to keep the temperature at the point ordered by the doctor. You will find that the difficulty will be that it will be more often too warm than too cold, but careful watching will keep it just right. The double roofs will prevent a drop of water from coming in, and you will find yourself as comfortable in winter as in summer."

This I soon found to be the case; and the ease with which thorough ventilation could be obtained was wonderful. Then, too, the inner curtains en-

abled us at any moment to make separate rooms, and when necessary, to isolate any patient who required perfect quiet.

In pleasant weather, and when no severe cases prevented, all the curtains were raised, and from their beds the poor fellows found some amusement in watching passers in the streets, or the drilling of *Mobiles* in the avenue beyond.

The "*affaire de Chevilly*" gave us ten wounded; nearly all were from the 35th Regiment, which behaved with great bravery on that occasion, and was nearly cut to pieces. With one exception all these men were wounded in the leg, and all severely; two were obliged to suffer amputation above the knee. Of these two, one died on the twelfth day. His was not the first death, however. My own special patient, and the favorite of everybody, was the first to go. Poor Henri Tribouillard! He was so gentle and patient, so cheerful and grateful, encouraging to his comrades, obedient to the nurses, that we all became fond of him. He had served in Algeria and at Solferino, where he won some distinction. He was intelligent, and took great interest in the events of the war, watching eagerly for the newspapers I brought up every morning, and enjoying discussion of their contents.

The ball struck him while he was kneeling to fire; it passed through the left thigh, inflicting a severe wound, and grazed his right heel as it passed out. This last seemed nothing to the inexperienced ones, but the doctor from the beginning felt that the real danger might arise from the apparent scratch. For several days he appeared to improve; his appetite was good, fever left him, and he seemed on the fair road to recovery. One night he called the attendant, and complained of a queer trembling in his right leg. "Are you cold?" said the nurse; "you shall have another blanket, or a cruche of hot water to your feet." "No, I am not exactly cold, but this trembling keeps me awake, and makes me nervous." It ceased for a while after the application of a hot water bottle, then returned with some violence, so that the shivering shook the bed. The doctor was called, and he at once recognized that fatal foe—lock-jaw.

I had left him in the early evening comfortable and cheery. The next morning, as I entered the enclosure, one of the staff of young gentlemen said, "Bad news for you this morning, Mrs. —; your man is in a very bad way; he has lock-jaw." I hurried to the tent; and had it not been for the warning, I might have believed that his bed had been changed, and a stranger put in his place. He was so altered that it was difficult to believe my eyes. He lived two days, but in so much suffering that we were glad when the end came. On the day before his death, during the intervals of ease, he lay in a semi-

stupor, produced by the *choral*; and when the spasms came on he would shriek out in a heart-rending way for another dose of the calming potion. On that last day his parents came to visit him. They were respectable people, who had lived in a little house of their own at Creteil; but the village was in the possession of the enemy, their house a ruin, and they homeless and nearly penniless fugitives in Paris. They sat in heart-broken silence for a long time, and at first he slept calmly. The doctor had ordered perfect quiet around, the curtains had been dropped between him and the other end of the tent, and no sound was heard but the weary drip, drip of the rain on the canvas roof. To rouse him would bring on a paroxysm, and yet it was almost unendurable to leave him without a word. After a long time they rose to go, and just at that moment a spasm came on, and he writhed and screamed in agony. As they hurried out to escape the sight, he opened his eyes and fixed them on his mother, but did not speak, so that we were uncertain whether he saw her clearly or knew who it was. But later in the day he said to me, "Ma pauvre mère!" She saw it all, and she could do nothing—poor mother!

As they went out they met the doctor, who told them frankly that he had but little hope. "I will do my best," he said; "and you must go home and pray—that is all you can do now." "Yes," she answered with streaming eyes, "I will go home and pray for my child. And it is not now that I begin to pray, for I am the mother of four sons."

She never saw him alive again. Early the next morning he died. He was carefully laid out, his bed moved into a large unoccupied tent, a wreath of white flowers at his feet, and everything decently disposed to show that sympathetic hands had performed the last offices. *Pauvre mère!* She felt all this deeply, and listened with avidity to the expressions of the kindly affection we had entertained for him.

Partly from this affection, partly because it was the first death in the ambulance, we could not endure the thought of his being put in the *fosse commune*, which is all a soldier has a right to; so the ladies and gentlemen subscribed and purchased a bit of ground for his grave.

Dr. Swinburne, who is as wise and good as he is skilful, said to us the next day, "You did well to buy that grave, because you all felt Henri's death, and the poor fellow was one to win regard. I did not, therefore, oppose the outlay; but the first time must also be the last. If the siege goes on, and sorties continue, we shall have more wounded, consequently more deaths. What funds we can spare must in future be given to the living, not to the dead." Of course we saw the good sense of this, and acquiesced.

I ought to say something here about Dr. Swinburne, but a difficulty presents itself. Those who knew him, above all those who worked under him, or those who enjoyed his care, will say that my praise is too feeble, whereas if I tell half the good I know of that Christian gentleman, strangers will think it exaggeration. The soldiers loved him. One day he had been soothing a nervous, fractious patient; and when the poor suffering creature was calmed, he left with the promise to come back in half an hour. As he went out, the man drew a deep breath, saying earnestly, "Isn't he good, le vieux!" "Yes, indeed," said another; "he has but one fault." "What fault is that?" called out two or three from their beds, disposed to do battle for the dear doctor. "He don't talk French," was the reply. "Well, that's true; but if he did, he would be perfect; and if he were perfect he could not live any longer. So it's just as well," was the satisfactory conclusion they came to—a conclusion which amused the doctor very much when it was reported to him.

The sortie of the 21st October brought thirty-four to us. Early that morning the ambulance trap had been sent to the proper bureau, to take steps for passing without *octroi* duty a cask of wine presented to us. "Never mind the wine for to-day," was said to our messenger; "go back at once to your ambulance and tell them to send all their wagons to the field; there are very important operations on foot, and we shall need all your services."

'Twas a sad but exciting scene; the gentlemen who were *de service* that day were having their *brasards* securely fastened to their left arms; the captain of the day was attending to the carriages, and disposing his corps, while the doctor superintended the packing of the baskets with bandages, lint, instruments, wine, brandy, chloroform, etc., etc.

The Anglo-American Ambulance, while principally made up of real Americans, numbered many workers of different nations; English, French, German, Italian, and Russian, were all on the staff. The Hon. Lewis Wingfield did good service by day and night, and his light but firm touch was found comforting on limbs that could scarce bear the contact of a feather. "Il ne brutalise jamais, le petit Anglais," said one man. For a rough, ungentle touch they always used the expression *brutaliser*—a sense new to me. I first heard it after the visit of a French doctor, who certainly did throw down the bed-clothes, and lift the broken leg, as if he had no idea what pain could be. The man screamed at the time, and afterward said, "Comme il m'a brutalisé, cet animal!"

This doctor was more brutal than the man knew, for this sudden motion was made in the full expectation of detecting us in a falsehood. The canvas

walls, the perfect ventilation, the unceasing care, and the system of dressing wounds with oakum instead of lint, combined to make the tents as free from smell as the outer air; and the doctors who came daily, drawn by the rapidly spreading fame of the wonderful success at the American Ambulance, could scarcely believe their eyes or their noses. They would sniff about, hoping to detect a bad smell; and when convinced that the air was perfectly sweet, it needed ocular demonstration to prove that we really had compound fractures, open sores, and abscesses.

The dressing with oakum was surprising to most of them. I was told that the discovery of its value took place in this way: During the American civil war a battle was fought near a prison, to which the wounded were carried in great numbers; no preparations had been made for dressings, and the surgeons, at their wits' end, were obliged to use whatever they found, however unsuitable. It is perfectly wonderful, however, with what unlikely materials a clever surgeon will manage to perform good work. (I have seen wounds that had been dressed, and limbs set, with straw as a first make-shift on the battle-field.) In this prison was a large pile of oakum picked by the prisoners, which was at once laid under contribution, and used as a dressing. The wounds thus treated were found to emit less smell, and heal more rapidly than those dressed in the usual way; attention was drawn to the fact, experiments made, and the result established that a valuable discovery had been made. On one occasion only did I ever detect the slightest odor, and that was when sitting by the bedside of a man from whose leg a handful of fragments of bone were taken half an hour afterward. When this was done, the wound washed and redressed, no smell was perceptible.

The thirty-four brought in from the Malmaison sortie were distributed in different tents; and Dr. Swinburne gave me No. 2, with sixteen men. Some of these had only trifling contusions, two being able to leave in a couple of days; while some of the others were severely hurt. One young fellow of twenty-one, with a pretty girlish face, had his knee all broken into splinters, with no possibility of saving the leg. General Ducrot's surgeon-in-chief came to visit the tents, and a consultation was held in English by the bedside. He entirely concurred in Dr. Swinburne's opinion, that the leg must come off, and the sooner the better; then, turning to the poor fellow, he broke the intelligence to him in the gentlest possible way. The lad received the news with composure, saying, "Certainly, sir; whatever you do is right. I know the best will be done for me."

In a short time, the doctors left the tent, to make preparations for the amputation. Curiously enough, though twenty-four hours had elapsed since the

wound, he had not yet felt any pain; but during the half hour that passed before the doctors were ready, sharp pains began to run through the knee. He was not at all agitated at the prospect of the operation, but was quietly cheerful; and I wondered at first whether he had understood the doctor. He did understand it, however, and gave me his name and address to write to his family.

What a horrid thing is war! This poor lad, for he was just twenty-one, a slight, delicate fellow, had been a grocer's assistant before the war. In September, he volunteered as a *franc tireur*, and the very first time he was under fire, he was maimed for life. He was married, too, and it made him smile to see what surprise the announcement invariably caused.

It made my heart sick to watch the attendants bearing him off in his bed, and know that he was to pass under the knife, to be made a cripple—supposing that he survived. And when he was brought back, looking rather paler, but perfectly calm, it cost an effort to receive him without tears. "Ca va bien, Edmond, mon enfant?" "Très bien, madame," was his quiet reply.

Mr. Wingfield, who helped to carry him back, said that the effect of the chloroform had scarcely passed away, and probably he did not yet know what had been done. It was thought better to let him recover entire consciousness in the place he was to occupy. We put his bed in a corner of the centre compartment; and almost before we had time to settle the pillows, he asked me to fill and light his pipe. He smoked in silence, and after a while I saw his hand stealing down the side of his right leg, to assure himself of what had taken place. And a few minutes later, when I went to the other end of the tent, he said to the occupant of the nearest bed, "Do you know what has happened to me?" The other man knew perfectly, but he replied, "Quoi donc?" "My leg has been cut off." To which the second could find nothing to say but "Tiens!" And there the conversation dropped for the evening.

Edmond's composure was a marvel to us. It scarcely ever left him. The first evening, for a little while, he was restless—sighing, and turning his head on the pillow—till suddenly he said he was faint; but some brandy and beef tea brought back his strength, and we had the comfort of seeing him fall asleep. His brother and sister-in-law came that same evening, and he received them affectionately, but without showing any emotion, except for a moment, when he charged them not to tell his wife that he had lost his leg. She had been ill, and he feared it would distress her too much.

The next day his wife came, and after many warnings of the necessity of perfect quiet, was allowed to see him. Nothing could be more calm than their

meeting. She was a nice, gentle, little thing, and behaved very well, with a self-possession that equalled his. She shed a few tears, but smiled through them, and told him she did not mind his leg being cut off at all, it would keep him always at home, instead of going off to fight any more, and it was so much better than what she had feared when she found he did not come back. She thought he was killed all one night, and when the truth came, it was an immense relief.

The doctor ordered the tent to be kept as quiet as possible, and yet he wished a cheerful tone to be manifest. My general custom was to sit sewing in the centre compartment, where every bed was in sight, and from time to time to walk through, or go and chat from bed to bed. Some liked to be read to; some preferred a book to themselves; some were too weary and feverish for anything but a turning of the pillows, a smoothing of the covering, a cool hand laid on the forehead, or a whispered "Mon pauvre enfant." As a general rule, they were easy to nurse, tractable, and grateful. One of the men was difficult to manage; but a bullet had laid bare a nerve, and we were ready to make every allowance. Poor fellow! He was a peasant from the Midi; had always lived in the open air, and now, with his undisciplined nature, he was bound in chains of suffering! He used to get into terrible rages, but always expressed regret for them. One day, a strange curé, passing through, said something he intended to be soothing; but Jean did not so understand it. We were really frightened to see the passion into which he threw himself. He came to himself by seeing one of the ladies quite alarmed. He laughed to hear her say that she was afraid of him; and it often amused him afterward, when she would ask, referring to a phrase of his own, "Are you a lion or a lamb to-day?" Once he answered, "Oh, a whole flock of lambs, madame."

The third day after Malmaison was Sunday; all the wounds were in a feverish state; the men were more irritable than the day before; it was a critical day with Edmond, and a sense of anxious responsibility weighed upon me. I sat by his bedside, doing nothing, but looking about. Edmond was evidently nervous; he watched me for some time, and at last said, "Your bag is there, madame, under that pillow." In a moment I saw it all, and, after an instant's repugnance, I got my work-bag and began to sew on my ordinary week-day work. The tranquilizing effect was wonderful. Edmond was content to watch the needle going in and out, and I was surprised to see how soon it influenced him soothingly.

When the doctor came in, I said, "You see me deliberately sewing on Sunday for the first time in my life, but it has such a quieting influence upon this one (indicating Edmond), that my duty is clear."

"You are quite right," answered the doctor; "and

I was glad to see you. It is a matter now of life or death with some of these poor fellows, and you must neglect no means of saving them. Nurses often fail to understand a general effect; but nothing, however trifling, should be neglected in a sick-room."

None but those who have gone through the same experience can understand how fond the nurses become of their patients. Many of these were ignorant peasants, in health perhaps rough and vulgar creatures, but here refined and ennobled by suffering, bringing constantly to mind the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me;" so that we felt it a privilege. But it was not a sentimental matter, by any means, as a very few hours in one of the tents could prove to the most romantic young novel-reader.

At an early service in the Madeleine, before going to my work, a lady who knelt by me joined me as we came out, and said, "Pardon, madame, your red cross tells me that you are an *ambulancière*."

"Yes, madame, at your service."

"And you go every day to nurse the wounded?"

"Yes, madame."

"Oh, madame, c'est idéale, c'est poétique."

I smiled, without answering. She waited an instant, then said, "Why do you smile?"

Forced to reply, I said, "Ma chère dame, if there is one thing on earth that is real and practical, that is *not* ideal and poetical, it is serving in an ambulance. If you choose to pass ten minutes at 36 Avenue de l'Impératrice, you can have the proof, any day you like."

"What do you mean?" she asked; "it seems so beautiful to me. Now, what did you do yesterday, for example?"

Whereupon I gave her a detailed and unvarnished relation of the day before, rather setting down in malice all the disagreeables. She hesitated a moment; then, with a Frenchwoman's grace, she took my hand, saying, "Non, madame, ce n'est pas poétique, c'est sublime."

But she never came up to the ambulance, for all her enthusiasm.

Our Anglo-Saxon names were impossibilities to the French tongues of the men,* and we found they had

* I cannot refrain from giving an example of the difficulty foreigners have with apparently easy English names. One evening we took a young Englishman to a soiree at the house of a Polish lady in Paris. He was introduced to people called Czartoryska, Czetwertynska, Ciechanowska, Dzierbitzka, Giedroyc, Zchowsky, and so on. He was presented to all; managed to pronounce all the above very creditably, and made a most favorable impression. But nobody could utter his name, even when it was written out. "Why will you English have such impossible names?" said one lady, who was herself one mass of consonants. "Can anybody expect ever to say easily *Car-michael*?"

to invent a descriptive one for each of us, as *la grande dame*, *la petite dame*, etc. One lady was called *la petite mère*; my own men called me *ma tante*, being the name given to me in loving jest by many adopted nieces and nephews. We spoke to each as *mon enfant*, or gave him his name—never a number, as was the case in some military hospitals. Perhaps the personal relations thus established made them more easy to manage, but certainly I never had any cause to complain of my charges. Once, when two Zouaves were telling stories of old campaigns, something was said which raised a laugh, but which I did not catch. On asking what it was, the soldier hesitated a moment, then answered, “*Ma tante, c’était un mot militaire—no use to repeat it.*”

“Ah, I see. Well, you have always heard that Englishwomen are queer. I don’t like *mots militaires*. We can’t help it; that’s the way we are made. I am only here in the day-time, my children; please don’t use military words before me, they pain me.”

At once they answered earnestly, “Never; we promise you.” And from that time no word was uttered in my presence which could give the slightest annoyance.

One more incident, and this paper must be brought to a close.

One of the wounded, tossing in pain, exclaimed, “*Ah, que je souffre! Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*”

“Why do you call on God?” said his next neighbor; “don’t you know that God has forsaken us, and gone over to the Prussians?”

“He did well!” called out another. “He did not leave us till we first forsook and denied Him. Now He is punishing us, and He will not come back—*n’est ce pas, ma tante?*”

“It is true that the French have forsaken God,” I replied, “and that His hand is heavy upon you now; but it is not true that He will not return. Turn to Him, and you will find Him more loving, more ready to forgive, than any earthly father. Never insult Him by feeling that He is implacable. He is more ready to receive us, than we are to go and ask pardon at His feet.”

I could fill a whole number in writing of this period—the most deeply interesting one of my life—but your readers have probably had enough for one month. If you care for more about ambulances, another time I will tell you of my fortnight at Versailles, and my daily visits to the Prussian wounded in the chateau.

THE LESSON OF PARIS.—After the first paroxysm of surprise and horror at the atrocities committed in Paris by the vanquished and the victors, the nations of Europe, including the English, will do well to ask themselves whether the classes who have been slaughtering one another have any counterpart at

home. The question is not a pleasant one to answer, and the Germans are already said to be shrinking nervously from putting it or replying to it. Englishmen, perhaps, will at once give an angry negative. Yet the burnings and massacres of Paris have unquestionably been perpetrated by the soldier and the workingman; and nobody can deny that the soldier and the workingman are coming to the front of society in England. Is it, then, possible to discern any of the causes which have brought the corresponding classes in France to this pitch of depravity?

The assertion may be made, without any hesitation, that the cause which has done most to debauch the population of Paris has been the grossest and basest flattery. If this population is not materially worse than that of many great cities, it is assuredly not greatly better. It may be industrious and ingenious, but it is extremely vicious; it is very ignorant; it has long since abandoned religion, and all but ceased to believe in the relations of the family. Yet a series of great authorities has insisted on its apocryphal virtues, and apologized for its undoubted crimes. Archbishop Manning, the other day, had the hardihood to declare that the outrages of the Communists proceeded exclusively from their desertion of the Church. Yet there is no historical parallel more accurate than that between the Paris of the reformation and the Paris of the revolution; and the most famous of older Parisian crimes—the massacre of St. Bartholomew—produced nothing but compliments from a Pope now understood to have been infallible. What popes were once, great writers are now; and very many great Frenchmen and a few Germans have written themselves into a belief, with which they have infected the people of Paris, that, as a body, Parisians are incapable of sin, and endowed with supernatural intelligence. Nobody can have read French novels or modern French histories without finding Paris spoken of as semi-sacred, and the opinions of Paris as partaking of Divine inspiration. The maddest of the men of genius who have adopted this tone—Victor Hugo—wrote, only the other day: “Paris on one side—the world on the other—this is equilibrium.” Accustomed to hear the great crimes of their forefathers explained away or represented as virtues, and to have a mysterious importance attached to any theory which they may choose to entertain, the Parisian masses have literally brought themselves to think that any denial of their political doctrines is sacrilege, and that any outrages by which they may show their resentment at the denial are pardonable, and probably reasonable. And just as the people of Paris have been demoralized by base flattery on one side, so have their military conquerors been demoralized by base flattery on the other. The calamitous German war has, of course, done much to sober the

military pride of Frenchmen, but it has done nothing to cure the French army of another set of opinions with which it has been sedulously inoculated. It is not so much the teaching of the school of historians, headed by M. Thiers, as the peculiar line of eulogy adopted during the second empire, which has made the soldiers of Versailles so merciless in victory. They were carefully taught for twenty years to consider themselves the sole safeguard of order, the saviors of society, the exorcists of the Red Spectre. The enemies, whom they have now under their heel, are not merely the incendiaries of the Tuileries and the Hôtel de Ville, but the very foe for whose suppression, in 1851, they have always been told that France was eternally indebted to them.

The English army has hitherto been very little spoiled by compliments from military or civil authority. Some of its great captains have seemed to take especial pleasure in disparaging the materials of which it is composed; and on the rare occasions on which it is called upon to undertake the duties of civil police, its most conspicuous characteristic is extreme hesitation and reluctance to act. But it is passing through a serious transformation, and we may be permitted to hope that, whatever fate is reserved for it, it may always be spared the compliments which are lavished on the volunteers. If, however, there are but few symptoms of our demoralizing our soldiers by flattery, there are signs in abundance of our being likely to demoralize our workingmen. It seems to us, in fact, that the two great English political parties are engaged in a competition of immoral eulogy, for the purpose of winning over the workman, who is their master. / From Mr. Mill, who avows his tenderness for the Land and Labor League, to the younger politicians, from whom has proceeded the Trades Union bill, Liberal politicians are obviously trying to persuade themselves that there must be some basis of common-sense in the wildest theories of the English workman. It may be reasonably believed of him that he would not burn down London, even if he had a chance; but it has not unfairly been said of him, that, if it entered into his head to do it, he would apply the match to the petroleum, not in the spirit of wild rage which possessed the Commune, but on the calmer principles of trade-union organization. There is not so very wide a difference of principle between setting a row of houses on fire to make work for the bricklayer, and making the building slower by limiting the number of bricks which may be carried up a ladder in a hod. At all events, to whatever extravagances he may be carried, we may be quite sure that there will always be Liberal politicians to discover that he is substantially in the right. But whatever be the sins of this sort committed by the Liberals, they are fully equalled by the sins of the Conserva-

tives. The Conservative workingman, so far as he exists, is kept to his colors by the worst kind of flattery. A perpetual supply of speeches, to impress on him that his rough and sturdy good sense must show him that Mr. Gladstone is an impostor, constitutes an agency by which the authors of the reform act of 1867 expect to stem the democracy, to which they threw the floodgates wide open.

The lesson of the latest and most terrible passage in French history will have been read by Englishmen when they have learned to speak the truth to the classes in this country who answer socially to the authors of the Parisian outrages. All classes among us have assuredly their faults, but each of them, except those at the bottom, hear a great deal of plain speaking on the subject. The aristocracy, the landholders, the capitalists, the clergy, the shopkeepers, and the literary men, have only to turn over the volumes of Thackeray, Dickens, or Trollope, on their shelves, and they will find a great deal about their order which it is good for them to read. The working class alone is at present without critics or censors. It is not good for them to form unmeaning processions, and to break park palings. It is not good for them to call one another "citizen," and demand the abolition of the throne. It is not good to join in unreasonable strikes, to molest the more skilful workman, and to read political economy upside down. There is no dignity in labor, except so far as it earns leisure, and, through leisure, cultivation. A little reiteration of these simple truths would do a vast deal more for the English working man than all the honeyed compliments of philosopher or lord.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE "WAR VICTIMS' " FUND.—The *Times* observes that a few weeks ago it was urged, as a justification for imposing the charges of military reorganization on the payers of income tax, that they, and they alone, derived substantial advantages from the security of the kingdom. What, it was said, had the poor to lose? What damage could be suffered by the working man or the peasant, the village artisan or the agricultural laborer? Why should they be taxed for protection when they had nothing to be protected? This argument did not probably carry much weight or exercise much influence; but if any persons were deluded by its transparent fallacies, the *Times* recommends them to correct their impressions by a perusal of the reports arriving periodically from the distributors of the "War Victims' Fund." The ruined, the famishing, and the houseless are not returned in official lists. They make no figure in bulletins of victory or statistics of defeat, but probably for every soldier wounded in battle at least ten working men are rendered equally helpless by the effects

of war. No doubt, the richer classes had their sufferings also, but when it is mentioned that except for English benevolence large tracts of the land of France would have remained unsown this season, it will soon be seen how direct is the interest of the laboring classes in averting invasion. Not without warrant do the distributors observe that, "besides these material benefits which it has been our privilege thus to aid in conveying to afflicted France, we trust that something has been done by them toward erasing any old national enmity lingering against us among the peasantry and farmers, as also any latent grudge on account of our neutrality in the late war in the minds of others." We share these hopes, the *Times* says, but offences, whether real or imaginary, make, it is to be feared, a deeper impression than services or favors, and we must not be too exacting in our anticipations of gratitude. On our efforts, not to say achievements, we may certainly look back with some satisfaction. "An inspiring feeling," says the report, "was diffused among the broken-down peasantry on learning that there were others who cared for them;" and we can readily believe it. For nearly a year France has been practically without any Government excepting a military administration, and the French people have been so over-governed that they miss the control and support of the familiar authorities. It must have encouraged them to discover that somebody was taking thought for their difficulties; and perhaps this direct and friendly contact between British and French husbandmen may kindle a warmer feeling of thankfulness than larger and more costly offerings.

GENERAL TROCHU ON "ENGLISH LUXURY."—The *Telegraph*, referring to General Trochu's assertion that France had been "invaded by two plagues—English luxury and Italian corruption," remarks that two more astounding indictments were probably never framed by a rational Frenchman against two friendly and neighboring nations. English luxury infecting France! Of what in the name of common sense shall we hear next? Persons not so wondrously wise, not so profoundly abstruse in their reasoning faculties as General Trochu, might be inclined to think that between 1852 and 1870 a vast number of successful attempts were made to introduce English comfort and cleanliness with a love for English recreations and field sports into France, and that the majority of these efforts were successful. Such persons might also believe that the Treaty of Commerce, enabling the French to purchase a number of articles of necessity at a cheap rate, deluged England with

articles of French manufacture, which, to our middle and humble classes, were really luxuries. It was reserved for the honorable gentleman from Brittany to inform us that henceforth England must be known not as "perfidious," but as "luxurious Albion." It is to be hoped that the ambiguous compliment will not make us vain; otherwise, in a few weeks there will be Englishmen found ready to maintain that our filthy and dingy coffee-houses are much more luxurious than the Boulevard cafés, and that the English lodging-house method of cooking mutton-chops and potatoes is infinitely preferable to the cuisine of Bignon's or the Trois Frères. Had we time and inclination to enter the lists of controversy with the gallant General, it would be easy to show that France has had little need to import either luxury or corruption from foreign countries.

PARISIAN WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—The women, as so often has happened, especially in France, in periods of excitement, seem worse than the men. The unsexing of themselves with which they begin, ends in a still more violent revulsion from the normal condition of humanity than that of men. That they destroy the innocent with the guilty (from their own point of view) seems not to strike them when they fire streets and houses, and, horrible as it is, one dare not allow one's self only ordinary feelings when one hears of their being bayoneted like men, by the infuriated soldiers. One of the dreadful concomitants of a city taken by storm, after a desperate resistance, we do not hear of, and we may be thankful—the outrages on female honor and on property, which have so often sickened the hearts of men as they read history. The soldiery are maddened, no doubt, by the desperate resistance of the rebels, and by the assassinations and brutalities of all kinds with which they have been assailed, and we must extend to them something of the same kind of allowance which we make usually in such cases; but they are under control of their officers on the whole, and exhibit but few of the most revolting characteristics of their class. It is easy for us at our desks to call for discrimination and mercy, but what should we do ourselves if, engaged in a righteous cause like this, we found ourselves taking prisoner a woman in man's uniform who, before she can be stopped, shoots down an officer and three soldiers? Or how should we deal with a band of beautiful Delilahs who decoyed a squadron of our men into their den, and then poisoned them all to a man? These stories seem to be more than mere rumor.—*English Correspondence of The Churchman.*

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AUGUST, 1871.

No. 2.

The Church Calendar.

THE COMMUNICANT INSTRUCTED.

- 6. Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
- 13. Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
- 20. Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
- 24. St. Bartholomew's Day.
- 27. Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

By means of the lessons under this head, it is intended to instruct young Churchmen in a right understanding of the Prayer Book, and the proper manner of using it. It is of infinite importance that there should be a right appreciation of the sense and fitness of what they say, and do, and hear, in the morning and evening services of the Church, so that public worship may be performed with understanding, to the glory of God, and their own eternal good.

The Prayer Book is called THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, which means joint or united prayer. St. Chrysostom called it "Common and united prayer," in the true spirit of our Lord's words, "That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gath-

ered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." This concord of prayer can only be done by a *form* common to all. By all thus praying together, they enjoy a oneness or commonness of agreement as to what they ask of God, and which the last prayer of the morning and evening service calls "common supplication." The first Christians prayed with "one accord," *i. e.*, all together.

It is noteworthy, by all who join in the worship of our beloved Church, that she has prescribed a part for every one of her children to take. None must be idle, listless, or irreverend. There is work for all in responsive prayer, psalm, and song. To the stranger, this seems mysterious and confusing; but to the child of the Church all is simple, plain, delightful, and refreshing; full of unction and Divine blessedness.

To make this plain, the *rubrics* must be read and understood. In order to which, dear reader, take your Bible and Prayer Book, and sit down and follow me in this

short lesson, a few of which, briefly given and carefully studied, will soon make you familiar with the Book of Common Prayer.

In the Order of Morning Prayer, we first meet with a direction to the minister how to begin the service, printed in what are called *italic letters*. This, and other directions like it, standing at the head of the several parts of the Church service, and which teach the manner of conducting it, are called "rubrics," because they were formerly printed in red letters, and the word "rubric" means *red*. The services being conducted according to these directions, you should attend to them carefully, that with decency and order you may join with the whole congregation, and take your part in everything that is done, in accordance with St. Paul's instruction, "Let all things be done decently and in order."—I. Cor. xiv. 40.

By reading the first rubric, and paying strict attention to it, you will learn that the minister is to begin morning prayers by the reading of certain "sentences of Scripture."

I wish here to observe that the rubrics are the highest laws of the Church. They cannot be altered but by a general council of the Church. No minister should disobey them, by omission or commission. The services of the Church should always be conducted according to them; and they are rules and laws of Church authority.

The introductory sentences are taken from the very words of God, because they are fittest to make us serious and attentive to the duty to which they particularly direct us, viz., sorrow for sin, the confession of it, and the forsaking it.

A minister of one of the denominations, some time ago went to one of our churches in Maine. He had never heard our beautiful service before, and was so struck with the impressiveness of the opening sentences, as read by the clergyman, that he resolved at once to buy a Prayer Book and study its contents. He did this with so

much satisfaction and pleasure that he entered on a course of preparation for the holy ministry; he resigned his former relations, was, after a while, regularly ordained, and is now a useful clergyman in the Church; and all the result, under God's heavenly blessing, of our services beginning with the words of Holy Scripture.

"NEVER GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO PRAY."

This sentence occurs in the report of the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, which met at Washington the other day. While the subject of *prayer-meetings* was being discussed, the question was asked: "What do you do with people who persistently indulge in long prayers?" which was promptly answered, "*Never* give them a chance to pray." What an ungenial expression! What an anti-Christian sentiment it breathes! How unlike the words of Jesus, of Paul, and of John! How harsh such words would have sounded from their lips of love and gentleness!

"*Never give them a chance to pray.*" The words haunted me. They seemed so dissonant with the spirit of grace and mercy so much needed by every man. Christ and Paul would have no place in the *Young Men's* prayer-meeting; for the one prayed *all the night*, and the other preached and prayed till midnight. Their indulgence in long prayers would have ruled them out, as the young men would "never give *them* a chance to pray."

The abettors of extemporary prayer continually boast that the distinguishing excellence of that mode over *forms* is, that the former is inspired by the Holy Spirit, while the latter is not. What an insult, then, to that Holy Spirit who inspires men to pray in the prayer-meeting, but whose brethren "never give them a chance to pray," because they may haply pray too long! O Jesus, does the length of a sinner's prayer offend Thy merciful ears?

"*Never give them a chance to pray!*" How this savor of carnal policy—of dapper officiousness—which assumes to sit in judgment on the *value* of prayer, extemporary though it be. It seems to say, whoever prays must pray so as to please men, so as not to offend or fatigue the critical hearer by its length. The prayer may be warm, gushing up from a full heart; it may be fervent, devout, and couched in language appropriate to piety and worship; it may contain the experience of ripeness, the wisdom of age, the richness of autumnal Christian life; but it is too long, and, therefore, the young man from the Young Men's Christian Association rules it out! He is the prayer-leader, the sole judge of the mental and moral *value* of prayer, and he decides imperatively, "*Never to give them a chance to pray!*"

How thankful I felt, when reading the above report, that I belonged to the Church that worshipped God by a liturgical form of common prayer, by which all "could pray with *one accord*," after the primitive usage, without the annoyance of a neat and nimble young man from the Young Men's Christian Association, sitting in judgment on our worship, and admonishing one that he was "too long," and another that he was "too loud," and a third that he was "too dry," and the like. I thanked God from my heart that our good old Prayer Book, like the Bible, gave every one "*a chance to pray.*"

Our experience in prayer-meetings of this sort has not been so happy as we sincerely could have wished it. Once upon a time, we did attend an Evangelical Alliance prayer-meeting. Deacon H—— was called up to pray. He was introduced by name,

and in due form and dignity took his stand, for no one kneeled, that we could see. Deacon H—— began thus: "O God Almighty, we ask Thee to *permit* Thy Son Jesus to stand at Thy right hand to pray for us." Once more we attended, when a gray-headed minister occupied about six minutes in telling God how much *we* knew about *Him*; and another aged minister took up about the same amount of time in telling God how much *He* knew about *us* and our ways. Yet it was not confession, it was not worship: it seemed to us simply a kind of makeshift to occupy time. It aroused our curiosity, but not our devotion.

We have read of a worthy deacon, who, in the prayer-meeting, addressed God thus; "O God, we do not wish to *dictate* to Thee; but we beg leave to *suggest* that we have great need of a revival here. Our Church is cold, is dead," and the like. Yet these brethren constantly declare that extemporary prayer is marked by the fact that it is inspired by the Holy Ghost; but really this style of inspiration gives us but a poor opinion of the inspiring power and grace of that Holy Being, who is said, by St. Paul, to "help our infirmities."

We constantly hear of complaints being made of the prayer-meetings, of "long prayers," and of "preaching prayers," and of "gossipy prayers," and of "dull prayers," and of "sly hints in prayer," and of "innuendoes," and the like, which have strongly reminded us of the old-fashioned people who used to love to pray standing, so as to be heard and seen of men, which animus once taking possession of the mind, to pray so as to please men, then of course those who cannot or will not please men, must "*never have a chance to pray!*"

"Why don't you give us a little Greek and Latin occasionally?" asked a country deacon of a new minister. "Why, do you

understand those languages?" was asked. "No; but we pay for the best, and ought to have it."

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

COLLECT.

O Almighty and everlasting God, who didst give to Thine Apostle Bartholomew grace truly to believe and preach Thy Word; Grant, we beseech Thee, unto Thy Church, to love that Word which he believed, and both to preach and receive the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

When first earth's rulers welcomed home
The Church, their zeal impressed
Upon the Seasons, as they come,
The image of their guest.

Men's words and works, their hopes and fears,
Henceforth forbid to rove,
Paused, when a Martyr claimed her tears,
Or Saint inspired her love.

But craving wealth and feverish power
Such service now discard;
The loss of one excited hour
A sacrifice too hard!

Lyra Apostolica.

"AUNT JANE, Aunt Jane, where are you?
We want you so much; we want to ask you
for leave for a very great treat."

"And what is this very great treat to be,
that makes you all so eager," said Mrs.
Miller to her little nieces and nephew, Alice,
Sarah, and Henry Brown.

"O aunt, Martha Lewis has been here to
invite us all to go to the fair with her to-
morrow at nine o'clock; her brothers are
going to take her and a great many other
children in one of Mr. Lewis's farm carts,
and we shall have such fun! O do let us
go, dear aunt; and may we spend our new
shillings that grandfather gave us?"

"You know you said we should go to the
fair," said Alice, eagerly, for she half feared
from her aunt's grave looks, that they would
not obtain the desired permission.

"I said that you should go to the fair,
my dear children," said Mrs. Miller, "and
I hope to be able to keep my promise, and
take you there in the afternoon. Your uncle
is going to buy a horse, and I have some
purchases to make, and I am very glad to
be able to give you the pleasure. I cannot
consent to your going with Martha Lewis,
there are many reasons why I should not
do so; but I will tell you of one which

would be quite sufficient, even were there
no other objection: to-morrow is St. Bar-
tholomew's Day, and we shall go to church
in the morning. So now go and play again,
for I am very busy at present, but when the
clock strikes five come in to tea, and we
will talk about to-morrow and all its
pleasures."

Henry and Sarah thanked their aunt, and
ran off to play hide-and-seek among the
raspberry bushes. They were sorry not to
have a long day at the fair, but they knew
that their aunt never said a thing which she
did not mean, and they did not think of
being ill-tempered because they could not
have exactly their own way; but Alice stood
still, looking gloomy and cross, until her
aunt spoke again, and said:

"Alice, my dear, go and play with your
brother and sister; thank Martha kindly for
her invitation, but say that I have fixed to
take you myself in the afternoon."

Alice did not move, but at last she said,
"If you would only let me go, aunt, I am
older than the others, and I would be very
steady: you know I can go to church any
day, but the fair will be only once a year,
and I have never been to one."

Mrs. Miller looked grave, but she only
said, "I have given you my answer, Alice,
I will talk to you by-and-by." So Alice
left the room slowly, but instead of joining
her brother and sister, she climbed upon a
heap of stones and leaned over the garden
wall, and told Patty James, who lived next
door, and who was going with Martha Lewis
to the fair, how cross her aunt was, and how
she would not let her go, just because she
wished it so much.

Alice knew how wrong she was, and her
heart pricked her all the time, for her aunt

had adopted her and her brother and sister, when their parents died, and they were without a home in the world, and she and her husband loved them as if they were their own children.

Mr. Miller was a gardener, and supplied the neighboring town with fruit and flowers, so that he could afford to give a hearty welcome and a happy home to his sister's children. And the little Browns loved both uncle and aunt dearly, as it was natural they should do, but Alice was now in a naughty temper, and very bad, ungrateful thoughts arose in her mind. She heard her little brother and sister calling her, but she took no notice of them, and when the clock struck five, she turned slowly toward the house, and seated herself at the tea-table without offering to help her aunt to spread the bread and butter for the younger ones, or to lift the kettle, or make herself useful in any way, which it was generally a pleasure to her to do.

Mrs. Miller saw that the little girl was giving way to wrong feelings, but she did not notice it then; her husband came in to tea, and Henry and Sally, who were quite full of their expected treat, talked eagerly to him about how far it was to Shoreham, where the fair was to be held, and of how long a time they should have to spend in the town. They were very much occupied, too, in deciding what they should buy, and their uncle said that if they could purchase half the things they talked of with their money, Shoreham fair would be the most wonderful place in the world!

"But what is the matter with Alice, that she looks so grave, is she not to be one of the party?" he asked kindly.

Alice said nothing, but hung down her head, and her aunt replied, "Alice is discontented because I cannot let her go to the fair with Martha Lewis, and I fear she is indulging self-willed thoughts."

Alice was very sorry to see her kind uncle and aunt look grave and displeased with her, and she longed to say how unhappy

she was, and to confess all her naughtiness, but she could not make up her mind to do this at once, for she recollected that when she had climbed up the wall to talk to Patty, she had disobeyed her aunt, who had forbidden her children to do it, because she feared they might slip and hurt themselves.

And she knew that she should be punished for an act of wilful disobedience, she feared that her aunt might think it right to keep her from the fair, if she knew how naughty she had been; so she made up her mind to say nothing about having climbed the wall this time, and never to do so any more; and then, thought she, there can be no harm in not telling of it this once. So she tried to put away her ill temper and the remembrance of her fault together; she spoke cheerfully and said:

"Aunt may we not go out to play now?"

"Yes, if you like, my love," replied Mrs. Miller; "and I will follow you soon, that we may have a little conversation about to-morrow."

Now, Alice had taken a step in the right direction when she tried to overcome her temper, but she was doing very wrong in determining to conceal her fault, and her conscience began to tell her this presently. At first she tried not to listen to it, and she ran very fast and was very noisy, but she could not be happy, and it was well for her that it was so, and that she had not learnt to harden her heart against this inward monitor. She felt very miserable, and at last she stopped and said a prayer to God in her heart to help her to act rightly; and then she no longer doubted what she ought to do.

She went at once into the house, and said, "If you please, aunt, may I speak to you? I am very unhappy, and I have been very naughty."

Mrs. Miller sat down and drew the little girl close to her, and listened gently while Alice told her all. She was very glad that she confessed it openly, and when she cried and hid her face in her lap, and

asked to be forgiven, she talked to her of One far greater than herself Whom she had offended, and of Whom she must seek pardon, even her Heavenly Father.

"You know, my dear child," she said, "that I forgive you with all my heart; but do you not remember what I said when little Henry climbed the wall the other day?"

"Yes, aunt, you said that if we were disobedient you must punish us," and Alice spoke firmly now, for she was really humble, and she was more sorry to have done wrong than that she must submit to the consequences of her fault.

Mrs. Miller thought for a minute, and then she said, "This is Monday, Alice; I shall not give you leave to play in the garden again till Thursday; I am sorry to deprive you of pleasure, but you know why I do it."

"Yes," said Alice, "and indeed I will try to remember, and not to disobey you again. I cannot think how I could be so wicked as to say such ungrateful things. I did not mean them, indeed I did not."

"When we give way wilfully to one fault, we generally commit a great many, my child; you indulged a wayward temper, and Satan tempted you to disobey and to speak many things which your heart told you were untrue, and you were cross with your little brother and sister, and refused to share their pleasure: and all these things grew out of the first naughty thought that you did not try to overcome."

Just then the children's merry voices were heard, begging their aunt to come into the garden. Little Sally saw that her sister had been crying, so she forgot that Alice had been cross to her, and threw her arms around her neck, saying, "Do come too, Ally, I want to show you my gooseberry bush; it is so full of fruit;" but Alice kissed her and said gently, "I must not come to-night, dear, because I have done what aunt told us not to do, and it is my punishment."

Alice did not know that her aunt was within hearing, for she was talking to Henry at the window, but she did hear and was pleased to find that Alice owned her fault frankly; she walked a little while with the younger children, and then she brought them in with her, and sat down to talk with them, putting a chair next herself for Alice.

"O, aunt, will you tell us a story?" exclaimed Henry and Sally.

"I am going to talk to you, but I do not know that you will call what I shall say, a story," said Mrs. Miller; "tell me what day to-morrow will be?"

"St. Bartholomew's Day, you said, aunt."

"And who was St. Bartholomew?"

"He was one of the twelve Apostles."

"Do you remember what I told you on St. James's Day, about the commemoration of the Saints on especial days?"

"Yes," replied Alice, "you told us that the Church set apart these days that we might thank God, who sent forth His servants to preach the good news of Salvation to all lands, and that we might remember the doctrine that they taught, and try to follow their holy example."

"To-morrow will be one of these days, and do you think it would be right for those who are not prevented by other duties from spending an hour in prayer and praise in the house of God, and trying to keep the day holy as the Church appoints, to prefer instead to pass the whole day in idle amusement?"

"No, aunt."

"I know what you mean," said Henry, "you are thinking that we wanted to go to the fair instead of to church."

Mrs. Miller smiled, and said she was glad they understood her meaning, and then she went on: "If the Squire's lady were to invite you to play in her garden, and to spend the day with her children, do you think that you would refuse; would you say, 'we cannot come, because Patty James asked us to play with her, and we like it better; we will come, if you please, another day?'"

"O, aunt, how can you think of such a thing? the Squire's lady would not invite us; if she did, of course we should go."

"Or if the Queen were to send for you to the court, do you think you could say that you had another pleasure you liked better to accept?"

The children laughed outright when their aunt said this, all but Alice, who looked thoughtful, for she knew that her aunt was thinking of her words.

"The King of kings has a house in this village," continued Mrs. Miller, "and He has sent us an invitation through His servant, the minister, to enter His courts to-morrow, but I know a little girl who would have stayed away for the sake of following her own fancies, and who thought that any day would do to go to church; do not look sad, Alice. I am not reproving you, my child; we are all too apt to think and say the same, grown-up people as well as children, I fear; but what I wish to show you is that we cannot please God by going to His house, unless we love to serve Him, with all our hearts, and with all our souls, and with all our strength. And though by nature we are far from feeling this, yet we must not stay away and wait till we have grace to love to pray and to praise God.

"We must go and ask for the Holy Spirit in the place where God has promised to bestow it, and then we may expect a blessing, and be sure that God will teach us to love His courts on earth, and prepare us to enter into His presence hereafter. We read in the Psalms, the inspired words of David, 'In Thy presence is fulness of joy, at Thy right hand there is pleasure for evermore.' But it is only the heart which has been taught by the Holy Spirit, which will find delight in the employments of the Blessed in Heaven. We cannot become good all at once, still less can we make ourselves so, but if we try in everything to do the will of God, He will graciously teach us to serve Him aright.

"Do you remember what we are told in

the Bible about seeking first the kingdom of God?"

"Yes," said Alice, "our Saviour says, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

"Those things of which our Blessed Lord speaks, are food and clothing, and all the comforts which we call necessities of life, yet we are told not to put them before the concerns of our souls. The wants of the body will cease in a few short years, but the soul will live for ever, in happiness or misery; and if we are not to seek first what we shall eat, or what we shall drink, or wherewithal we shall be clothed, much less should we neglect our souls for the sake of these worldly amusements."

Mrs. Miller stopped when she had said this, for she saw that though Alice was listening attentively, Henry and Sally were beginning to look sleepy, so she said, "It will soon be bed-time, but we will talk a little about St. Bartholomew before you go. You remember that he is believed to have been the same with that Disciple of whom we read, under the name of Nathaniel. What did our Lord say when St. Philip brought Nathaniel to Him?"

"He said, 'Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile,' and Jesus said," continued Alice, reverently, "that He saw Nathaniel under the fig tree before Philip called him."

"Let us always remember then, my dear children, that the Lord Jesus reads our hearts and sees our thoughts as well as our actions, and let us try to be without guile; guile means deceit or any kind of falsehood. The Apostle Bartholomew labored diligently after the death of the Saviour to spread abroad in the world the knowledge of His glorious Gospel; he preached the truth through many heathen nations, and was put to a most cruel death, as it is believed, in Africa; he died comforting the converts to Christianity who stood around him, and exhorting them to steadfastness in the faith.

"Now we will not talk longer, for I see you are tired." So the children kissed their aunt and went to bed; Alice stayed behind the others to ask once more for forgiveness, and hear a few more kind words.

The children were dressed early the next morning, and ran to tell their uncle that it was very fine, though he had feared from the clouds the night before, that there was a storm in the air. Henry and Sally were very busy in the garden, before breakfast, helping him to gather fruit and flowers, and Alice, who knew that she might not join in this pleasure, made herself as useful as she could in many little ways in the house, and then sat down to learn the Collect for the day, by heart; the knowledge that she was trying to do what was right, and that her aunt was pleased with her, made her so happy, that when the cart passed by in which Martha Lewis and her companions were seated, laughing and talking very loud, she wondered that she had cared so very much to go with them.

It was soon time to prepare for church, and a pleasant walk it was down the shady lane. There were many people walking the same way, and some were hurrying in a contrary direction, in order to take the road to Shoreham, which was already thronged with carts and foot passengers on their way to the fair.

There was a sermon after the prayers in the church; the little Browns were very attentive to it, and Alice recollected the text perfectly, and repeated it to her aunt as they walked home, though it was a long one. It was this, "Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life; and few there be that find it."

It was dinner time when they reached home, and directly afterward they set off for Shoreham. They were a cheerful party, and had a very merry drive; little Henry sat

in front with his uncle, and as he held the whip, he fancied that he was of great use in driving, though he turned round so often to laugh and talk with his sisters, that it was well for them all that their uncle held the reins.

The children had each a bright shilling to spend, besides which their uncle had given them another in pence. They began to spend their money well, for they each gave a penny to a poor blind man, whose little boy held a gate open through which they had to pass; when they arrived at Shoreham they were quite bewildered with the many gay sights on either side of the road. There were booths of toys and fruit, cakes, and china ware, besides Punch and Judy. A show of wild beasts, dancing figures, and a juggler; then there were panoramas and puppet shows, tight-rope dancers, and children on stilts, and the streets were so noisy as well as crowded, that Alice thought to herself that she should have been quite frightened if she had been there alone.

When their uncle left them to go to that part of the fair where the cattle were kept, Mrs. Miller took the children to see a great many pretty things; they went first to a panorama of London, and then to a wild beast show, and afterward to some gardens where were swings, and merry go-rounds, and a pond. Mr. Miller joined them here, and took them in a boat; you may be sure that altogether they spent a very happy afternoon, especially as they met some of their little friends from the village in the gardens.

When all the sight-seeing was over, they went to the stalls where many pretty things were sold, and after a great deal of consideration, Henry laid out his money in a little boat for himself, and a doll for Sally, who wisely chose to spend hers in a pretty book of good pictures, which they could look at every Sunday. Alice bought a neat little work-basket for herself, and a flower-pot for her aunt.

Their uncle said, laughingly, that as no one had bought a toy for him, he must get some cakes as a fairing for himself: so he purchased some which they ate on their way home, for the afternoon's enjoyment had given them a good appetite. Alice had looked out often for Martha Lewis and her party, and at last, just as they were preparing to return, she saw Martha and her companions standing near a juggler who was performing some curious tricks; Martha's frock was torn, and she was talking and laughing in a very loud and not at all becoming manner, and the children who were with her were romping in a rude way, and and some of them were quarrelling. They seemed quite to have forgotten themselves in the excitement of the scene. The children noticed this, and Sally said she supposed it was because they had no one to take care of them, and they had been there all day alone.

Mrs. Miller made no remark to Alice, for she felt sure that the little girl was learning the lesson which she hoped the day's experience would teach her: that the path of obedience is the happiest as well as the safest.

The evening closed in fast before they reached home, and Sally was fast asleep in her aunt's lap the last few miles; not so Henry, he was as full of fun as when they had set out, and chatted away of all they had seen, to his uncle.

"Dear aunt," said Alice, "I am so glad

that you did not give me my own way, and that we went to church in the morning."

"And I am very glad that my dear niece should learn early in life, that no happiness can satisfy our hearts, if we follow it too eagerly, and forget God while we seek it," replied Mrs. Miller.

"There is a beautiful verse which says,
Why should we fear, youth's draught of joy,
If pure, should sparkle less?
Why should the cup the sooner cloy
Which God has deigned to bless?"

"I will read you to-morrow, the hymn in the 'Christian Year,' in which it is found: but see, here we are at home, and John is ready to hold the horse and old Susan is waiting to give us our supper, and to hear all our news."

When the little Browns were fast asleep in bed, an hour later, their kind uncle and aunt walked together in the garden talking of them, and of how they hoped that they might be able to train them in the right way.

"I feel," said Mrs. Miller, "that it is, if possible, a more sacred duty than if they were our own children; I can never forget their dear mother's last look at them, as she prayed to meet them again in heaven."

"God grant it," said Mr. Miller, fervently; "they have been very happy this afternoon; that is as it should be; I like to see duty and pleasure go hand in hand with children, and I hope that they will always remember St. Bartholomew's day with profit."

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

Jesus answered and said unto him: Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig-tree, believest thou? thou shalt see greater things than these.—St. John, i. 50.

Hold up thy mirror to the sun,
And thou shalt need an eagle's gaze,
So perfectly the polish'd stone
Gives back the glory of his rays:

Turn it, and it shall paint as true
The soft green of the vernal earth,

And each small flower of bashful hue
That closest hides its lowly birth.

Our mirror is a blessed book,
Where out from each illumined page
We see one glorious Image look,
All eyes to dazzle and engage.

The Son of God : and that indeed
 We see Him as He is, we know.
 Since in the same bright glass we read
 The very life of things below.

Eye of God's Word ! where'er we turn,
 Ever upon us ! thy keen gaze
 Can all the depths of sin discern,
 Unravel every bosom's maze :

Who that has felt thy glance of dread
 Thrill through his heart's remotest cells,
 About his path, about his bed,
 Can doubt what spirit in thee dwells.

"What word is this ? Whence know'st thou me ?"
 All wondering cries the humbled heart ;
 "To hear thee that deep mystery,
 The knowledge of itself, impart."

The veil is raised ; who runs may read,
 By its own light the truth is seen,
 And soon the Israelite indeed
 Bows down before the Nazarene.

So did Nathaniel, guileless man,
 At once not shame-faced or afraid,
 Owning Him God, who so could scan
 His musings in the lonely shade ;

In his own pleasant fig-tree's shade,
 Which by his household fountain grew,
 Where at noon-day his prayer he made,
 To know God better than he knew.

Oh ! happy hours of heavenward thought !
 How richly crowned ! how well improved !
 In musing o'er the law he taught,
 In waiting for the Lord he loved.

We must not mar with earthly praise
 What God's approving Word hath sealed ;
 Enough, if right, on feeble lays
 Take up the promise He revealed ;

The child-like faith, that asks not sight,
 Waits not for wonder or for sign,
 Believes, because it loves, aright—
 Shall see things greater, things Divine.

Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,
 And brightest angels to and fro
 On messages of love shall glide
 'Twixt God above, and Christ below.

So still the guileless man is blest,
 To him all crooked paths are straight,
 Him on his way to endless rest
 Fresh ever-growing strengths await.

God's witnesses, a glorious host,
 Compass him daily like a cloud ;
 Martyrs and seers, the saved and lost,
 Mercies and judgments cry aloud.

Yet shall to him the still small voice,
 That first into his bosom found
 A way, and fix'd his wavering choice,
 Nearest and dearest ever sound.

The Christian Year.

AN EASTER CUSTOM IN WALES.—The Welsh peasants have a pretty custom at Easter, showing an affectionate respect and love for the departed. During Passion-week, the quiet little village of L—— appeared unusually busy,—men, women, and children were in the churchyard cleaning the graves, and scrubbing the stones that marked the resting-places of dear ones "who had gone before."

The grave of the stranger was equally cared for, the labor bestowed on it was divided among them ; but when the glorious Sabbath dawned, like Mary of old they repaired early to the grave, with treasured flowers, carefully tended during the winter, and bright garlands to place on the spot so dear to them.

I remember on the Saturday, stopping at a cottage as usual, to speak to a very old woman ; I remarked what pretty flowers she had, especially one, a red rose, placed in the window, and said I should like to have it ; she replied, "she could not part with it, as she had carefully reared it to place on her old man's grave on Sunday."

"Indeed, I think no one could witness the scene in the churchyard on Easter Sunday without being touched. The bright graves, and the quaint holiday costumes of those lingering around them, seem a fit emblem of a Resurrection morn ; the dead are not so separated and far from the living, only sleeping a little, waiting a reunion.—*Penny Post.*

The Pastor from the Press.

THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."—*John, iii. 14, 15.*

THE Apostle Paul tells us that "whatsoever things were written aforetime," and among the rest the history of the people of Israel as we have it recorded in the Old Testament, "were written for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope." Our Lord himself appears to have sought in the text to promote this end, when He declared to Nicodemus—and to us through him—that the salvation which He himself came to effect was figured out in the healing of the children of Israel by their looking on the brazen serpent; for He evidently did so in order that we, by the exercise of a faith like unto theirs, might enjoy the "blessed hope of everlasting life which is given us in Him." The event to which He alludes is recorded in the twenty-first chapter of the book of Numbers. The Israelites had, by their murmurings, brought upon themselves the anger of God, which was evidenced in His sending fiery serpents to destroy them by their venomous bites. Moses, at their urgent request, intercedes for them with God, who directs him to make use of what might appear a very unlikely remedy, namely, to make a serpent of brass, and put it on a pole, promising that it should "come to pass, that every one that was bitten, when he looked upon it, should live." "And Moses," we read, "made a serpent of brass, and put it on a pole: and it came to pass that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass he lived." In the text we are told that in like manner was "the

Son of Man to be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."

In order to trace the resemblance in some of the chief particulars, let us consider—

I. Our deplorable state by reason of sin.

II. The remedy that is provided for us.
And

III. The means of applying that remedy.

I. We consider *our deplorable state by reason of sin*. Travelling through the wilderness of this life, professedly looking toward a heavenly Canaan, as the Israelites journeyed toward their land of promise, we are exposed to the deadly influence of sin, which "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Satan, who seeks the destruction of our souls, and who is called "the old serpent," as well from his having assumed the form of that animal in order to deceive our first parents, as from the venomous malignity of his nature, besets our path, and wounds us by means of "the fiery darts" of temptation. By means of these it was that he caused their fall. Then it was that he inflicted that mortal wound upon our race, whereby the poison of sin was infused into our spiritual system, marking us out as his easy prey. Encouraged by his success in that instance, he still seeks, by temptations of various kinds, to stir up this evil principle which exists within us, and to inflame our lusts and passions, the consequences of which are pain and grief to the tender conscience, and the

gnawings of "the worm that dieth not," to those who fall his victims; for this woe hath the God of heaven denounced against all such—against all who continue estranged from Him by a sinful nature, serving their own hearts' lusts instead of Him. He has declared "the soul that sinneth, it shall die." And oh! what a thing it is for a *soul* to die! to suffer the pains of death throughout eternity (for it cannot cease to exist) without alleviation, without hope! Yet, such a sentence have all the sons of men been brought under by reason of sin. Trifling, indeed, in comparison, were the pain and death which the Israelites suffered by reason of the bites of the fiery serpents: they caused but the suffering and death of the body; sin brings everlasting destruction both upon the body and the soul! It has involved us in a state of death and condemnation: "dead in trespasses and sins," we have come under the curse pronounced against all those "who continue not in all things that are written in the book of God's law to do them."

And is this a state in which to continue—exposed to a just sentence of death by reason of the poison of sin which has been infused into our souls, and unable to recover ourselves, as being also spiritually dead? Is there no remedy? Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Yes! there is a remedy; for, "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so was the Son of Man lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." We therefore consider,

II. *The remedy provided for us*, which is declared to be the "lifting up" of the Lord Jesus Christ. This is the remedy, and the only one that can counteract the poison of sin, and ward off its consequences.

It may perhaps at first appear strange that so holy and spotless a being as our blessed Saviour should be likened to so venomous a creature as a serpent. It is, however, be it remembered, to the *brazen*

serpent that He is compared, whose property it was to heal, while it possessed not the poisonous qualities of the animal it represented. He came "in the likeness of sinful flesh," but was at the same time "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners": made in all respects like to us, "yet without sin." A comparison may be drawn between two things directly opposite in *some* respects; and, where this is done in Scripture, we are not to extend it beyond the original intention of the Spirit of God. Thus our Lord's disciples were commanded by Him to be "*wise as serpents*," but certainly not to be *hurtful* as serpents, since they were to be also "*harmless as doves*." The unjust steward is also set before us as a pattern of *wisdom*; but it by no means follows that he is to be imitated in his *dishonest dealings*.

Let us then trace the resemblance which exists between our Lord and the brazen serpent, inasmuch as He was "lifted up" for the healing of nations.

The most obvious meaning of His being "lifted up" is, His having been nailed to the cross to shed His precious blood in order to wash away our sins. It was not possible for us to make any offering that could atone for the past. God's holy law had been broken by us, and nothing but the sentence of death being inflicted upon us or a fit substitute, could satisfy the demands of justice. Where, then, was such a substitute to be found in order that we might escape? No fallen man could stand in our place, for he would have sins of his own to be atoned for; and yet the substitute must be a *man*, because it was man that had offended. There, then, did the love of God triumph over this apparent difficulty. His only begotten Son took human nature upon Him, that He might stand in the sinner's place; bear his punishment; endure the hidings of His Father's face, and the sentence of His justice. He who was in His Divine nature raised "far above all principalities"; whom, as of the same es-

sence with the Father, "all the angels worship"; He who was thus "lifted up" by His divinity, condescended in His human nature, which He took upon Him for the purpose, to be "lifted up" as a malefactor.

There was an object suited to draw forth the admiration of angels: the incarnate Son of God pouring forth His soul in agony upon the cross, that He might reconcile rebellious sinners to their justly offended God. For *you* and for *me* it was that He was thus "lifted up." And what can we render as a sufficient tribute of praise for this His unspeakable love? Surely, "we are not our own" when "bought with [such] a price." Should not the souls He has ransomed, the lives He has preserved, be devoted to Him who redeemed them, "not with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with His own precious blood, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot"? "If I be lifted up," said He, "I shall draw all men to me." And is there not sufficient to draw us toward Him by the ties of love and gratitude, if we have indeed been brought to know and feel our need of the remedy He has provided for us; if we have felt the burden of sin, and the pangs of a wounded conscience, seeing that He endured all He did, that "we might not perish, but have eternal life"?

In another sense He is now "lifted up" as being "*exalted at God's right hand*" to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance and forgiveness of sins," as well as to act as Intercessor and "Advocate with the Father" in behalf of His people. This His exaltation is a source of confidence and comfort to all those who rest their hopes of salvation upon Him. They know that "all power is given to Him" as a *Prince*; that all grace and good-will abound in Him as a *Saviour*. And what more do their souls need? Are they fearful of the just consequences of their transgressions? He "gives remission of sins." Do they feel their own weakness and inability to turn to, and serve God of themselves? He also

"gives repentance," and "grace to help in every time of need." Conscientious though they be that "in them dwelleth no good thing," still they know that all that is good dwelleth in Him, and that He has undertaken to supply all their wants, out of His fulness; to give the victory over sin; to confer a crown of glory upon those who thus overcome.

Such is the Saviour to whom the Gospel directs you; one "lifted up" upon the cross to atone for your sins; and "exalted to the right hand of the Father" to plead for you, and to supply you with all you need to enable you to "finish your course with joy."

He is now also "*lifted up*" in the *preaching of the Gospel*, as a standard for all those who are anxious about their souls to rally around. We preach to you "Jesus Christ and Him crucified" as "the only name under heaven given amongst men whereby they must be saved." Our desire is to "set Him evidently before you, crucified for you": to point to Him who "stands as an ensign for the Gentiles to seek to, whose rest shall be glorious." Oh, let Him not thus be "lifted up" in vain, as far as regards any of you; but come unto Him as the great Physician of the soul, who alone can cure the deadly wounds of sin, and shield you from its just punishment.

Here, then, we naturally inquire:

III. What are *the means of applying the remedy provided* for us in the lifting up of the Lord Jesus Christ? The means of doing this is faith: He was "lifted up, that whosoever *believeth in Him* should not perish, but have eternal life."

The Israelites had but to look upon the brazen serpent, and they were immediately healed of the bites they had received. In so doing, they showed their belief that God would render the means which He had Himself appointed effectual to the working of a cure. In the same manner is the self-convicted sinner, who loathes his sin as his disease, and has felt the stings of an accus-

ing conscience, to believe the record of God concerning His Son, which record is, "that God hath given unto us eternal life; and this life is in His Son: He that hath the Son hath life, he that hath not the Son hath not life;" and in order to secure an interest in the Son, so as to "have life through His name," he must "believe in" Him; for "He that believeth in Me," saith our Lord, "though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

In believing in Him, however, there is much more implied than the mere admission of the truth of the record that He died for sinners. What did it avail those who were not bitten by the fiery serpents, to know that the brazen serpent was lifted up for the cure of those who were so bitten? This knowledge was of no avail to such persons. So neither is a bare belief of the death of Christ for sinners of any avail to those who do not feel themselves to be indeed sinners. They must be convinced of sin, and also of the ruinous consequences of sin, before they can derive any benefit from His crucifixion and exaltation. They must be convinced that these consequences are no less than eternal death. This it is hard to convince men of. They will acknowledge themselves to be sinners readily enough; but they do this with such an evident feeling of unconcern, as proves that they feel no alarm on account of their sins, imagining, it is to be feared, in most cases, that God is *too merciful to be true to His Word*. In such cases, it cannot be expected that they should derive any benefit from a knowledge of Christ's having been "lifted up" upon the cross for the sins of men, since their ignorance of their real state prevents their feeling how closely their everlasting interests are connected with that wonderful event. Had the Israelites flattered themselves that their wounds were not mortal, that they would recover of themselves if left unnoticed, we need scarcely say that they must have died of

them. But they saw and felt their danger; they each beheld thousands perishing around them, through the same malady with which they were themselves affected; they saw death staring them in the face; while others, by believing the Word of God, and looking to the brazen serpent, were healed. Why should not they also look in faith, and be healed?

And are the realities of the unseen world less certain because *unseen*? Assuredly not. Could the sinner but behold the veil removed which conceals them from his view, and witness the sufferings of those who sinned on, and still thought themselves safe, so as to neglect the remedy which God had provided until "wrath came upon them to the uttermost," would he not dread the consequences of his sin, and seek an escape? Could he also behold the blessedness of those who have, by believing, "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and now stand before His throne, serving Him day and night in His temple," would he not be led to look to the remedy which had proved effectual in their cases, so as to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and be saved"? He would argue thus with himself: Were they who suffer such things *greater* sinners than I? Some of them were vile, even as I. How did they reach that glory? By believing that Jesus Christ shed His precious blood for the salvation of their souls. Is this same remedy open to me? The Word of God declares that He was "lifted up, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." Would not the language of his heart then be, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief"?

You see, then, I trust, that we must not merely have a sort of general belief that Christ died for sinners; but that, conscious of our own lost state without Him, we must seek to apply the remedy to ourselves individually, as St. Paul did when he said, "The life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved *me*, and gave

Himself for me." Do but apply it thus: Say to yourselves individually, Did the Son of God die for such a worthless worm as I? Did he shed His precious blood, when lifted up upon the cross, that I "might not perish, but have eternal life?" Need I add that such convictions, as will arise from these considerations, must certainly lead to holiness, not merely from a sense of duty, but of gratitude? Surely they who feel that they are "bought with [such] a price," will seek to "glorify Him" who bought them, "with their bodies and spirits, which are His."

Argue not with yourselves, saying, in the pride of your hearts, this is a very unlikely way to be saved; *only to believe!* For, remember it is not more unlikely for you to be saved thus, than that the Israelites, bitten by fiery serpents, should be healed by looking upon a serpent of brass. Had they argued in a similar manner, they must all have died of their wounds. But they believed in the promise of God, that they should be cured by this means, and so found that promise made good to them. "Stagger not at the promises of God," therefore, "through unbelief," for it is He who tells you to look to Jesus, and be saved; the command is *God's*, not *ours*. Surely the means are simple. Had He bid you "do some great thing," to save your souls, you would, if you felt their danger, attempt it.

If you feel your guilt and danger, dishearten not yourselves, I would say, by continually poring over the wounds of sin. This will do you no good, except so far as it proves a means of filling you with deep penitence, and leading you to the Physician of the soul. Look rather to the cross on which your Ransom hung; look to the simple means that God has provided for your salvation; embrace His merciful offers; and seek to be assured that He has "accepted you in the Beloved, in whom you have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins."

Often though you have sinned; nay, often though you may have backslidden,

yet is the remedy at hand sufficient to restore you. Let not this, however, embolden any of you to continue in sin, because, forsooth, you know that you can be recovered by "looking to Jesus." Think you that the Israelites, handled the fiery serpents, and exposed themselves to their bites, because the brazen serpent was at hand to heal them by their looking at it? We may be sure that they certainly did not; the pain of the bite prevented their running such a risk. Oh, that you may thus avoid sin, as being painful to the conscience, and dishonoring to the Saviour; lest your spiritual sight should be so dimmed as to prevent your looking to Him when you would desire it! "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."

I trust that none of you are so mad as to make light, either of your disease, or the remedy provided. Yet, as many are found in the world who do so, I would warn you that, by either course, you declare that Christ died in vain. If the disease of sin be not deadly; if it do not expose the soul to the wrath of God, and the torments of hell, wherefore did Christ die? And if all be not thus exposed, and you amongst them, of course, why are we told that "He died for all"? Again, if you despise the remedy; if the doctrine of the cross be "a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence to you;" if you question within yourselves, saying, How can *believing* save us? you cast dishonor on God for having laid the punishment of sin on Him who did no sin, and range yourselves amongst those "whose end is destruction." For to whom is the preaching of the cross foolishness? Scripture answers, "to them that perish." Oh, then, confessing and deploring the deadly nature of your sins, look with an eye of steadfast faith to Him who was "lifted up," in order that He might deliver from the guilt and dominion of sin; and may you so believe on Him, that you may be "washed, sanctified, and justified in His name, and through the Spirit of our God." Amen.

THE REAL PRESENCE.

BY THE REV. W. A. FISKE.

It is obvious, that in treating of the question of "The Real Presence" in the Lord's Supper, prior regard should be had to the ambiguity of the expression itself. If by "the real presence" we assert a material *presence*, as opposed to a presence in a figurative sense merely, our assertion inculcates one phase of doctrine; but if we employ the expression in a *material* sense, and as opposed to a spiritual presence only, we assert another and far different doctrine. We believe the Church, as a body, holds to "the real presence" in the sense of an actual spiritual presence of Christ in the blessed sacrament; and a presence in one sense objective, since it is something *spoken of*, and an objective source of grace to ourselves. On the other hand, a material presence, a presence of the *material substance* of the body and blood of Christ in the sacrament, is as generally disavowed, we believe, by the Church as a body. It would be difficult, we are of opinion, to clearly distinguish such a doctrine from that of transubstantiation. But an actual and spiritual, and, therefore, real presence of Christ in the Lord's Supper, is so broadly distinguished from the Roman doctrine, that it has been devoutly held by the most ardent of Protestants since the Reformation. There has never been an hour from that period to the present that such a real and objective presence has not been maintained by men whose downright Protestantism could not be questioned. Luther, with the immense multitude who became his disciples, insisted, with most zealous devotion, in opposition to the Zuinglians, upon this real and objective presence of Christ in the Holy Supper. It is, therefore, in direct denial of history to affirm that such a doctrine is in any way merely connected with Ritualism. It neither "has its roots in Ritualism, nor does Ritualism spring from

it, as its source." It lived and flourished centuries before Ritualism had its birth.

It is without bearing upon the subject-matter to say that Luther asserted that this real and objective presence of Christ in the Sacrament was *incorporated* with "the elements," or *consubstantiated*; unless it can be shown, first, that such a doctrine is *un-Protestant*, and secondly, that without such incorporation the presence of Christ in the Sacrament is impossible. Neither of these propositions can be established. If consubstantiation, or the Lutheran idea, was the only view possible, consistently with the real and objective but spiritual presence of Christ in the Holy Supper, it would be still *good Protestantism*, and its advocates could not be justly chargeable with the sin of Romanizing, for Luther was most emphatically a Protestant.

But consubstantiation is not the only view which may be consistently maintained. Between the view of Luther and that of Zuingle there is a third, and the view, as we believe, which has ever been the doctrine of the Reformed portion of the Church Catholic, viz.: the assertion of the real and objective; but spiritual presence in the Sacrament, *without any attempt to localize* that presence, or to limit it to, or confine it within the material of the elements. The assertion of "the presence" is positive, while the locality of the presence is left without accurate definition.

This aspect of the doctrine of the Lord's presence in the Holy Supper, would seem to meet every requirement of Scripture, of the primitive Church, and of our own spiritual necessities. It meets all scriptural demands, for it affirms the scriptural presence of Christ in the Holy Supper, with power to make the consecrated elements, in very deed, to every faithful communicant, His offered body and blood. It meets the

demands of the doctrine of the Primitive Church, for if Christ be spiritually present in the Sacrament, in whatever manner, though without any localization whatever, still, the believing communicant in participating therein, is feeding upon Christ, taking the Saviour home to his heart, giving Him an abiding place within his own spiritual being; and this *real*, as opposed to a merely figurative "communion of the body and blood of Christ," was the primitive idea of the Sacrament. This view satisfies, also, the demands of our own spiritual necessities. Such necessities do not demand an actual *localization* of "the spiritual presence," within the elements, in any such sense, as implies confinement within or limitation to such elements. On the contrary, it is believed, such a view, like that of transubstantiation, has the effect to lower and degrade, by *limitation*, the Divine character of the Sacrament. What our spiritual necessities require is simply the assurance that in the Holy Supper Christ is *really* though spiritually present; and that we therein and thereby actually

commune with Him; and that He, through His spiritual presence and power, renders the consecrated elements to the faithful participant "a communion of His body and blood." All these requirements are met in the view of the Sacrament we have given in this paper; and being, as we believe, entirely scriptural and in harmony with the teaching of the Primitive Church, it ought to be accepted with comfort by each reverent soul.

The object of this paper has been to show that a belief in "the *real and objective* though spiritual presence of Christ in the Holy Supper may be held by one who is a *thorough Protestant*, and has no sympathy with so-called Ritualism, much less Romanism. In this hour of strong religious excitement, and of sharp dissension in matters of doctrine, it is well to look at all aspects of a position before we censure, and instead of fitting those whom we are inclined to oppose with robes of our own measure and construction, to award their convictions such charitable interpretation as the case may admit.

ROBERT HALL'S FIRST EFFORTS.—Robert Hall, desiring a license to commence preaching, he was appointed to deliver an address from the text, "Therefore, we both labor and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, especially of those that believe." After proceeding for a short time, much to the gratification of his audience, he suddenly paused, and covering his face with his hands, exclaimed, "Oh! I have lost my ideas," and sat down, his hands still hiding his face.

The failure, however, painful as it was to his tutors and humiliating to himself, was such as rather augmented than diminished their persuasion of what he could accomplish, if once he acquired self-possession. He was, therefore, appointed to speak again

on the same subject, at the same place, the ensuing week.

The second attempt was accompanied by a second failure, still more painful to witness and still more grievous to bear. He hastened from the vestry, and on retiring to his room, exclaimed:

"If this does not humble me, the devil must have me!"

Such were the early efforts of him whose humility afterwards became as conspicuous as his talents, and who for nearly half a century excited universal attention and admiration by the splendor of his pulpit eloquence.

A MOMENT'S work on clay tells more than an hour's labor on brick. So work on hearts should be done before they harden.

INCIDENTS OF PAROCHIAL LIFE.

I HAD heard a high character, in the village of young Richard B——, and had noticed his attention at the cottage readings. When I remarked this to him, he said he might well listen—those readings had made him go to Church and read his Bible, and try to live a new life. I asked him if he had yet found peace in believing that his sins were forgiven him, for the blessed Saviour's name's sake? He said, "I believe they are. He's so willing to do it, if we ask heartily."

I found he had laid by a considerable sum of money, and yet had contrived to send a handsome present to his parents.

Another young man, whom I met returning from his work early in the spring of that year, told me that he had never entered a place of worship! I could not persuade him to go to Church at first, but he came to a "reading," and after it was over, said he should like to come again, and bring his "mate," which he did regularly from that time.

During the weeks that had elapsed from the peace made between Paget and George, the latter had been constant in his attendance at the readings. But one Sunday night, toward the end of February, he was missing. I heard that he had gone to Croydon, and had my fears as to the manner in which he would spend his Sabbath evening there. On Monday evening, I sent to his lodgings, to ask if he would like to come to the Rectory, and carry my lantern to the cottage. As this was a little gratification much thought of amongst these kind-hearted and truly courteous men, I was surprised that he did not appear. George did not look up from the supper-table where he was sitting, but said, in a low voice, that he had not long come back. "Then," said I, "you must not leave your supper to come to the reading. Those who work ought to eat."

"I will come, though—it's better than supper;" and he rose up, with two others, to accompany me.

The next day I called at the same house to see a sick child. The landlady said, "George was sadly put about by your message, ma'am. He was led away to drink a little too much when he went to spend Sunday evening with his cousin at Croydon and it troubled his mind all yesterday. And when the message came, he said, 'No, no, I can't go. To be walking by her side, as if this hadn't happened; I couldn't do it, and I don't deserve to be treated so kindly again.' And what vexes him worse still, is, you see, he had become so changed, of late—never swearing now, and asking the others to leave it off; and one throws it at him that he's a saint, and he says, 'No, I'm not. But I wish I were. It may come to you, Joe, some day, to feel what I feel now, and I wish it would.' And now, all this grieves him so, lest he should have done a harm to their souls; and last night, after he came home from the reading, he told them how ashamed he was of himself, and said he prayed God he might not so fall out again."

The little boy in the house had been seized with croup in the night, and thought that he should die. "Oh, mother," he said, "I'm frightened to go before such a good God!" Then suddenly he added, "But I have prayed to Him to make me a better boy; and mother, there's the navvies' prayer that they pray beside their beds in the next room." And then the little child knelt up in his bed, and, amidst paroxysms of coughing, prayed, "O God, wash me from all my sins in my Saviour's blood, and I shall be whiter than snow." Almost directly, afterward, with the simplicity of childhood's eager faith, he said, "Now, mother, I need not mind dying, because I am washed, you see, in that blood of Jesus Christ."

Information having reached me, that some new lodgers had come to —'s beer-shop, I ventured to visit the stranger's supper-room again, to invite them to Mr. Chalmers' schoolroom service. After a little conversation four men promised to go, and kept their word. Charles S——, who had begun to attend the readings a short time before, was standing near the lane which led to a small inn, with the sign of "The Coach and Horses," kept by his father. He came forward to tell me that there was a large party of lodgers in their great kitchen, and that his mother and he would go into the circle with me, if I would like to speak to them. Under this escort I went with great comfort. The strangers listened respectfully; but not one promised to attend. However, about ten minutes after the service had commenced, a trampling of heavy shoes upon the newly-shingled path announced the arrival of "The Coach and Horses." Our new friends had "thought better of it," and had followed us.

William and James — came to the Rectory afterward, for conversation and advice. James showed me his well-worn card of prayer, which he said had never left his pocket since the day he had received it, excepting when he took it out each night and morning, to remind himself to use it. William said that he kept his Testament and card of prayer on a little table by his bed, that he might remember to read and pray the last thing at night, and the first in the morning. I begged them to be firm in not missing the Sunday morning service, because it was best to *begin* the day with God; and a morning at home was seldom so spent as to be in good preparation for the afternoon service. William said he had found that out, and wished to come regularly of a morning." He begged me to write down on a card the passage of Scripture quoted to him, "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day; and call the

Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth—for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

One Sunday morning, I met Henry Hunns, gaily dressed in a blue jacket, blue cap, red tie, and white trousers, as a sort of anticipation of summer on a bitterly cold day in February. Without waiting to speak to me, he rushed into a cottage, and brought out a fine little boy of three years old, the child of his sister, who had just arrived with her husband from Norfolk. "I am going to take him to church now," said Henry. "He is young for that," I replied. "Yes, I like him to learn his duty betimes." As they walked by my side to the church, he remarked, "I suppose we militia men will soon be called out now to defend the country, as the regulars are off. I don't mind about going, so much, now that I hope I've learnt who I can look to, to teach and strengthen me."

Some strangers were lingering about the village street, who had succeeded, the previous day in obtaining the promise of work at the Crystal Palace. They were glad to hear of the evening reading, having no Sunday clothes wherewith to make their appearance in church to their own satisfaction. The navy has a peculiar enjoyment in being cleanly and well-dressed on Sunday. These strangers expressed great delight when Testaments were given, after the "reading" was over, to all who had not yet received them. All the men from "The Coach and Horses" were present. One of them, a lad of eighteen, gladly promised to teach the short prayer to those who could not read; and Charles S—— said that this youth had already borrowed a Bible belonging to his mother, the landlady, to read to the rest, after supper, the last few evenings.

On the way home I saw a young man sitting at the door of a lodging-house; and after a few remarks to him about the place, inquired whether he had attended either service in church that day?

"No. I never go to such a place."

"Will you tell me why you do not?"

"Because it would do me no good."

"Do you read your Bible?"

"No. That would do no good neither."

"Shall I tell you what would do you good?" He looked up. "If you and I pray every day that God would fill you with His Holy Spirit. I will pray it for you, by God's help, if you will promise to pray it for yourself."

His lip trembled, as he slowly and earnestly replied, "I will."

THE HON. WILLIAM H. BELL,

IN the 72d year of his age, died in the Long Room of the General Theological Seminary, during the session of the Board of Trustees, of disease of the heart, on Thursday evening, at 9 o'clock. After a most earnest and effective speech on an exciting topic, he sat down, and instantly expired. He had been a member of the Standing Committee for many years, and was on that day reflected to this responsible office. As chairman of the Executive Committee, his duties called him very frequently to the precincts of the Seminary, where he stood when he expired. There was no spectacle in the disinterment of Pompeii, more impressive than the discovery of the Roman soldier, erect in his armor, standing at his post, embalmed in the ashes of the conflagration. His fidelity has won the world's admiration in poetry and song, furnishing an exemplar of steadfastness in the discipline of duty. Judge Bell was like him; and he died with his Christian armor on, where (as the Bishop of Louisiana said, in his beautiful, spontaneous eulogium) he would have chosen to die. Such was the prevailing sentiment of all who knew him, insomuch that the hymns selected to be sung at his burial in Trinity Church, grounded on the Scripture, "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching," was concluded with this verse:—

O happy servant he,

In such a posture found;

He shall his Lord with rapture see,

And be with honor crowned.

The Church in the Diocese of New York is also called to mourn the decease of one of her tried champions and friends. He was possessed of the knowledge of her history to such a degree, and with facts all arranged in method so extraordinary, that he was accustomed to be consulted as an oracle.

One of his prominent characteristics was that of a brave man, adhering to principle amidst odium and reproach, if need required; and always true to every one whom he respected as being a champion of truth, while he was justly severe on those whom he had reason to reproach as mean, false, or unsound. This generous characteristic has more than once placed him in the forefront of the protectors of the persecuted, at the cost of much expense of time and labor. The poor, likewise, sought him for his aid and advice, which he rendered gladly and wisely, and many of such will "rise up in the Judgment and call him blessed."

His traits of bravery Judge Bell inherited from his father, whom Cooper, in his *Naval History*, has made illustrious. Captain Bell, of the United States navy, sailed under Truxton in 1798; distinguishing himself in the "John Adams" war with France,

by the capture of a French privateer, after the manner of John Paul Jones; and in like manner Judge Bell fought the privateers against the Church. It may be said that he fell in his last action. The earnestness of his nature may have hurried him into perils that prudence might have avoided; but his earnestness entranced the observer by its glow, and carried conviction to the hearer by its eloquence.

It was the fortune of Judge Bell to be loved most by them who knew him best. And while the Church and the Seminary mourn a faithful servant, the circle of intimate friends, sadly, yet joyously linger on the virtues of a dear, departed brother.

The funeral of Judge Bell was signalized by a large assembly of the oldest citizens of New York; the services were solemnized by the Bishop, the Rector and clergy of Trinity Church, the Dean and Professors of the General Theological Seminary, and a concourse of clergy and laity of this Diocese, who attested the extended regard for one more of the exemplary Churchmen and citizens of the last half century.

Verplanck and Bell are gone, leaving a huge void to be filled by their successors. They are both shining lights to guide us in

the ways of wisdom, and in the paths of peace.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES
ON THE DEATH OF JUDGE BELL.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the General Theological Seminary, on Friday, June 30, 1871, the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of New York offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the members of this Board are deeply impressed with a sense of the loss they have sustained in the sudden death of their late associate, William H. Bell, Esq., long a member of this Board and of the Standing Committee of the General Theological Seminary.

Resolved, That in his earnest and disinterested devotion to the welfare of this and other institutions of the Church through so many years, their departed friend has given abundant evidence of the high principles which guided all the actions of his life, and has left an example which must ever be regarded by them with tender feelings of respect and esteem.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and published in the Church periodicals.

WILLIAM G. FARRINGTON,
Secretary of the Board of Trustees.

GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, }
NEW YORK, July 1, 1871.

PREACHING.—Something might be said of preaching. A Church pulpit has two dominant ideas to distinguish it: 1. To make the Holy Scriptures, as the Church keeps and delivers them, passage by passage, understood and felt: and 2. To help these people to live an every-day life with God, conquering sin by the Redeemer's grace, bearing fruit in holiness unto everlasting life. In the spirit of the first of these aims, one of the strongest preachers of our day wrote in his diary: "If I take a text from the inspired volume, and do not, to the utmost extent of my capacity and power, fathom and exhaust its meaning, I feel that I am a doomed man." And as to

the other, the people will not be wholly heedless of sermons which tell them that the preacher is self-forgetfully in earnest in aiding them to make their burdens lighter, their homes happier, their work nobler. Once establish, by all that is said in the Church, the conviction that every influence emanating from it is a practical benefit to the best interests of society about it, and he that comes will hear, and come again, and say to those about him—*come*.

SINGING.—Then there is the "song power." Amidst all the perplexities, we can, at least watch to see what kind of music, and how much, actually enlivens the congregation or subdues it, as the

season may require; what deepens or dispels the most reverential impressions; what moves the auditors on to willing praise and prayer, and what only sets them to criticising or complimenting a performance.

VISITING.—These are only hints of what is meant by bringing into play powers that sleep in our hands for giving the Church a hold on any community. Let such worship be accompanied by an out-of-doors ministration so earnest and so charitable that every species of want or trouble in the neighborhood shall know itself befriended by her, in the unaffected kindness of her members, and be sure the men of this age and land will confess, as her Head, the Supreme Friend of the people, said of Himself at Nazareth, that the Spirit of the Lord is upon her.—*Bishop Huntington.*

DR. EMMONS, the able New England divine, met a pantheistical physician at the house of a sick parishioner. It was no place for a dispute. It was no place for any unbecoming familiarity with the minister, especially with an intent of entangling him in a debate; and above all, where the querist was too illogical for any logical discussion. But the abrupt question of the pantheist was, "Mr. Emmons, how old are you?" "Sixty, sir; and how old are you?" "As old as creation," was the triumphant response. "Then you are of the same age with Adam and Eve?" "Certainly; I was in the garden when they were." "I have always heard that there was a third party in the garden with them, but I never knew before that it was you."

THE DYING BELIEVER.

The Dread of Sin's Penalty Removed, Longing to be Wholly Freed from its Stain.

Were there no joys in that high sphere,
Freedom from sin would death endear;
God's lovers here their days in sorrow spend
While tempted boundless goodness to offend.—*Bishop Ken.*

The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.—*Campbell.*

My "sins, though scarlet, shall be white as snow,"
Washed in the blood which cleanseth the defiled,
Who humbly trust in Him in Scripture styled
"The Lord our righteousness." To Him I owe
Release from all sin's penalty,—yet grow
With each recurring taint less reconciled;—
For, in the flesh, I still shall be beguiled,—
Still stained by my worst enemy, I know.
Shall I not welcome, then, the approaching hour
That ends forever sin's polluting power?
O joy! to live in spotless purity
'Mid "spirits of the just made perfect,"—nought
Of sin to dread throughout futurity,—
In "mansions" by my Saviour's blood dear bought.

July 31st, 1871.

J. J. R.

Church Work.

LEAVES FROM A DIARY

In the Hospitals during our late Civil War.

BY THE REV. M. SCHUYLER, D.D.

No. I.

THE history of the late civil war will not be fully nor fairly written by partisans of either side for years to come. Nor will that history be complete, when, after generations have passed away, the statesman shall take up the record, and with a comprehensive view and an unbiased mind, carefully trace the causes that led to it, impartially scan the measures of the administrations under which it arose and was prosecuted, and honestly detail the terrific battles that were fought, their results, and the bearing of those results upon the general issue. It may well be doubted whether it will not require the disinterested pen of some statesmanlike foreigner to do this subject full justice, and honestly give praise or censure, where praise or censure is due. To say that there was sin or folly on one side alone, would reveal a spirit of partisan self-complacency unfitting such an one for competent judgment. But with the political bearings of this question it is not the intention of the present writer to meddle. The part of that history to which the few brief articles he may write shall have reference, concerns incidents associated with his intercourse among the sick and the wounded in the hospitals. This is a history which will soon die out of the memory of the present generation, and leave its record only in the hearts that have been stricken and bereaved, and the hearthstones left desolate and forsaken. There are graveyards where side by side sleep *thousands* of those who fell in the late civil war, that will rarely be visited, save by an occasional

mourner who shall come to trace out the spot where are buried the bright hopes of a doating mother, the youthful anticipations of a fond sister and the cherished affections of a loving wife; and father and brother will drop there the manly tear; but a few years will suffice to level the furrows of the dead, and the tale of their sacrifices and sufferings will be all forgotten.

It is not with a view of preserving the *names* of any of those with whom the incidents narrated are associated, but, from the incidents themselves, to draw a picture for thoughtful contemplation, which will reveal tales of sorrow that shall teach us in time of peace at what price it was purchased.

It does not accord with the design of these pages to attempt any detail of the fearful bitterness of feeling that was aroused between the contending parties. Friends were separated, social intercourse was broken up, and individuals passed each other in the streets as *strangers*, who were wont to meet with the cordial greeting, with the open expression of hearty good will. No one felt assured of his standing with his neighbor, and every little gathering on the street corner was readily construed into some plotting of mischief. Emphatically was it true of one and all, that they knew not "what a day or an hour might bring forth." A depressing weight of the sense of uncertainty as to the future hung like a mill-stone about the most firm and hopeful. On which side the scale would turn, so far as temporary success was concerned, it was impossible to predict. In such a condition of things the position of

the Minister of Christ was peculiarly trying. He could not utterly ignore the convictions of his reason and judgment, nor the sympathies of his heart. And yet, with a commission from Him whose kingdom is not of this world, to minister to the souls of his dying fellow-men, he was no less thoroughly impressed with the duty devolving upon him as a spiritual teacher; and, therefore, it became his prime care to avoid giving unnecessary offence in the pulpit, or by officious intermeddling with affairs which could be better managed by other hands. He could not forget that his was a mission of peace and good will, and that he had no right to put himself forward in a position that would detract from the higher and holier influence he might exert for his Master in Heaven. To maintain such a standpoint required more than ordinary judgment and discretion, and many were his anxious, earnest prayers for guidance and support.

This brief allusion to the peculiar embarrassments and temper of the times has been introduced to account for the hesitancy of the writer's first introduction to the hospitals. About November 1, 1861, his regular visitations at the hospitals began. He had returned but a few weeks before from a journey at the East. During his absence two hospitals had been organized in the city of St. Louis, and were rapidly filling with patients. Battles were being daily fought, and the sick and wounded were crowding in from various quarters. At this time there were no hospital chaplains appointed, nor any spiritual provision made by the Government in the way of ministerial service. There was a general reluctance felt on the part of the city clergy to undertake the work, knowing the amount of labor it would involve, and being well aware of the construction upon their motives, which the bitterness of partisanship would attach to their conduct. Owing to this the hospitals were for a time almost entirely deprived of clerical supervision. The

ladies soon organized an association and began their labors of love, and there were a few noble women of wealth and leisure who gave themselves to the task of providing the sick with delicacies, and of reading and praying by the bed-side. And it may be justly said, that while there was much, in the sad developments of the late war, of unchristian temper; and women forgot, at times, that gentleness of demeanor and winning kindness of heart that should mark their intercourse, alike in times of public commotion as of peace; yet were there many noble exceptions, and like angels, these self-denying women went about ministering from day to day with a care unwearied and an assiduity untiring; as prompt to respond to the cry of the prison as to that of the suffering soldier in whose cause they sympathized. Here was an example for the Christian Minister, and it told upon the heart and conscience of the present writer. While he felt that it was of great importance to his comfort and usefulness to avoid giving offence, and that peace and quietness in the Church, in the disturbed state of public feeling, was a prime consideration, still, here was a call of Providence growing louder with each passing day, which it seemed almost sinful to ignore. Never did he pass the hospital without a twinge of conscience, and often when alone in his study, or by the way side, the thought would flash through his mind, are there not some there, sick and dying, to whom a word of comfort might be spoken, and may there not be some poor wanderer who needs a guide in his way to Paradise? Day after day an unbidden messenger would come to repeat the question, "What doest thou here?"

One morning as he was sitting in his study, a messenger came with the request to visit a sick and helpless woman in the City Hospital, who desired to receive the Holy Communion. In obedience to the call he went, and while there, learned that there were a number of soldiers sick in the

other wards, and at once a sorrowful remonstrance speaking from the very depths of his soul was heard, "Will you turn coldly away from these poor fellows without a word of comfort?"

Providence now had solved all doubts. He had been guided there by an unseen hand, the door had been opened, and before him lay a multitude of the sick, with no one to care for their souls; and two of them well nigh in the agonies of the death struggle. He knelt at their bed-side and never will he forget the deep feeling of gratitude expressed by one of them, in words hardly articulate, while pressing his hand as he rose to depart. He was a member of some Christian Communion, but no clergyman before had visited him, and the voice of prayer in his ears was like the mother's lullaby in infancy, sweet and soothing. On the next day that bed was vacant, he had sunk calmly to his rest, in that sleep which knows no waking this side the grave.

What has been said with reference to the position of the present writer, and the circumstances under which he entered the hospitals, are worthy of consideration as matters of history, and as illustrating characteristics of civil war which history in its details rarely brings to notice. Owing to the peculiar nature of this struggle, the

(To be continued.)

Border States were the ones who principally suffered, and those living removed from the seat of war could have no idea of the unwarrantable prejudice and unreasonable bitterness which was encountered from partisans of either side by those who felt constrained to follow their convictions, irrespective of the fear or favor of ultraists. A far higher standard of courage is required of those who maintain their position at the post of duty in the face of selfish suspicion, of cold neglect and hateful slander, than to shoulder the musket and with *friends* encounter together the hardships of the camp, or, side by side, march to the battle-field. There is a stir and a glory about the soldier's life that helps him to sustain its hardships; but there is no glory in submitting to scorn and contempt, conscious that it is undeserved; and when looked at from a worldly point of view, there is no compensation for the suffering it involves. But, to the Christian, it is his battle-field, from which he hopes by Divine Grace to gather the laurels with which to crown his highest triumph, for he has the assurance of his Master. "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in Heaven."

THOUGHTLESSNESS OF YOUTH.—In general I have no patience with people who talk about the "thoughtlessness of youth" indulgently; I had rather hear of thoughtless old age, and the indulgence due to that. When a man has done his work, and nothing can any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil, and jest with faith if he will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth

thoughtless! when all the happiness of his home depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless! when all his every act is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years rather than now—though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death-bed. Nothing should be left to be done there.

RUSKIN.



THE HISTORY OF TRINITY CHURCH,
MARSHALL, MICHIGAN.

THE REV. GEORGE P. SCHETKY, D.D., RECTOR.

In preparing the following brief historical sketch, we have condensed the main facts and points of prominent interest principally from the address delivered by the Rev. Montgomery Schuyler, D.D., upon the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the present church edifice, in 1861.

In the providence of God, he was "connected with its earliest history as a layman; afterward, for a period of three years, as its second rector. There is, perhaps, no one living who is more intimately acquainted with its first struggles for existence, who remembers more feelingly the hopes and fears, the difficulties and encouragements, the little band of Churchmen experienced in its inception."

"Never," says Dr. Schuyler, "shall I forget the sense of loneliness and desolation that characterized the return of each Lord's

day, when, as yet, there was no place of worship, in the little hamlet, consecrated to the service of Almighty God; especially when, for months, those of us who from childhood had loved the Church, were precluded from joining in its time-honored forms." This was in 1835, when the population of the little village numbered only about 150 inhabitants. The first school-house of the town was built in 1832, and there the public worship of the village was held several years. The first service of the Episcopal Church was celebrated in this school-house, and the first sermon from one of her ministers was preached by the Rev. C. B. Stout, now of Illinois, in the summer of 1836. At that time the population of the village numbered about 300. In the spring of 1837, the parish was organized, and Messrs. J. W. Gordon and Montgomery

Schuyler were chosen wardens, and Dr. J. H. Montgomery, Bradley K. Crissey, Sidney S. Allcott, C. T. Gorham and Andrew Mann, vestrymen. In the same spring, the Bishop of the Diocese visited us, and preached in the old school-house, which was the second service of the Church held in this village.

The building of the church was immediately entered upon, and prosecuted with such earnestness and diligence that, on the third day of the following September, the little band of Churchmen were ready to present to the bishop a neat and tasteful little church for consecration. It had been built at a cost of over \$2,000, chiefly by the wardens and vestrymen, none of whom were rich, and hence at much sacrifice of time and money to the very few engaged in it. And yet it was gladly met and cheerfully endured by them, grateful that it had pleased God to give them the ability and willingness thus to contribute.

The Rev. M. K. Cushman remained in charge for about two months, and was succeeded in the last month of that year by the Rev. John Noble. Lay services were then regularly maintained until February, 1838, when the Rev. Samuel Buel, now of Minnesota, was called as the first rector. He remained one year and eight months, and resigned October 14, 1839, leaving a list of twenty-eight communicants. During his rectorship there were eleven baptisms, four confirmations, two marriages, and thirteen burials. For the space of eighteen months the parish was without a rector; the Rev. W. N. Lyster officiating monthly at much self-sacrifice, and in the interim lay services were maintained. During this period there were four baptisms, four confirmations, and two burials. In the spring of 1841, the Rev. Montgomery Schuyler, now of St. Louis, Mo., entered upon his rectorship of the parish, in the inception of which he had taken an active part, and remained three years, resigning his first ministerial charge April 8,

1844. During his rectorship the church building was enlarged, at an expense of over \$1,000, about half of which was contributed by the Churchmen at the East. The capacity of the church was increased thereby at least one-third, and a tower and bell added. During the same period there were fifty-three baptisms, fifty-five confirmations, seven marriages, eighteen burials, and fifty-six added to the Holy Communion. In July following, the Rev. E. A. Greenleaf succeeded to the rectorship. He continued nearly two years, and resigned May, 1846. During his rectorship there were twenty-four baptisms, twelve confirmations, three marriages, fifteen burials, and twelve added to the Holy Communion.

The Rev. Joseph S. Large, now of Indiana, succeeded to the rectorship, and entered upon his duties in the month of December, 1846. His rectorship continued but for one year, resigning November 1, 1847, during which time there were four baptisms, six confirmations, two marriages, six burials, and six added to the Holy Communion. The church was repaired, the lot fenced, trees planted, and other alterations and improvements made.

Nearly a year intervened between the resignation of the Rev. Mr. Large and the calling of the Rev. Hiram Adams, who entered upon the rectorship in October, 1848. During this time there were occasional services by clergymen passing through the town, and at other times lay services were regularly maintained. The Rev. Mr. Adams served as rector for one year and six months, and resigned April, 1850. There were, under his ministry, forty baptisms, thirty-two confirmations, five marriages, eleven burials, and fifty-five added to the Holy Communion. The Rev. Mr. Adams died at Detroit, February 27, 1870, aged seventy.

The Rev. Alvah Guion, now of Brooklyn, N. Y., very soon succeeded, entering upon the charge of the parish in 1850, and resigning in April, 1852, being a period of nearly two years. Under his charge there

were twelve baptisms, one confirmation, seven marriages, thirteen burials, and seventeen added to the Holy Communion.

In the same month of Mr. Guion's resignation, the Rev. Henry N. Strong, now of Louisiana, entered upon the charge of the parish. His rectorship continued five years and four months, and during that time there were one hundred and fourteen baptisms, forty-two confirmations, thirty-two marriages, sixty-two burials, and thirty-six added to the Holy Communion. He resigned August 31, 1857.

The Rev. Charles Jones succeeded Mr. Strong, having been called November 30, 1857, and resigning December 12, 1859, being a period of two years and two weeks. During his rectorship there were thirty baptisms, twenty-five confirmations, five marriages, thirteen burials, and twenty-nine added to the Holy Communion.

On April 3, 1858, the old church and lot were sold to the Lutheran congregation for the sum of \$2,000, and on the first of June of the same year, the lot on which the present church is now built, measuring eight and one-third rods front by twelve deep, was purchased for the sum of \$1,124.40.

The Rev. Seth S. Chapin was called April 29, 1860. On the 2d day of July of the same year, it was unanimously voted that a new church should be built, and the plans, as furnished by Mr. Gordon W. Lloyd, were adopted by the vestry. In the month of April A.D. 1861, the work on the church was begun. On the 27th day of June, the corner-stone was laid by Bishop McCoskry, and on the 12th day of May, 1864, he consecrated the new church to the service of Almighty God.

The Rev. Mr. Chapin resigned November 14, 1866. During his rectorship which continued six years, six months and two weeks, there were ninety-one baptisms, seventy-one confirmations thirty-one marriages, seventy-four burials, and seventy-eight were added to the Holy Communion. He was succeeded in February, 1867, by

the Rev. John K. Dunn, now of Kansas, who remained about seventeen months, resigning in June, 1868. During his rectorship there were thirty-five baptisms, twenty-six confirmations, seven marriages, ten burials, and thirty were added to the Holy Communion. The rectorship remained vacant seven months, during which time there were occasional services by the neighboring clergy, and lay services. The ministerial acts during this period were one baptism, two marriages, and seven burials. The Rev. W. H. Moffett, now of New Jersey, succeeded February 7, 1869, and, after a rectorship of about eighteen months, resigned July 31, 1870. During that period there were eighteen baptisms, twenty confirmations, eight marriages, twelve burials, and eighteen added to the Holy Communion. The parish remained vacant until November 6, when the Rev. G. P. Schetky, D.D., entered upon his duties as rector. From the parochial report, a statement will be found of the pastoral and ministerial work of the past year.

Since the organization of the parish in 1837, there have been: baptisms, 438; confirmations, 297; marriages, 117; burials, 270; communicants added, 366. The present number upon the list of communicants is 148. The oldest surviving member of the Church by baptism is Miss Susan Ketchum, who was baptized February 24, 1839, by the first rector. Dr. H. Griswold and Miss Ketchum are the oldest surviving members of the first confirmation class. Of the original number of communicants, the Hon. George Woodruff is the only survivor. Mrs. Ann Peterman, now at the advanced age of ninety-three, appears next on the list, February 24, 1839. The first marriage recorded is that of Increase A. Lapham, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to Anna M. Alcott, of Marshall, October 24, 1838. The first burial is that of a stranger, whose name was Coghill, December 9, 1837; the second, Emily Jane Tillotson, daughter of Zenas and Samantha Tillotson, January 2, 1838.

After the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, when the Rev. Dr. Schuyler preached the sermon at the consecration of the present church edifice, he alluded to the changes which had taken place in the parish, and with his eloquent words we will close this sketch:

"In the admirably appropriate service, in which we have just participated, my mind has been carried back to other days, and to a similar occasion, when a little band, very few of whom now remain, were congregated in our little frame church, and we presented to our good bishop the humble request to consecrate it to the service of Almighty God. Well do I recollect with what holy gladness we hailed that auspicious day, as the crowning work of our anxious and self-denying endeavors to build a sanctuary where we might again unite in the loved services of the Church, and where God might, in deed and in truth, dwell among us. Your city was then a small village of some 300 or 400 inhabitants, and the little church, in its simple and unobtrusive decoration, was in keeping with the public improvements of that day, and fully up to the ability of the few, who have cheerfully given their thoughts, their time, their labor, and their money, for its erection. Of the wardens who have shared in the solemnities of that consecration service, one sleeps in his honored grave in a foreign land; the other, in God's merciful providence, is the preacher on this joyous occasion. Of the vestry, but one remains, and he is now your senior warden; while two have removed, and the other two are resting in your own quiet graveyard; and in the meantime the allotted period for a generation has passed away. During this time the little church has undergone many changes, having been enlarged to nearly double its former capacity, furnished with a tower and bell, and its interior arrangements and surroundings modified, at various times, to suit the changing tastes of pastor and people.

"But to how many and far greater changes, deeply affecting the highest interests of the worshippers therein, through these 'by-gone days,' can its silent walls bear witness? I will not attempt now, dear brethren, to awake those memories of the past. They come up, amid clouds and sunshine, with bright and sorrowful faces, with sad and cheerful voices. They speak to us of chequered scenes, of the buoyant hopes of youth, of the contrasted realizations of manhood, of unexpected successes and reverses, and all the varying hosts of good and ill that throng the path of a generation in its passage to the tomb."

The present vestry are as follows:

Senior Warden—Dr. J. H. Montgomery.

Junior Warden and Treasurer of the Parish—C. P. Dibble.

Vestrymen—J. M. Parsons, Secretary; N. Benedict, W. Bodell, Dr. O. C. Comstock, R. Huston, W. R. Schuyler, J. A. Way.

THE CHURCH DEBT

Is now reduced to an amount under \$50. This can readily be liquidated by more liberal offerings, which it is earnestly hoped may not require any other or special appeal to produce. "Be merciful after thy power. If thou hast much, give plenteously. If thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little: for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity."

THE PAROCHIAL REPORT

For the year ending with Trinity Sunday is as follows, and, as required by the canons of the diocese, was presented to the Bishop on the first day of the recent Convention. Let us render devout thanks to the Great Head of His Church, that he has blessed and prospered our parish, and, with renewed energy, interest and mutual love, devote ourselves to the promotion of His honor and glory, beseeching Him to pour upon us, in our several relations of family and parish, pastor and people, His heavenly grace.

Baptized: infants, 10; adults, 5—total, 15. Confirmed, 9. Communicants: last report, 132; admitted, 11; restored, 21; received, 6—total added, 38; died, 4; removed, 18—total lost, 22; present number—male, 30; female, 118—total, 148. Burials, 10. Public services: Sundays, 105; Holy days, 40; week days, 60—total, 205. "Cottage lectures" in Lent, 6. Holy Communion: public, 50; private, 6. Congregation: families, 97; adults, 255; children, 110—total, 365. Catechising at children's service, "openly in the church," 7; in Sunday school, with address, 11. Sunday school: officers, 4; teachers—male, 2; female, 10—total, 16; pupils—male, 42; female, 38—total, 80. Rector's Bible class, 15. Mission school: pupils, 50; teachers, 10. Volumes in Sunday School Library, 444. Church papers circulated, 24; "Home and Abroad," Missionary Paper, 75; Sunday school papers, copies, 60; Parish Church Record, 62.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

For Objects Within the Parish.

Alms at Holy Communion for the poor.....	\$20 67	
For the Sunday school, Christmas festival	\$53 15	} 68 15
Sunday school papers.....	15 00	
Easter offerings: Parsonage fund.....	100 71	
Ladies' aid: Church repairs.....	53 00	
Furnace and repairs.....	388 87	
Contingent fund.....	139 74	
Church debt.....	82 87	
Salaries: Sexton and organist.....	225 00	
Rector and supplies.....	1,378 17	
Christmas purse to the rector.....	71 00	
Removal expenses of the rector.....	135 10	
Missionary papers.....	\$8 50	} 38 60
"Church Record," parish paper.....	30 10	
By the Sunday school:		
For Sunday School Library fund....	4 38	} 42 36
Sunday school expenses.....	7 48	
Parsonage fund.....	30 50	
By the Rector's Bible class:		
Altar Service Book.....	6 50	

Total for parochial objects.....\$2,750 74

For Objects Within the Diocese.

Diocesan Missions.....	\$110 54	
Assessment of the Convention.....	75 00	
A parishioner: Diocesan Missions.....	25 00	
Aged and Infirm Clergymen, etc.....	22 00	
Grace Church, Mt. Clemens.....	5 00	
St. John's Mission, Quincy.....	5 00	
Diocesan Missions:		
Sunday school.....	\$8 78	} 9 46
Rector's Bible class.....	68	

Total for diocesan objects.....\$252 00

For Objects Exterior to the Diocese.

Domestic Missions.....	\$19 15	
Foreign Missions.....	13 55	
Indian Missions.....	10 00	
"Midnight Mission".....	1 75	
Society for the Increase of the Ministry....	5 00	

Nashotah Theological School.....	18 00	
A parishioner, for St. Paul's Church, South St. Louis, Mo.....	15 00	
New York Bible and Prayer Book Society..	7 00	
By the Sunday school:		
For Domestic Missions.....	\$21 36	} 33 69
For Nashotah.....	12 33	
By the Rector's Bible class:		
For Nashotah.....	1 75	

Total for objects exterior to the diocese. \$124 89

Total offerings.....\$3,127 63

The present rector entered upon his duties in this parish on the twenty-first Sunday after Trinity (November 6), 1870. During the vacancy in the rectorship (August, September, and October), the services on the Lord's day were continued, without interruption, by a lay reader, and the Rev. M. S. Woodruff, of St. Louis, Mo. Mainly through the indefatigable labors of the ladies of the parish, the necessary funds have been contributed for a new furnace and church repairs.

A new organization has recently been instituted, under the name of the "Ladies' Church Aid of Trinity Parish."

This society is instituted for the purpose of aiding its members, through mutual coöperation, prayer, and advice, in doing, with system and order, under the direction and guidance of the Divinely appointed ministry, such works of love for Christ's Church, and poor, as Christian women may engage in.

As a part of such work, a committee has been appointed to collect, weekly, mite subscriptions for the parsonage fund. A bi-monthly paper is issued by the rector, as a Parochial Record, having for its object the increase of a general interest in all parochial matters, and an incitement to more earnest and united work in all things connected with the Church. It is designed, also, to serve as a medium for communicating matters of information and suggestions in regard to parochial affairs, and interesting items of diocesan and missionary intelligence.

There are gratifying indications of the Divine blessing upon the several departments of pastoral and parochial work. The parish is united and harmonious, and all its affairs are in a prosperous condition. In reporting the number of public services, and likewise the celebrations of the Holy Communion, I have given as near to an approximate of numbers as possible, with such means of information as were at hand. The attendance at Holy Communion, during the past six months, has averaged more than one half of all the communicants.

"Cottage Lectures" were held weekly, at private houses, during Lent, with large attendance, and, we trust, spiritual benefit. On the first Sunday of each

ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.

WE propose to enhance the interest and value of THE CHRISTIAN YEAR, by occasional historic notices of such churches and ecclesiastical buildings as are especially worthy of mention, and best calculated to inspire the general mind of our Church with a correct taste in sacred architecture. It cannot be denied that "the material treasures of the Church of God"—her holy places—cathedrals—parish churches, and other consecrated structures, have entered very largely into the elements of her power and influence, and "through the ages all along" have been legitimate conveyancers and preachers of Catholic truth. A true Church, as it addresses the eye, the intellect, and the heart, is an unfailing source of spiritual elevation and culture.

In the present number we offer to our readers a magnificent engraving of St. Thomas's Church, corner of Fifth avenue and 53d street, in this city, recently built under the direction of the venerable architect, Richard Upjohn, Esq., and in some respects one of the most imposing and satisfactory church edifices on this continent, although ranking only as a parish church.

By the courtesy of the rector we are furnished with material for the compilation of a brief historical sketch of the Parish of St. Thomas's from its foundation.

FOUNDING OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH.

On Sunday evening, October 12th, 1823 (notice having previously been given in some of the public papers), divine service, according to the Liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was performed for the first time, with a view to a new parochial organization, in the large room on the second floor of the house No. 440 Broome street, corner of Broadway, by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, nearly all of the Episcopal clergy of the city being present; after which a sermon was preached by the Rev. Cor-

nelius R. Duffie, from the second verse of the 87th Psalm: "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion, more than all the dwellings of Jacob."

From that time forward, Service continued to be regularly performed on Sunday—morning and evening—and, during part of the time, on Thursday evenings also; collections being received on each occasion to defray the expenses of rent, etc.; Mr. Richard Oakley acting as Treasurer.

On the 4th of December, 1823, agreeably to public notice signed by Isaac Lawrence, Murray Hoffman, and Richard Oakley, a meeting of persons friendly to the establishment of a church in communion with the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York, was held in the room appropriated to public worship, corner of Broadway and Broome street. At this meeting Isaac Lawrence, Esq., presided, and Murray Hoffman, Esq., was appointed Secretary. It was then

Resolved, That the Rev. C. R. Duffie be requested to announce, during Morning Service, for two successive Sundays previous to the 25th of December, that an election would take place on that day, immediately after Divine service, for choosing two wardens and eight vestrymen. It was also

Resolved, That on the same day, an incorporation of a church should be made under the statute in that case provided.

The required notice was given on the 14th and 21st of December. On the 25th of December, 1823, immediately after Divine service, a meeting was held. David R. Lambert, Esq., was appointed Chairman, and Murray Hoffman, Esq., Secretary; Richard Oakley and William Beach Lawrence, Esqrs., Inspectors. An election then took place, and the following gentlemen were chosen: Isaac Lawrence, Thomas M. Huntington, Wardens; David Hadden, John Duer, William B. Lawrence, Richard Oakley, John J. Lambert, Charles

King, Murray Hoffman, and William B. Astor, Vestrymen.

At this meeting it was furthermore unanimously

Resolved, That the name or title by which the church and congregation now organized should be known in law, is St. Thomas's Church, in the City and County of New York.

A certificate of the above was acknowledged before John T. Irving, Esq., First Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and is recorded in the office of the Register, in *Liber* 1st of Religious Incorporations, page 122, the 9th of January, 1824.

LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE, CORNER OF
BROADWAY AND HOUSTON STREET, JULY
27TH, 1824.

Encouraged by the liberal assistance of several individuals, in addition to their own subscriptions, the vestry determined to procure ground, and erect an edifice for public worship.

The site at the corner of Broadway and Houston street (forming seven lots, and extending through to Mercer street), being thought most eligible, was accordingly purchased, although there were very many who deprecated and derided the selection of a spot so remote from all the prospects and probabilities of a surrounding population. At that time it was a rural suburb of the city below. Large, open fields stretched off to the southwest. Old country seats still held their place. Old mile-stones were still in requisition along what was then a turnpike, unpaved, and lined with modest foot-paths. Brooks and running streams diversified the landscape. Groves of patriarchal trees were within sight. Gardens under tillage, and pastures enclosed with rails, and flocks and herds and hill and valley were discernible in almost every direction, especially to the northeast. The *rural* aspect was altogether predominant at this point, and when the corner-stone of the church was laid, people wondered; and while its walls were going up, they made ex-

cursions to visit the most notable specimen of Gothic architecture ever attempted upon this island, and it was then said by some who still survive: "Here is a church; but it is as useless as Melrose Abbey, for who are to fill it? Where is the congregation to come from?" The vestry having adopted a plan of a church designed by the Rev. Prof. McVicar, of Columbia College, and having made their arrangements for building, gave notice of their intention to lay the corner-stone of the new church on Tuesday afternoon, the 27th of July, 1824. Bishop Hobart was in Europe. But the annual commencement of the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, having called together many of the clergy from different parts of the Union, they were invited to be present, and the vestry had the satisfaction of seeing, in addition to the clergy of our own city and vicinity, many from the Eastern and Southern States, including the Rt. Rev. Bishops White of Pennsylvania, Kemp of Maryland, Croes of New Jersey, and Brownell of Connecticut. The venerable Presiding Bishop, White, performed the ceremony, in the presence of a very large concourse of Church people, to whom the occasion was one of extraordinary interest. Addresses were made by the bishop and rector, and from each we give an extract as illustrative of opinions and anticipations which then prevailed. Bishop White said: "It would be an error to suppose that we annex the idea of sanctity to the materials of which houses for Divine worship are composed. Further, we entertain no doubt that prayer and praise sent up by devout hearts, from houses opened to the ordinary business of the world, and not resorted to for the sustaining of error, or from the love of change, are as acceptable to the Almighty Father as when they ascend from the hallowed enclosure of a sanctuary. But we contemplate a property of human nature, creating an ideal association between a place and

the purpose to which it is set apart; so that devout sensibilities are favored by the presence of material objects, which have customarily surrounded us, when assembled for the hearing of God's Holy Word—for the celebrating of His Blessed Sacraments—for the offering of the sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving, and for the performance of all other sacred offices."

The Rector, the Rev. Mr. Duffie, in his address, used the following language: "Let us often reflect that in erecting this building we are engaged in a work the benefits of which are to outlive ourselves. That, while the ordinary actions in which we employ our lives shall soon be forgotten—while the worldly occupations which to-day seem important, shall to-morrow appear to have been unworthy of our regard; while the anxious cares and fruitless expectations, which every day fill our waking thoughts, and which furnish the material for our nightly dreams, shall, like those dreams, soon pass away—this object of our exertions shall have a permanent and a beneficial duration—this fabric shall continue to be an ornament and a blessing, when its founders themselves shall be forgotten."

The Church subsequently built on that site was of stone, in the Gothic style of architecture, 62 feet wide and 100 feet in depth—including two towers, projecting 12 feet from the front of the building.

THE RECTORS OF ST. THOMAS.

The founder and first rector of this parish was the Rev. Cornelius Roosevelt Duffie, a gentleman whose amiability and freedom from affectation, and earnest devotion to the work of his Master, have secured for him an abiding record and remembrance in the annals of the parish. He was not educated for the Sacred Ministry; and during the earlier period of his manhood was engaged in mercantile pursuits—not successfully, however, nor with an undivided heart. His prepossessions were for the Church and her service, and those who knew him

best were thoroughly convinced of his fitness and special aptitude for the clerical profession, and such was the favorable judgment formed of him, and his great popularity as a man that at the commencement of his ministry he was placed at the head of the enterprise which led to the existence of St. Thomas's Church, having for his firm supporters men whose names have been already mentioned, and which will be recognized as among the foremost in society and the Church. Mr. Duffie did not long survive to carry forward the parochial work which he had so nobly inaugurated. His labors were abundant, even after his physical constitution had begun to fail him, and he had the satisfaction of realizing that the work of the Lord was prospering in his hands. As a token of appreciation the trustees of Columbia College conferred upon him the Honorary Degree of S. T. D. Dr. Duffie expired at the rectory, during the month of August, 1827—greatly lamented.

He was succeeded by the present venerable Senior Bishop of Indiana, the Rt. Rev. Geo. Upfold, D.D., LL.D. Dr. Upfold had been in charge of St. Luke's Church, Hudson street, but, accepting the call to St. Thomas's Church, entered upon the rectorship in March, 1828, and continued in the discharge of its increasing labors until his resignation in August, 1831.

Upon the retirement of Dr. Upfold, the Rev. Dr. Francis Lister Hawks, who at the time was rector of St. Stephen's Church, was unanimously invited to the vacant place, and entered upon his brilliant career in December, 1831. Did space allow, large mention might be made of this eloquent and eminent divine. His rectorship was the golden period in the history of St. Thomas's. This Church was then in the very heart of the city, and in the midst of its best population. Here he remained for twelve years, or until 1843, and they were among the most eventful and laborious years of his life. His popularity as a pulpit orator has seldom been equalled, certainly never sur-

passed, in the history of the American Church. There he stood forth, year after year, the peerless preacher of the day.*

"He was a scholar, moreover, of solid and diverse acquisitions; a teacher incomparable in his simple and luminous exposition of truth, whether recondite or elementary. He was a lawyer of no mean quality; a theologian far above the average of contemporary divines; a poet of much sweetness and pathos; a canonist of unquestioned authority; an ecclesiastical historian, whose contributions are among the richest treasures of the Church. His devotion to secular history is, also, well known—while, aside from all this, he was a magnificent leader of public assemblies: as a debater, affluent, logical, convincing, lending to every topic, and to every doubtful, intricate question, an accuracy of statement and a splendor of eloquence which were well-nigh irresistible."†

Dr. Hawks resigned, October, 1843, and was followed, in December of the same year, by the present distinguished Bishop of Illinois, the Rt. Rev. Henry J. Whitehouse, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L. Dr. Whitehouse had been for many years the rector of St. Luke's Church, Rochester, and a conspicuous Evangelical divine. Entering upon his duties as rector of St. Thomas', at Easter, 1844, he remained at his post until called to the Bishopric of Illinois, in November, 1851. During his rectorship the church was burned and rebuilt.

The Rev. Edmund Nevelle, D.D., was called from Christ Church, New Orleans, to succeed Dr. Whitehouse, and took charge of St. Thomas's in July, 1852. By the unusual attractiveness of Dr. Nevelle, as a pulpit orator, he restored the Church to

something like its former prestige under Dr. Hawks, and throughout his entire rectorship, there were large congregations, and other tokens of life and prosperity. Dr. Nevelle resigned in August, 1856. From a Church paper just received, we are supplied with the following sad announcement: "The death of the Rev. Dr. Edmund Nevelle occurred, in Hamilton, Canada, on the 4th of July. He was some time rector of St. Philip's Church, Philadelphia, and afterward, successively, rector of Christ Church, New Orleans; of St. Thomas's, New York; of Trinity Church, Newark, N. J.; and recently of St. Thomas's Church, Hamilton, Canada."

In the following January, 1857, the present rector, William F. Morgan, D.D., who for many years had been rector of Christ Church, Norwich, Conn., was elected to fill the vacancy. Dr. Morgan has exceeded all his predecessors in the length of his pastorate.

The demolition of the old church and the erection of the new, with all attending circumstances, have received due public notice, while technical and detailed information relating to the dimensions of the building, etc., was fully given at the time of the opening, October 6th, 1870. St. Thomas's Church is not only a grand and solid architectural structure, destined when finished, to impress all beholders with its grace and beauty, but as a parish church is eminently well suited to all the purposes of Divine worship. Large provision is made for the accommodation and comfort of the choir, and, under the leadership of the distinguished organist, Mr. Geo. Wm. Warren, the musical service is not only well sustained by careful and laborious preparations, but is of a character to quicken and satisfy the highest cravings of the devout and spiritually minded. The rectory of St. Thomas's, which adjoins the cloisters in the rear, is now finished, and will be occupied in the Autumn. "Peace be within its walls!"

* "American Quarterly Church Review," for April, 1867, Rev. N. S. Richardson, D.D., editor.

† Remarks of the Rev. William F. Morgan, D.D., in the Hall of the New York Historical Society, Nov. 6th, 1866, after the preamble and resolutions relating to the decease of Dr. Hawks, (which occurred Wednesday, Sept. 26, 1866,) had been read.

Christian Education.

THE SUCCESS OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY THE REV. DR. HODGINS, OF ONTARIO.

WHEN we speak of the "past success" of Sunday schools, I think it would scarcely satisfy earnest workers in that department of Christian labor, to be simply told (as an evidence of "success") of the origin, growth and progress of Sunday schools which have been established throughout the world since Raikes first gathered his little flock together to tell them the simple and touching story of the cross.

WHAT WE SHOULD REGARD AS EVIDENCES OF "SUCCESS."

The "success" of which we would like to hear, and which would encourage us in our work, and animate our hopes for the future, would be rather a knowledge of the potent influences which Sunday schools exert; and of the successes which they have achieved; not only in multiplying the springs of individual usefulness, but in developing the sources of Christian effort and enlightenment.

When a great and decisive battle has been fought, and a successful campaign terminated, statesmen and military leaders deal less with the individual facts of the battle-field,—of prisoners taken and guns captured from the enemy—than with the triumph of national policy of which they are the evidence, and of the principles of international law which have been placed in the ascendant. They also watch with interest the springs and internal forces of national life which have been developed and strengthened,—the theory of military science which has been demonstrated, and the dormant powers of national endurance and skill that have been awakened and

brought into active play in the contest. And so it is in the great work of Sunday school effort. Our inquiries, therefore, into its "success" should be rather—What has it achieved in the great scheme of civilization?—What springs and resources of Christian life has it developed and strengthened?—What theory of popular enlightenment has it demonstrated?—And what dormant power of Christian endurance and individual effort has it awakened and brought into activity?

In this brief paper, therefore, we propose to glance at a few of the principal facts which we think are at once evidences of the "success" of Sunday schools, and a demonstration of their immense power for good.

STATISTICAL FACTS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE GROWTH AND PROGRESS OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

I think it desirable, however, as a preliminary, to gratify the desire of those who would like to know what are the direct practical results of Sunday school effort—(so far as they can be demonstrated by statistical facts). Such evidence, supported by other collateral facts, irresistibly proves how great have been the achievements of the gigantic enterprise itself, and how rapid has been its growth since the time when Sunday schools were first established by Robert Raikes in 1781.

Upon consulting the best authorities on the subject, we gather the following interesting facts:

In England, the number of Sunday schools in connection with the various

evangelical bodies is at present about 25,000. The number of teachers engaged in these schools is nearly 300,000: and the number of scholars not far from 3,000,000. In Wales the number of Sunday schools is 4,500; teachers, 38,000; and scholars, 420,000. In Ireland the number of Sunday schools is 3,300; teachers, 35,000; scholars, 240,000. In Scotland the number of Sunday schools is 4,100; teachers, 40,000; scholars, 400,000. In the two Provinces of Ontario and Quebec the number of Sunday schools is 2,800; teachers, 25,000; scholars, 200,000. In the United States the number of Sunday schools reported is 55,000; teachers, 500,000; scholars, 4,000,000. In other countries not enumerated, the number of Protestant Sunday schools is estimated at 5,300; teachers, 52,000; scholars, 540,000; making a grand total of Protestant Sunday schools throughout the world of 100,000; teachers, 1,000,000; and scholars, between 8,000,000 and 9,000,000. For these cheering facts, and for this noble army enrolled under the banners of our Great King, we should thank God and take courage! How inspiring is this record of facts—so eloquent of the “past success” of this grand enterprise; how should it animate us to go forward,—and how honored should we feel in being permitted to take part in so noble a work!

Thus much for the material progress of Sunday schools. So far as our own provinces are concerned, the retrospect is encouraging; though the results are far below what they ought to be in a country which, theoretically, so fully recognizes the duty of “teaching diligently” to the children the words of eternal life. Even yet, the whole number of Sunday schools in the two provinces does not reach 3,000, while the public schools exceed 8,000.*

*In Ontario the number of public schools reported for 1869 was 4,524. In the Province of Quebec the number of “instructions” reported by the Minister of Public Instruction for 1868 (the latest published) was 3,913; total for both provinces, 8,437.

HIGHER EVIDENCES OF THE “SUCCESS” OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

We will now briefly refer to a few of those higher evidences of “success” in the great Sunday school institution, which its past history and legitimate progress will fairly warrant us in presenting to you. And first, bearing in mind that the legitimate results produced by the working of a system, are rather to be relied upon, than even gratifying statistical indications of its progress, we would group together our evidences of the “success” of Sunday schools as follows,—which we cannot but regard as the legitimate fruit of Sunday school work.

1. Our Sunday schools have provided not only the best training schools for Christian workers, but the best elementary training schools for the pulpit, that has been developed in any of the great Christian benevolent enterprises of the day.

2. Another evidence of success is, the powerful reflex influence of Sunday school teaching in the family.

3. A third great result of Sunday school teaching is, the bulwark which it throws around the sacredness of the Sabbath day, and the powerful auxiliary which it is to the sanctity of that day.

4. Another striking evidence of the success of Sunday schools is, the promotion of spiritual life among the scholars; and the number which, through its instrumentality, have, with God's blessing, been brought into His Church.

5. The fifth and last evidence of the success of Sunday schools which I will adduce, is the great and glorious one that so many thousands of precious souls have, through the infinite merits of the Saviour, passed from the Sunday school directly into the presence of their loving Father;—which, but for its instrumentality and God's blessing, might never have known the way of salvation.

Our time being limited, we can only touch upon each of these five points briefly:

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL THE BEST TRAINING
SCHOOL FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

And first, we cannot but regard the Sunday school as having provided, not only the best training school for Christian workers, but the best elementary training school for the pulpit, that has been produced under any other system of Christian effort.

These two features of the work I regard apart from the work itself. They are its legitimate outgrowth, and are among the most useful and valuable of its achievements.

There is reason to believe that the extensive development which active Christian effort has reached in England and the United States at the present day, is due, under God, to the spirit and zeal with which Sunday school work is prosecuted in these countries. The young neophyte in Christian work feels that in the Sunday school there is a field of labor not beyond his untried skill, and of a kind just suited to develop his benevolent desires to do good to others. If, superadded to this, his heart is aglow with love to the Saviour, and filled with a desire to bring the immortal minds entrusted to his Christian culture into close contact with Him, who not only "forbids them not," but who lovingly invites them to His arms, then there is implanted in his heart the germ of the largest Christian philanthropy, and of the most expansive Christian benevolence.

THE GREAT RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE
TEACHER.

And who can venture to sit down before a class of little precious souls to talk to them of the Saviour—of His gracious words—and of His loving message, who does not himself acknowledge that Saviour to be his; who never listened with swelling heart to His gracious words, and who never believingly received His loving message? And yet, alas! how many do so, apparently unconscious of the awful responsibility of

teaching immortal souls to believe what they themselves practically deny! Oh, how fervently ought teachers to pray every time they sit down before their classes, that Divine light would illuminate their minds, and that its bright rays would shine through their words into the hearts of the dear little ones committed to their instruction and care!

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL THE BEST ELEMEN-
TARY TRAINING SCHOOL FOR THE
PULPIT.

And, then, how natural is the transition from the simpler teaching of the Sunday school to the higher teaching of the pulpit! There (in the Sunday school), to the unconscious possessor, is often discovered the germs of those higher qualifications for teaching others which receive their largest development in the sacred desk. Who that fully enters into the work and spirit of the Sunday school, is a laggard in other departments of Christian work? His heart expands toward each new enterprise for doing good—practice makes him familiar with some of the hidden secrets of power over others—experience warns him against doubtful success—difficulties conquered animate him—love for Christ in his heart impels him to labor, and when it is abundant and overflowing, it "constrains" him, as it did the great apostle, "to do all things" for Christ, who strengthens him for the effort—sustains him in every difficulty, and crowns his labor with abundant success!

Thus we see that the very spirit of the Sunday school enterprise—its specific work of teaching others their duty to God, and their duty to their neighbor—its enkindling of love to the Saviour and devotion to His cause—the active personal effort which it requires—the mutual sympathy which it calls forth—the working with and for others,—and the high Christian motive which inspires and prompts its whole design—all unite to make the Sunday school

the great training school of Christian effort; while the spirit of power and love thus gained by the Christian teacher fully demonstrates to him, in his toil and labor, the reality of the gracious and reviving promise that "he that watereth others *shall* be watered also himself"!

REFLEX INFLUENCE OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL IN THE FAMILY.

Another evidence of "success" in the Sunday school is the reflex influence of its teaching in the family,—silent, it is true,—but, when accompanied by faith and prayer, no less potent in its persuasive power as an auxiliary to the pulpit in its special mission.

ALLEGED INTERFERENCE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHING WITH PARENTAL INSTRUCTION.

And here, I am aware, many will feel that in some respects the Sunday school usurps the legitimate function of parental teaching. Would that there were better grounds for the charge! But I am not going just now to discuss this question. The popular fallacy in the statement has been fully exposed in recent Church Congresses, Conferences, and Sunday school Conventions. I would simply say, that were that parental teaching which is so desirable more practised, we should then be better able to discuss the question on its merits. I can speak only of the facts of the case: that parental teaching is not generally given, I am sorry to say, even where it might and could be given. And then look at the many sad and lamentable cases in which the parents are either wholly unable or utterly unfit to give it. Were it not for the open doors of the Sunday school, the children of such parents would grow up in utter ignorance of the blessed Saviour, and of the winning words of invitation which He has given to them to "come" to Him.

THE GREAT LEAVEN OF RELIGIOUS TRUTH BROUGHT INTO THE HOUSEHOLD FROM THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

In speaking of the reflex influence of Sunday school teaching in the family, I do not so much refer to the lack of service on the part of the parent which it supplies, but I refer more particularly to the great leaven of religious truth and teaching, which it silently brings into the household. The outspoken utterance of childhood—the unceasing inquiries which they make in regard to any object which occupies their mind (and which is always a reality to them)—is sure to bring to bear directly, or incidentally, the teachings of the Sunday lesson upon the other members of the household. Thus home teaching is supplemented; and, where it does not exist, the good seed is often silently dropped into a heart—sometimes careless—often hard, but generally tender and loving toward the little speaker. If the teacher is earnest in his work, and has drawn out the young heart and filled it with love to the Saviour, oh how touching and persuasive a sermon may that teacher often preach in many a household through the earnest eyes and loving lips of his Sunday school scholar! At a recent Sabbath school Convention, the Rev. Dr. Tyng (so justly honored as a great Sabbath school worker) gave some touching and striking illustrations, which came under his own observation, of the blessed power, on the household, of faithful, earnest teaching. I will quote one little incident he mentions: Two little boys wrote to their father from a boarding school, that they were attending a Sunday school, and that God was pleased through its instrumentality to bring them to Himself. "God (he says) was pleased to make it the instrument of life to that father's soul. But yesterday he said to me, 'My dear friend, can I be received into the Church?' 'Can you?' (I said) 'If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest. He lifted up his hands and eyes and said: 'I believe in the Lord Jesus

Christ without qualification; I surrender my soul entirely to Him; I hope to find mercy in that great day, before the mercy seat of Jesus Christ my Saviour.' * * * This is the work of little Sunday school children. I was there to tie up the clusters on the vine they had planted, to gather the fruit from the orchard they had been permitted to set out. 'One soweth and the other reapeth,' and the sweet little Sunday school boy, in writing home, little knew what he was doing, as he signed himself, 'Your dear child, and the loving child of the dear Saviour!'

POWER OF EARNEST, FAITHFUL SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS.

And then, if the indirect teaching of the Sunday school may be made, by earnest, faithful men, such a blessing to those not under its influence, how much more potent may that influence become when exercised directly upon the scholar by teachers such as I have described? Dr. Tyng, in speaking of men of position and influence in the community, which he had as teachers in his Sunday school, and which he says truly, should always be the Aarons, and Hurs, and Miriams of the congregation, thus mentions some of them. He says: "I remember one such man in Philadelphia,—John Farr. I used to call him a man of pure gold. He took my Bible-class at St. Paul's.

* * * * *

Every youth that came under his direction seemed to gain the blessing of God under that direction. He raised up an army of young men who are still coming to me, though forty years have gone by since I began to work with Farr; they are coming to me year after year—men in middle life—rectors of churches, to speak of that man, and to give thanks to God for the direction which he gave their lives." Another striking instance he mentions of a young girl, whom storms of snow or rain never deterred from her noble work. One after another of her scholars, he says, would come to him, and

when he would ask the question: "What has led you to seek a Saviour's love?" they would mention this sweet and charming name, until, he says, "I traced twenty-five, at least, of my young people, who were converted through her prayers and labors, and among them that beloved son of mine, at whose bed-side I sat for sixteen long hours, wondering why God had taken him and left me behind! This was the character of that girl. Nothing kept her back."

And here we might ask: If the influence of Sunday school instruction can become, by means of devoted teachers, so diffusive in families generally (which have some respect for religion), how much more important and essential does it become when exerted upon irreligious parents and ungodly households, which never come within the range and power of the pulpit? What a wide field—what an inspiring motive for Christian usefulness does this feature of Sunday school work open to the zealous, faithful teacher? In instructing a child in the precious truths of the Gospel, how silently and effectively can a teacher preach a solemn lesson to the parent! In his visits to an absent scholar too, how precious an opportunity he has for reaching the parent's heart through that child, and of dropping a word of counsel, of warning or encouragement into his ear, which with God's blessing will never be lost. In this aspect of the question, what a potent means of home evangelization does the Church possess through the agency of the Sunday school!

ACCUMULATIVE INFLUENCE OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS ON NATIONAL LIFE.

And if the results of Sunday school instruction are, as I have indicated them—first upon the child, then upon the parent, and lastly upon the household, what must be the effect of its aggregate results on families, neighborhoods, communities, and masses of the people, and upon the whole national life? I leave the practical, Christian statesman to sum up his estimate of

the value of that powerful lever of good which God has thus put into the hands of His Church, through the instrumentality of our Sunday schools. What a motive for increased exertion—for increasing activity and unswerving faith in God's own emphatic declaration that *His* "word—whether taught in faith by the eloquent preacher, or by the humble Sunday school teacher—shall *not* return unto him void, but it shall accomplish that whereto He (the Great Teacher) hath sent it."

SUNDAY SCHOOLS THE GREAT AUXILIARY
BULWARK OF THE SANCTITY OF THE
SABBATH DAY.

Another striking result of the success of Sabbath school instruction is, that it is one of the great bulwarks of the Sabbath, and is the most powerful auxiliary to the pulpit (beyond all human law) in preserving the sanctity of the holy day. How many hundreds of thousands of the millions of the children now happily in the Sunday schools, would (without its restraining and elevating influences) be led into the open violation of that sacred day? How strikingly appropriate to youth is the solemn word of warning with which the fourth commandment is enforced? "*Remember*"—that is to recall to mind, not to forget—"to keep holy the Sabbath day"; and how glowing are the words of commendation to those who "call the Sabbath a delight, holy of the Lord, honorable," that they "shall ride upon the high places of the earth," and be fed "with the heritage of Jacob, thy father, for the mouth of the Lord (what a blessed assurance and certainty!) hath spoken it."

Few can realize how much we owe, under God, to Sunday school instruction and influence for impressing indelibly on the youthful mind the idea of the sanctity of the Sabbath day. The reverence for that holy day is a customary part of its teaching, and is an abiding influence on the scholar; it so moulds his thoughts and fixes his habits, that even the secularities of after

life never wholly efface from their memory the associations of reverence for the Sabbath, and the sacred duties of that day.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHING A GUARANTEE
FOR CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

In summing up the past successes of the Sunday school, we should never forget that the early religious instructions there given (and followed up in after years from the pulpit), afford us the strongest guarantee for the maintenance of civil and religious freedom. It is not necessary to enlarge upon this point, as it would open up a wide field for discussion; but we know that where Sunday schools prevail, and the pulpit does its duty, there civil liberty and religious freedom abound.

PROMOTION OF SPIRITUALITY OF LIFE
AMONG SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLARS.

As to the past success of Sunday schools in promoting spirituality of life, and of being a means of inducing scholars to attach themselves to the Church of Christ, I need scarcely add anything. At the great Church Congress held last year in Liverpool, a clergyman stated that, "in answer to an inquiry which he had addressed to a great number of clergy four years before, as to what proportion of the working classes had been brought to the Lord's table through the agency of the Sunday school; the answers showed an average of 78 per cent." He further adds: "It is not my statement, but that of the Commissioners of Education and the Inspectors of Schools, that the strength of the Church in a parish is generally to be estimated by the extent of the Sunday school. They almost invariably assert that it is the Sunday school which fixes the creed, and lays broad and deep the religious character." The late Archbishop Sumner, when Bishop of Chester, declared that Sunday schools "formed the spiritual salt of Manchester." At the same Church Congress, a gentleman speaking of the mission dis-

tricts in that city said: "I met the clergyman of one of these districts the other day, and he said to me, 'I have seven hundred Sunday school scholars, and you could not keep them from coming to church except with the horsewhip?'" The venerable rector of St. George's church, New York (whom I have already quoted), in speaking of a movement in his Sunday school in Philadelphia (which resulted in the conversion of 16 youths), says: "These sixteen youths, were the forerunners of one hundred and forty-seven of the members of the Sunday school whom I admitted to the Lord's table in that one year!" Again he says: "I can count up now over fifty faithful young men that I have been permitted to bring through Sunday schools, that are settled as earnest ministers of Jesus Christ." Further on he says: "When I look at the influence of the Sunday school, blessed facts come up to me. I have looked after the character of a whole class of girls of the first circumstances in the city of New York. They were in the hands of one teacher, ten of them. Every one of these ten girls had been brought to a knowledge of a Saviour's love, and is this day an effective and useful Christian in the Church of God."

NUMBER OF CHILDREN WHICH HAVE GONE FROM SUNDAY SCHOOLS TO HEAVEN.

The last point on which we desire to base our evidence of the success of Sunday schools is the number of children which have gone from them safely home to heaven. It is estimated that more than half the human race die in infancy and youth. We do not mean to say that even a large proportion of these children attend Sunday schools; but we do say that many thousands of those who do thus die, have received their education in the Sunday school; and that, under God, they owe the spiritual light which they have enjoyed to the direct agency of the Sunday school.

What an encouragement, therefore, for us to work in this blessed cause, and to

endeavor to guide the little feet of youthful pilgrims safe to the heavenly Canaan, where the teacher himself—afterward,—

"Safe in that better country, his loved ones all shall find,
And some in that bright multitude he feared were left behind,
Shall join with his their praises, within the jasper wall,
As Cherubim and Seraphim before the holiest fall.

"With folded wings expectant, the angel bands will come,
To listen to the tale of grace that wooed the children home;
And sitting at the Saviour's feet his joyful lips shall tell
How much He hath forgiven, who doeth all things well!"

A FEW ENCOURAGING WORDS TO THE TEACHER.

And now a word of encouragement to the teacher: Who is it for whom we work? None less than the Great Master himself!—who deigns to honor us with His gracious commands, and encourages us with His never failing promises. And how lovingly has He united them both,—the command and the promise! "Go, He says, work *"to-day in my vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give unto thee."* And has He not given us His own example? He even did "the work of Him that sent Him," and "went about" every day "doing good." With what little service, too, will he be satisfied!—far less than any earnest Christian would himself be satisfied with. And yet He says: "Whosoever shall give to drink unto *one* of these *"little ones,* a cup of cold water *only,* in the name of a disciple, *verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."* Again condescendingly speaking of service to the sick, hungry, and strangers, as service to Himself. He says: "insomuch ye have done it unto *me."*

How confidently, therefore, can we, as teachers, receive and obey without hesitation

or question the inspired command which the wise King Solomon thus speaks to us: "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou *shalt* find it after many days," and "In the

morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AT WORK.

THE teacher being seated with his class, each pupil having at hand the Bible and Prayer Book. The time allowed for teaching being one hour. He begins with the *Collect* for

THE NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

After the *Collect* has been recited, by every one in the class, the Teacher asks:

What do we beseech God to grant us? "The spirit to think and do such things as be rightful."

What is the Spirit that we pray for in this *Collect*? "God's Holy Spirit."—John, xvi. 13.

At what times? "Always."

What cannot we do without God? "Anything that is good."

Is this a proper acknowledgment of our weakness? "It is."

What are we able to do by His Spirit? "To live according to His will."

Through whom may we obtain the Spirit? "Through Jesus Christ, our Lord."—Luke, xi. 13. Heb. xiii. 21.

The Gospel—Luke, xvi. 1-9. How does our Lord apply the parable of the unjust steward? "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations."

Mammon being another word for riches, what does our Lord say of them in another place? (Luke, xviii. 24, 25.) "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God! For it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

What assurance, however, from the same blessed Saviour, may tend to comfort all who are exposed to this temptation? (Luke, xviii. 27, 29, 30.) "The things which are impossible with men are possible with God. Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting."

How did Daniel exhort Nebuchadnezzar to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness? (Dan. iv. 27.) "O king, let my counsel be acceptable unto thee, and break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by showing mercy to the poor; if it may be a lengthening of thy tranquillity."

What does St. Paul say of those who make riches their pursuit? (I. Tim. vi. 9.) "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."

And how does the same Apostle advise the rich to use their possessions? (I. Tim. vi. 17, 18, 19.) "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life."

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Collect.—What are the servants of the Lord called? "Humble servants."

What do they desire of God? "That they may obtain their petitions."

How do they desire this to be done? "That God's merciful ears may be open to their prayers."

When will they obtain their petitions? "When they ask such things as please God."

What do they pray for in this *Collect*? "That He would make them to ask such things."

Through whom do their petitions succeed? "Through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Matt. vii. 7. I. John, v. 15.

The Gospel.—Luke, xix. 41-47. What proof of compassionate regard for Jerusalem did Jesus manifest as he came near to it? "He beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes."

How did He foretell its destruction? "The days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a

trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."

By what people, and under what emperor, was this prophecy fulfilled? By the Romans, in the reign of the emperor Titus.

After Jesus had thus spoken whither did He go? "He went into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold therein, and them that bought; saying unto them, It is written, My house is the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves."

Give me, from the prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah, the written word to which our Lord here refers? (Isa. lvi. 7. Jer. vii. 11.) "Mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people."—"Is this house which is called by My name become a den of robbers in your eyes? Behold, even I have seen it, saith the Lord."

Having cleansed the temple, how did our Lord honor it? "He taught daily in the temple."

THE ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Collect.—In what does God chiefly declare His Almighty power? "In showing mercy and pity."

What do we pray that He would mercifully grant unto us? "His grace."

In what measure? "Such that we may run the way of His commandments."

For what purpose? "That we may obtain His gracious promises."

What shall we then be partakers of? "His heavenly treasure."

Through whom do we ask these blessings? "Through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Psalms, lix. 16. I. Cor. ix. 24.

The Gospel.—Luke, xviii. 9–15. To whom did our Lord address the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, who went up into the Temple to pray? "He spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others."

What was the Pharisee's address? "The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this Publican. I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I possess."

What was the conduct of the Publican? "The Publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner."

What is our Lord's judgment in this matter? "I tell you, this man went down to his house justified

rather than the other; for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

What further instruction does this convey? (Gal. ii. 16.) "That a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ."

How is this confirmed in St. Paul's Epistle to Titus? (Titus, iii. 5–7.) "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which He shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour; That being justified by His grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life."

How is the necessity of good works, nevertheless, established in the next verse of the same Epistle? "This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works. These things are good and profitable unto men."

THE TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Collect.—What do we here acknowledge in regard to prayer? "God's constant readiness to hear prayer."

How has David (in Psalm lxxv. 2.) encouraged the universal duty of prayer? "O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come."

What then is Almighty God always ready to do? "To hear."

How ready? "More than we to pray."

What is He wont to give? "More than either we desire or deserve."

What do we pray that He would pour down upon us? "The abundance of His mercy."

What do we pray that He would forgive? "Those things whereof our conscience is afraid."

What do we pray that He would give us? "Those things which we are not worthy to ask."

If not worthy to ask, how can we obtain them? "Through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord."—Isa. lxxv. 24. Eph. iii. 20, 21.

What is the meaning of the words "wont to give"? "Accustomed, or always willing to give."

The Epistle.—II. Cor. iii. 4–9. How does St. Paul himself acknowledge his own insufficiency, and the all-sufficiency of God? "Such trust have we through Christ to Godward; not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think any thing as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God."

How does He state the difference between the letter and the spirit of the Law? "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life."

What do you understand by this? That we, being unable of ourselves to fulfil God's law perfectly, that is, to the letter, can only be saved by the Spirit, which teaches us to believe in Christ Jesus our Lord: "In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins."

When was the face of Moses so glorious that the children of Israel could not "steadfastly behold" it? (Ex. xxxiv. 29.) When he came down from Mount Sinai with the two tables of testimony in his hand.

What does St. Paul observe in connection with this? "If the ministration of condemnation be glory, much more doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory."

What is meant by "the ministration of condemnation?" The Law of the two tables given from Mount Sinai, which condemns all who do not keep it.

What is meant by the "ministration of righteousness?" (Rom. iii. 21, 22.) "But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe." The law of the Gospel, which imputes the righteousness of Christ to all who believe in Him.

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S MONTHLY LECTURE ON THE CATECHISM.

LECTURE I.

It is right and proper that we should learn all we can know about the Christian religion. We can learn this only by diligent study and earnest prayer. It is thought that the best way for children to learn is by a catechism. A catechism is an instruction by which we learn by question and answer, which must be committed to memory. One teaches by a question what another learns by the answer. It is a short method of learning first truths or principles out of a larger system of knowledge. It is a means of plain instruction which is easily understood. The design of a catechism is to teach the certainty of knowledge, and to exercise the understanding as well as the memory. The catechism contains the sum of the whole of the Christian religion. The baptismal name is worthy of note.

You have each two names, a Christian name and surname. One you received from your parents at your birth, the other, you

received at your baptism. We took this custom of giving names at baptism from the Jewish rite of circumcision. The name given in baptism is called the Christian name. The rite of circumcision in the Jewish Church is the same as baptism among Christians. John the Baptist and Jesus Christ received their names when they were circumcised. When a child was circumcised he was made a member of the Jewish nation and the Jewish Church. When you were baptized you were made members of the Church of Christ. Ignorant people suppose that the sacrament of baptism is a mere ceremony of giving a name, but this is a mistake; baptism would be valid and complete although no name were given. Our Christian name reminds us of our Christian privileges and duties. Three things are necessary in baptism: a lawful minister, washing with water, and the sacred name "Father," etc.

What is it right we should know? Luke, i. 3, 4.

How only must we learn?

What is the best method of teaching? Acts, xviii. 25.

What is a catechism?

What does a catechism contain? Rom. ii. 18.

Should it be easy of comprehension? I. Cor. xiv.

19.

What is the design of teaching by a catechism? Luke, i. 4.

What does our catechism teach?

How came you by your Christian name? When was it given? From whom taken? Mention two persons receiving names? Proof—Luke, i. 63; ii. 21.

Of what does our Christian name remind us? What three things are necessary for a valid sacrament in baptism?

WORD STUDY FOR THE MONTH.

Explain the words: Collect; Epistle; Gospel; Steward; Mammon; Pharisee; Publican; Parable; Justified; Regeneration; Calendar; Rubric; Surname; the difference—Catechise, Catechist, Catechumen, and Catechism; Atonement and Atonement; Baptize, Baptism; Apostate; Infidel; Clergy; Communicant.

[For the *method of word study* see the July number of THE CHRISTIAN YEAR, p. 41.]

EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

COMMISSIONER BARNARD, of the Bureau of Education, has prepared, as the report of his bureau for the current year, the most elaborate and complete general view of the condition of the United States, in respect to popular education, which has ever been compiled. Before his appointment to office, Professor Barnard was well known as one of the ablest of living writers on this subject, and the *American Journal of Education*, under his charge, was long one of the highest authorities in the world for educational principles and statistics.

There is nothing in which the States of the Union differ from each other more than the adequacy of the provision made for the instruction of children, and the efficiency of their school systems.

The following table shows the sum of money expended for education in each State, for each child of "school age":

SCHOOL EXPENDITURE PER HEAD OF THE SCHOOL POPULATION.

Nevada.....	\$19 17
Massachusetts.....	16 45
California.....	11 44
Connecticut.....	10 29
Pennsylvania.....	7 86
Illinois.....	7 83
Iowa.....	7 21
New York.....	6 83
Vermont.....	6 47
Kansas.....	6 45
Ohio.....	6 48
Michigan.....	6 40
New Jersey.....	6 38
Rhode Island.....	6 20
Minnesota.....	5 71
Wisconsin.....	4 98
Maine.....	4 78
Maryland.....	4 50
New Hampshire.....	4 46
Arkansas.....	3 97
Louisiana.....	2 84
Delaware.....	2 70
Missouri.....	2 65
Nebraska.....	2 65
Indiana.....	2 37

Alabama.....	1 43
Tennessee.....	99
Florida.....	91
Kentucky.....	78
North Carolina.....	41

This expenditure is not, of course, an exact measure of the value of the school system in the States; the cost of buildings and teachers being much higher in California and Nevada than in the Eastern States, and the comparative economy of administration may have an important influence. But it needs no argument to show that States which spend less than one dollar per year for each child they have to educate, cannot do the work well. The example of Massachusetts, where the schools are reputed to be managed honestly as well as with eminent usefulness, seems to show that a thorough school system ought to cost the community sixteen dollars a year for each child; and the fact that New York spends much less than half that amount may perhaps not show superior economy so plainly as it shows inferior efficiency.

The average attendance in the schools of the whole country is 3,371,069; while the average number of children of school age, absent from school, is 4,843,568. In this respect the nation is very far behind Prussia, where the law compels parents or guardians to send children to school, and, as a consequence, the United States have lost, during this generation, the preëminence they had so long enjoyed as the most generally intelligent people in the world. With so large an immigration from countries where popular education is unknown, there will, of course, be many illiterate people; but surely this class ought not to be increased by adding to it children born here.

On the question of compulsory attendance on the public school, as enforced in Prussia, and strongly urged for this coun-

try and England, in his recent Cooper Institute address, by Mr. Mundella, there is much to be said on both sides. But it may certainly be assumed that it is the business of the State to see that the instruction it offers to all children shall be a sufficient education to make intelligent citizens of them; and that the law may properly go to

any extent that does not infringe personal freedom in making the motives of parents as strong as possible to educate their children either in these schools or elsewhere. In this way education may be made practically universal, without interfering with the authority or the conscience of parents and guardians.

DANGEROUS BOOKS.

BISHOP M'ILVAINE'S CONVENTION ADDRESS, 1871.

THERE is a matter of much painfulness connected with purity of doctrine in the Church of this Diocese, which I feel bound to speak of in this Address.

I have long been aware of the insidious efforts to introduce into our Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States the leaven of Romanism, by books of Romish devotion, catechisms for schools and families, and by divers other means. Persons bearing the office of clergymen of the Church of England, came to this country on that errand. The English Press teems with publications, in the same service, which are caught up by publishing houses of our chief cities, and pressed on our people. An example has been brought to my notice—a Catechism, which, on its title-page, professes to contain "*the chief things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health*," and is declared to be "*edited by several clergymen*"—and in its present 5th edition (of which I have a copy), to have been "*carefully revised by Theologians*." It is an English production, and bears the imprint both of a London and an American Publishing House, the latter being that of Pott & Amery, New York. I have a special reason for bringing this to your notice. Exceedingly objectionable in point of doctrine, and with singular effrontery attempting to make such doctrines pass current as unquestioned *doctrine of our Church*, it has in one instance

(the first I have heard of, and I trust the solitary instance), been introduced into the parish Sunday school of one of the churches of the Diocese, under the authority of the rector. The teaching is such as I cannot overlook. I must hold it up before the Diocese for a warning—and more especially because of the imposing sanction of clergy and theologians which it claims, and under which it seeks admission. It is my policy to take such things at their beginning. But I am desirous of saying what I have to say, as much as possible without any *personal* or *local* reference, trusting that as I have mentioned the locality to none but the Assistant Bishop, I may thus the better accomplish my object of putting the Diocese on its guard, with as little expense of individual feeling as the nature of the case admits.* I shall not specify, much

*After delivery of the above, I was informed by the clergyman of the parish and Sunday school referred to, but not mentioned, that the Catechism described had been placed in the hands of only one class of the Sunday school; that when he placed it there he had not read it; that he was not aware of the contents, as above exhibited, till his notice was called to them by one of his parishioners; and that, when he was thus made aware, he withdrew the book. I mention this in justice to that clergyman and to the Diocese of Ohio. At the same time the evidence remains of what is being done to circulate such abominations in our Church, and to poison the food of our children, and the warning remains, and is well-timed against publishers and all who are active in such work.

less attempt to exhibit, all that is objectionable, as not authorized by our Church, and as partaking of a Romish character and tendency in this book. In regard to many features and particulars, not here to be more particularly noted, let it suffice to say that, in its general structure, this book, so far from being conformed to the model of our Church Catechism, resembles very much more, in plan and detail, the Catechisms in the Church of Rome; for example, in such arbitrary clasifications as the "seven deadly sins," "the four sins crying to heaven for vengeance," "the seven opposites of deadly sins," "the four cardinal virtues," the "seven corporal," and "the seven spiritual works of mercy," "the three eminent duties," etc. All these are purely arbitrary divisions, which, while continually occurring in catechisms of Rome, have no sanction in our Church. They unjustly depreciate, by comparison, what they omit, and disproportionately exalt what they embrace. By their loose generality, they afford no guidance, but on the contrary, by the uncertainty of their limitations, they give needless and hurtful perplexity to scrupulous and unenlightened consciences. Instead of promoting the strength and symmetry of Christian character, they make it artificial and misshapen, cramping it by unnatural forms, where they do not substitute them entirely, for all genuine piety. None of these arbitrary divisions are so hurtful as that of the so-called "*seven deadly sins*." This is the faithful ally of the Priest's Confessional. The definition of a *deadly sin*, in this book, as in all Romanism, is that "*which destroys the grace of God in the soul and deserves Hell*." (p. 14.) Now *sloth*, and *pride*, and *anger* are given as of the seven deadly sins. The child is thus taught that *sloth* is so deadly as to destroy the grace of his baptism—his alleged Regeneration has thus become virtually *unregenerate*; and to the question, Can such a deadly sin be put away?—this book answers, "Yes, God

hath left power to His Church (the Priests of His Church), to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in Him." (pp. 14 and 15.)

Now then, a poor child asks, "is *all* sloth deadly? Does the least of it destroy all grace? If not, how much of it has that dreadful effect? Is there any rule by which I may know?" The priests say there is none to enable you to decide for yourself in all cases. It is the policy of the confessional to preserve that uncertainty, in order that the *priest's* judgment at confession may be the more necessary, and that the penitent may get no relief of conscience but at his tribunal.

Now let me bring out more particularly some of the teaching of this book.

Immediately following the Ten Commandments of God comes a chapter headed "*The Commandments of the Church*." (p. 27.) Among the so-called Commandments of the Church, I give you a specimen. The 3d is: "To keep the appointed days of fasting and abstinence." And among those days are said to be "all the days of Lent," "the day before certain festivals," and "all Fridays in the year—on which days we are forbidden by commandment of the Church (the book says), "*to eat flesh meat*." Fish, I suppose, is admissible. But the 6th Commandment of the Church in one of its particulars, will be new to you. It is, "not to marry in *Advent and Lent*." (p. 29.)

The 4th Commandment of the Church is of more serious import, viz: "*To confess our sins to our Pastor or some other Priest, whenever they trouble us*." (p. 29.) Here, then, is *compulsory* Confession to a Priest. It is a "*Commandment of the Church*." Nothing is voluntary but in the clause, "*whenever our sins trouble us*." But sins ought always to trouble us, till they are pardoned; and therefore the Commandment to confess always applies and is so intended.

Now, Confession is defined to be, "*To accuse ourselves of our sins, one by one, with-*

out wilfully keeping back any ;" this is made one of the necessary parts of the repentance on which absolution, by the Priest, from deadly sin is conditioned. In such repentance, we learn, three things are constituent parts, viz: "*Contrition, Confession, and Satisfaction.*" And what is *Satisfaction*? "Making amends, if possible;" but more than that, "*submitting to such punishments as may be laid upon us.*" (pp. 14, 15.) Who is to lay such punishments on us? The Priest, of course, to whom the Confession is required to be made, and whose absolution depends on this satisfaction.

It requires but little acquaintance with Romish doctrine to see here all the constituent parts of the Romish Sacrament of Penance, namely, *Obligatory Confession to a Priest, with Satisfaction and Absolution.* We shall see directly that under the name of *Absolution*, such a Sacrament is positively professed. Absolution is styled a "*Holy Ordinance*," and a "means of grace whereby, on our repentance (which has been previously made to consist of *Contrition, Confession, and Satisfaction*), sins committed after Baptism are put away." (p. 33.)

Now let us turn to the Chapter on "*The Sacraments.*" (p. 29.) Under the head and title of Sacraments we find arranged *six ordinances*, in the following order: *Baptism, Confirmation, The Holy Eucharist, Absolution, Holy Orders, and Holy Matrimony.* To each of these "*a spiritual grace*" is ascribed, as well as "*an outward form or sign.*" To each, as much as any, is the nature of a Sacrament attributed. By the question, "What Sacraments are *generally necessary to salvation*?" it is of course intimated, that besides Baptism and the Lord's Supper, which are asserted to be thus necessary, there are other Sacraments not generally necessary; and to make room for such, the definition of a Sacrament, as given in our Church Catechism, is mutilated and shortened, till it reads thus: "An outward and visible sign, ordained by Christ Himself, by which grace is conveyed to our souls."

Now let us see what doctrine is taught concerning the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The way is made ready for it by the previous position, that "*the Incarnation is the instrument of our salvation*" (p. 30); and next, that "*it is so through the Sacraments.*" But how is it so through the Sacraments? The book answers, "The Holy Eucharist is the *Body and Blood* of our Lord Jesus Christ, under the *form* of bread and wine." And to the question how the bread and wine become that body and blood, retaining only the *form* of bread and wine, the answer is, "by the power of the Holy Ghost when the words of Consecration are pronounced by the Priest." Thus the door being opened, we have next the positive declaration that in the Sacrament of the Eucharist there is a *Sacrifice* made, on "*an altar, to God,*" and what is offered is "first bread and wine," and afterward when these have been so transubstantiated that they remain only *in form*, then "*the Body and Blood of Christ under the form of bread and wine.*" This *Sacrifice* is offered, we read, "to obtain pardon of sins," and it is called "the chief service of the Church," and "the only service which Christ Himself appointed." (pp. 29--31.) Thus we have the two cardinal abominations of the Romish doctrine of the Eucharist—*Transubstantiation*, and the *constant repetition of the alleged sacrifice* of the Body and Blood of Christ—not in *sign* merely, but in the *actual Body and Blood*—offered on an altar, to God, for the pardon of sin. You are now ready to hear the answer to the question, "What is the special office of a Priest?" Perhaps you imagine that it is to preach the Gospel, or at least that such is part of the special office. No. The only answer is, "*To celebrate the Holy Eucharist, and to absolve penitents.*" (p. 34.)

After all this humble following of Rome, you will not wonder that in answer to the question "What is required of us before we receive this Holy Sacrament?" we read

that "*we ought to be fasting from midnight.*" (p. 32.)

Next, *Intercession of Saints*. Under the head of the Communion of Saints, it is expressly taught as Church doctrine that "*we have a share in the prayers of the Saints in Paradise.*" (p. 13.)

Prayers for the Dead. The language is, "We ought to pray for them, for though they rest from their labors, their happiness is not complete." (p. 13.)

The question is put: "In what words does the Church teach us to pray for them?" And what do you think these several alleged editing Clergymen and revising Theologians have answered? The prayer of the Litany, "*Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers.*" After this prodigious evidence, a short prayer for the dead is furnished, to be learned by the catechumen; and in a form of Evening Prayer to be used by the child (inserted at the end of the book), *that* prayer is included, with the sign of the cross at the beginning, as is the case with a Morning Prayer, in the usual Romish way, to remind the child that when he begins his prayer he is to sign himself with that sign.

Among many other features of this little book which I consider not a little objectionable, I will mention but one. The question is asked, "What title does the Church give the Ever Virgin Mary?" Answer, "*The Mother of God.*" The child, of course, is to understand by *the Church*, our own Protestant Episcopal Church, and this is the way this whole teaching, so false and poisonous, is imposed on the child, as the teaching of our own Church, and thus claiming his unquestioning acceptance.

Here I leave it. There is no need of comment. How far it is honest for any to pretend that such teaching is our Church's teaching—and "what a Christian (according to her teaching) ought to know and believe to his soul's health"—you do not need that I should say. I am satisfied, for the

present at least, in having placed before you the fact that such teaching, issued by one of the chief publishers of (so-called) Church books, alleged to have been prepared and revised under so much learned theological authority, and thus intended to be regarded by parents, teaching their children, by Sunday school teachers, instructing their classes, and by the young thus trained, as worthy of all acceptance, has actually found acceptance among us, to the extent, at least, of having been introduced into one of our parish Sunday schools, by the pastoral authority. I have thus done enough, I hope, to put parents and teachers, clergy and laity, on their guard. We have all reason to be on guard. Such books, in various shapes, and for various readers, containing, sometimes under a measure of insidious disguise, and sometimes in the most unblushing audacity, the certain evidence of a wide-spread effort to *unprotestantize* our Church, and make its teaching essentially, if not formally, that very abominable corruption of the Gospel against which our noble Reformers protested unto death—such books are diligently prepared, attractively published, loudly trumpeted, actively circulated, and, like the frogs in the Egyptian plague, are ready to "come into thine house, and into thy bed chamber, and into the house of thy servants." I pray you, be watchful.

Let it not be thought that I have given too much importance to what is only a little catechism for the elementary teaching of children. These elements are the seeds of life or of death. The parish Sunday school becomes the future congregation of citizens and parents and church controllers. The mere word of man has power in a school of children which it has not in the adult assembly. It was not paying too much attention to little children, when the Chief Shepherd gave directions to all His under-shepherds, to the end of the world, "*Feed my Lambs*"; and when He put His protection around them against whatever might

hurt them, by saying, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones." "Calling a little child unto Him, He set him in the midst of the disciples, and said, Whoso shall receive one such little child in My name, receiveth Me. But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

And now, earnestly hoping that under the vow of my Consecration, to be "ready to banish and drive away from the Church all erroneous and strange doctrine contrary to God's Word, and both privately and publicly to call upon and encourage others to do the same," I may have no future occasion in any way to deal with what I have now warned you against, I must bring this address to a close.

FIRST FAILURES.—Yes, indeed, if we have the right stuff in us, these failures at the outset are grand materials for success. To the feeble they are, of course, stumbling-blocks. The wretched weakling goes no farther; he lags behind, and subsides into a life of failure. And so by this winnowing process the number of the athletes in the great Olympics of life is restricted to a few, and there is clear space in the arena. There is scarcely an old man among us—an old and successful man—who will not willingly admit that he was made by his failures, and that what he once thought his hard fate was in reality his good fortune. And thou, my bright-faced, bright-witted child, thou thinkest that thou canst carry Parnassus by storm, learn to possess thyself in patience. Not easy the lesson, I know; not cheering the knowledge that success is not attainable, *per saltum*, by a hop, step, and a jump, but by arduous passages of gallant perseverance, toilsome efforts long sustained, and, most of all, by repeated failures. Hard, I know, is that last word, grating harshly upon the ear of youth. Say, then, that we mollify it a little,—that we strip it of its outer crustaceousness and asperity; and truthfully may we do so, my dear. For these failures are, as I have said, but stepping-stones to success; *gradus ad Parnassum*,—at the worst, non-attainments of the desired end

before thy time. If success were to crown thine efforts now, where would be the great success of the hereafter? It is the brave resolution to "do better next time" that lays the substrate of all real greatness. Many a promising reputation has been prematurely destroyed by early success. The good sap runs out from the trunk into feeble offshoots or suckers. The hard discipline of the knife is wanted. I repeat that it is not pleasant; but when thou feellest the sharpness of the edge, think that all who have gone before thee have been lacerated in like manner.—*Essays of an Optimist.*

I COMPARE the troubles which we have to undergo in the course of a year, to a bundle of fagots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to lift the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick. This we might easily manage, if we could only take the burden appointed to us each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's sticks over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.—*John Newton.*

COULD we see things as God sees them, we should not have a solitary wish for a single alteration in our circumstances; we should say "It is well."

Youths' Department.

AUNT HOPE'S STORY.

BY M. A. E.

MISS HOPE DAMERELL came down the broad staircase of her brother's house, one November afternoon, and this is what she saw as she stood looking in at the open library door. A large room, elegantly furnished, and lined with books and pictures from the ceiling to the floor, a bright coal fire, in an open grate, and, before it, on a low ottoman, a young girl, with golden hair and a thoughtful face, gazing intently into the glowing embers.

Miss Damerell hardly looked in keeping with the richness of her surroundings. Something in her thin, pale face and bent figure told a story of sorrow and suffering, —perhaps of poverty; and her plain black dress was a striking contrast to the blue silk and ribbons, and the rare laces which set off her niece's beauty.

You would have guessed, and guessed truly, that she had grown up in the world's shadow, and had seen little of its sunshine. She was grave and quiet always, and few persons loved her very dearly, but all who knew her trusted her implicitly, and rested upon her goodness. Her friends forgot her when they were happy, but they turned to her in their pain and trouble, as to a never-failing comforter, and this satisfied her, or, if it did not, they never knew it. At forty she had become used to her place and her work in the world, which was to live for others, and forget herself; and those about her had become used to it as well.

After a few moments, she came into the room, and seated herself in an arm-chair near the fire.

Presently her niece looked up and smiled.

"Aunt Hope! is it really you? This is the first time I have seen you sitting idle since you came into the house, and you have been here a fortnight to-day."

"Aunt Harriet is asleep, and Ann is with her," replied Miss Damerell, "so I have come down to make you a little visit. What were you doing, my love?"

"Only thinking, Aunt Hope;" and the young face grew grave again, and the blue eyes wandered back to the fire.

"It seems to me that you do a great deal of thinking, Ernie. What is it all about?"

"Many things that are too hard for me to understand. This world is all a puzzle to me, Aunt Hope."

"Does it become any less of a puzzle to you by thinking about it, dear?"

"No, Aunt Hope; and I grow only more troubled and bewildered, but I cannot put it out of my mind."

"Then you should carry your difficulties to some one who is older and wiser than yourself. Have you ever tried that plan?"

"Mamma is too busy; she would never find time to listen. Papa thinks I was only made to be petted and spoiled, and my brothers treat me like a plaything. Among all my friends I have only one who is much wiser than myself. I did think I would ask her, but she came in one day and found me reading; she took the book out of my hand, and this is what she said: 'Ernestine Damerell poring over the life of St. Francis of Assisi! I should as soon have expected to see you buried up in the concordance.' Of course, then I knew it was of no use to talk to her; she would not have comprehended. Aunt Hope, perhaps you could help me. I

have only seen you these few days, and I hardly know you at all, but I think you would understand."

"Try me, and see," was Miss Damerell's reply.

Ernestine looked searchingly up into her aunt's face, and then she said :

"Aunt Hope, the world used to be full of saints: men and women who gave up their whole lives to Christ and His service. They fasted, and prayed, and labored, and their labors were crowned with success. They wrought miracles, and converted sinners, and were looked up to and revered while they were on earth; and, after death, they were held in loving remembrance, and were even worshipped. Sometimes I think I should like to have lived in those days, for then I should have known how to be a Christian. But now it does me no good to read their lives, for the times have changed so much that I could not follow their example, even if I wished. I cannot be a Nun or a Sister of Charity, and I do not know what to do."

"There are saints in these days, my love, though you may not see them quite so plainly. God has His own choice ones in every age, and wherever His Church is planted. You may be of the number, Ernie, without becoming a Nun or joining a Sisterhood."

"Yes, but modern Christians are so different. I know plenty who go often to Church, and teach in the Sunday School, and visit the poor, and belong to sewing societies, but there always seems to be a spirit of worldliness about it all. I do not like to judge them, but I never feel as though they were really doing it for Christ, or as if it was any great self-denial to them. Somehow I can never keep myself from thinking that it is nothing but religious dissipation."

"Don't say that, child," said aunt Hope, gravely. "The Master whom they serve can alone read the heart, and He it is who will reward every man according to his work."

"Then there are other Christians, aunt Hope," Ernie persisted, hardly heeding the interruption, "who have heavy crosses laid upon them, poverty, or sickness, or affliction of various kinds, and they just bear them, and that is the end. Sometimes they are patient, and sometimes they are not; but one thing I have noticed, the better people are, the more they seem to have to suffer. I don't see any good, or justice, or comfort anywhere. Those who love God and try to serve Him, are generally miserable and unhappy all their lives long; and those who think nothing about Him, and care only for their own pleasure and comfort, are rich, and beautiful, and talented, and get all the love and admiration of everybody. And then, to crown the whole, we are told that unless a person's eternal life begins in this world, it will never begin at all, and that heaven is only a continuation of,—a bringing to perfection the happiness of which Christians have a foretaste in this world. I do not think it is much use to try to be a Christian now, if nothing comes of it but trouble and sorrow."

Miss Damerell looked pained and grieved.

"Ernie, darling," she said earnestly, "I cannot bear to hear you talk so. Something else *does* come of it, pray believe me."

"Well, aunt Hope," said Ernie, energetically, "tell me what.—No, do not talk like a book, or quote verses out of the Bible. I am tired of memoirs, and of the words which people use so easily, but never seem to feel in their lives. Tell me something about yourself, your very own experience, and I will believe what you say;" and she drew her ottoman closer to Miss Damerell, and took her hand caressingly in her own.

Miss Damerell looked thoughtfully down at the pretty, girlish figure, and smoothed the soft hair with a loving touch, and then she said, slowly,

"My life would not help you, I am afraid dear, any better than the books you have been reading, for it is no more like your own than clouds are like the sunshine."

"Aunt Hope, I do not think it is an example I want, so much as to be convinced that there is anything *real* in the Christianity of these days, and to find out wherein the happiness and the reward consists; and you are more like one of the saints than any one I have come across yet."

Miss Damerell smiled rather sadly.

"Hardly that, my dear. You say the labors of the saints were crowned with success, and my life, so far as any service done to others is concerned, has been only a failure. Still, I have my reward, and so great is it, that I would not exchange the blessedness for all the happiness this world can give."

"Tell me the story, aunt Hope; please—I want to hear it, and I need it. I must have something real to strengthen my faith, or I shall soon have no faith left in anything."

Miss Damerell shaded her face with her hand, and Ernestine waited patiently; then she smiled again, this time half playfully, and began.

"Once upon a time, nearly forty years ago, a little girl was living with two aunts of her father's, in the lovely town of Bristol. Her name was Hope Damerell. She was an orphan, and her only brother, who was several years older than herself, was miles away, learning how to be a great merchant in the city of New York. She saw him for a few days once every year, and he wrote her a letter every month, but, for all that, they grew up to be nearly strangers to each other.

"The house in which Hope lived was large and old fashioned; but few of the rooms were used, and the rest were dark and gloomy, hung with heavy faded curtains, and filled with quaint, lumbering furniture. It stood close by the water's edge, and near it were great warehouses, empty and useless, with barred windows and closed doors, and the shadow of mystery hanging over them. Old women said that the curse of the slave-trade was on the town; how-

ever that might be, no business seemed to prosper that was carried on within its limits, and its people lived a dreamy life, far different from the usual energy and activity of New England towns.

"Year after year of Hope's life passed away in quiet monotony. Her aunts were kind, but they were not fond of her, and she made few friends, even at school. She had been a plain unattractive child, and she grew up into girlhood, tall, awkward, and reserved. She craved affection, as plants raised in the cellar crave the sunlight, but she knew no more than they how to get it, and at last she ceased to long for what seemed so utterly out of her reach.

"She read and studied from morning till night, and moved about the old house like a shadow; satisfied to hear aunt Clarissa say now and then to aunt Harriet, 'Hope is such a good child. Certainly I would never have believed she could make us so little trouble.' Once, by some strange fancy, she was invited to pass a night with a school-mate; and the next day, when she returned home, her aunts kissed her, and said that they were glad to see her back again, and that they had missed her while she had been away. How she cherished those few words in her heart for weeks and months afterward, no one would believe who had been so used to love and caresses as my little Ernie.

"Through this lonely life there found its way a silvery stream of comfort; at first so tiny that it was hardly to be distinguished from the barren waste around; but growing wider and deeper as the years went on, ever increasing in strength and gaining in beauty, until it grew into a broad, noble river, lined with banks of emerald green, and dotted with islands, crowned with celestial flowers."

"One of the first things Hope could remember was aunt Harriet's saying one day, 'this child has never been baptized. It is a shame, that she should grow up like a little heathen.' And then her aunts took her

to a large, beautiful church, and there the minister poured water upon her head, and said some holy words, which filled her little mind, even then, with wonder and with awe.

"After that she was told that she was now one of God's children, and that she must try to live so as to please Him, and she was taught her catechism, and taken regularly to church, that she might learn how to do so.

"Year by year that church-going became more and more her delight, it was her Father's House, where dwelt continual peace and quietness. Advent and Christmas-tide, Lent, Easter, Ascension, and Whitsuntide marked her calendar, and were all welcomed with a love which only grew intenser with the return of each holy season.

"At last there came a day when, kneeling at the chancel rail, the bishop's hands were laid in blessing upon her head, and from henceforth and forever, clad in the whole armor of God, she was to take her place under Christ's banner, and follow wherever He might lead; to toil and suffering, through weariness and loneliness, to death itself, if so it pleased Him.

"Her heart was full of earnest devotion, and she longed at once to be about her Father's business, not dreaming that she could serve the Master in the home where He had placed her, far better than she could in a way of her own choosing.

"Time went on, and at eighteen, she had learned all that the schools in town could teach; her studies were finished, as she thought, forever; her time was at her own disposal; she was now to be a worker in the world, and, as she trusted, to reap glorious harvests to lay hereafter at the feet of the Lord of the harvest. She did not know that she was but entering upon another stage of discipline, only passing into another room in the great school of life wherein the children of the Kingdom are trained for their inheritance.

"Her first effort was in the only vocation open to her, that of a district-school teacher. Her mental qualifications were high; few candidates ever passed a better examination, so the committee said; but she knew nothing of children, and her idea of management and discipline, drawn only from books and her own childish experience, were crude and unsatisfactory. Her scholars were unruly, and laughed at her attempts at government; and at last, on one sad day, a thoughtless boy put out his foot as she was passing him in the aisle. She stumbled and fell, striking her knee upon the sharp corner of a bench, and fainted with the pain. The frightened children rushed out, screaming for help, and she was carried home, only relieved from terrible agony by long unconsciousness.

"For eighteen months she never left her room, and then it was with broken health and halting footsteps. But God was good, and bore her through the trial. Her aunts watched over her most tenderly, and learned much patience by her bedside. They ministered to her, and she was glad to think that they did so as to one of Christ's little ones, knowing that He was treasuring up for them their reward.

"It was very long before Hope was allowed to go out into the world again, but, when she had grown stronger, she begged so hard for another trial, that at last it was granted to her.

"This time she left her home entirely, and went to New York. There she placed herself under the direction of a clergyman who was one of the Church's missionaries among the poor, and there she tried her best to do the work which opened before her.

"She visited and tended the sick, she read to the aged and the blind, she taught in the night schools, and she ministered to the dying. God grant that her service was in some measure accepted, even if the fruits were small.

"Many who labored with her met with

great success, and she strove hard truly to rejoice with them; but, for herself, the effects of her early life made themselves daily felt, and were a continual hindrance in her way.

"It was hard, often impossible, to break through old habits of reserve, and the words which she most wished to speak were seldom spoken, the results which she most wished to see were seldom granted her.

"Still she worked on; not doing much good to others, but learning much herself; gaining strength amid discouragement, and winning faith through failure, proving, and rejoicing to do so, the truth of the promise:—

For each net vainly cast,
Stronger thine arm will prove,
The trial of thy patient hope
Is witness of thy love;—

trusting that, by and by, it might be granted her to claim the other sweet words for her own, as well—

My son! was not thy cry,
Increase my faith, O Lord!
More of Thyself and more like Thee?
Behold thy prayer is heard."

Miss Damerell paused, lost in deep and silent meditation. Then she smiled and said gently,

"It is a grave story, is it not, Ernie? are you tired?"

Ernestine's eyes were full of tears, and her voice was half-choked with sobs as she answered,

"No, aunt Hope: please go on. That is not the end?"

"Very nearly, my love. I was in New York six years. Your father had married some time before I went there, and I used often to spend a week with him and your mother. The last visit I made them was when you were a very little girl, and I was holding you on my lap, and showing you pictures, when a letter was brought me which took me back to Bristol that very

night. Aunt Clarissa had had a paralytic stroke, and aunt Harriet sent for me to come to them.

"That was twelve years ago, and, since then, there has been nothing remarkable about my life.

"While aunt Clarissa lived I took most of the care of her. Then I had a good deal of the housework to do, for my aunts lost nearly all their property soon after that, and I often did plain sewing to bring in a little more money, for you know many comforts are needed in sickness that people who are well can do without.

"I had my Sunday school class, and I visited a little among the poor, and I found some kind and pleasant friends around me. When I was weary or faint-hearted, I never was left quite without help and encouragement. Sometimes there was a thought in a sermon, or a verse of a hymn, or even a flower, or a sunset, or a rainbow; and always there was the peace and refreshment of the blessed Church service, and of the Holy Communion.

"Now, aunt Clarissa is at rest in Paradise, the old house is sold, my Sunday school scholars are most of them married, and are scattered all over the country; and aunt Harriet and I have come to live with you. As long as she lives, she will need my care, for she is very infirm, and dependent upon me; and, after that, why, God will find something else for me to do, I am quite sure."

"It is very little, aunt Hope," said Ernie hesitatingly. "I am only sixteen, and I should not like to look forward to a life of such quiet service. I am afraid I should be discontented and want more to do, and a greater recompense."

"My child," said aunt Hope, earnestly, "God does not need your service; He can do perfectly well without it; but He does want yourself, your whole will and your whole life, to be submitted entirely to Him and to His good pleasure. And as for recompense, there is only one thing that can

satisfy a Christian. He has said *'I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward'*; and, beside that, all other things sink into insignificance. It is true, that those who would live near to God are called upon to suffer much, and often know nothing of what this world calls happiness; but I will tell you some words I read once, which may be hard for you to understand, but which you must believe, and which sometime I trust you may be able to make your very own; *'To serve God and to love Him is lighter and better than happiness, though it be with wounded feet, and bleeding brows, and hearts loaded with sorrow.'*"

Miss Damerell arose as she finished speaking, and Ernestine stood up by her side.

"To serve God and to love Him is higher and better than happiness," she repeated, slowly.

Then, with a sudden light in her eyes, she added, "I *do* understand—at least I understand enough to make me desire it with my whole heart. Aunt Hope, I thank you more than I can tell. I was all in the dark, and you have let in the sunlight. You have done real missionary work this afternoon, aunt Hope—you have given me back my faith."

THE GRAVE OF LAFAYETTE.

BY THE REV. DR. NORTON.

ON the 20th day of May, 1834, *General Lafayette* (as our countrymen always delight to call him), ended his checkered career at the age of seventy-seven.

After a severe illness of three weeks, it was evident that death was near, and his children and household gathered about his bed. He was no longer able to speak, and it was doubtful whether his eye-sight had not also failed him. His son, George Washington, observing that his feeble hand sought for something in his bosom, came to his assistance, and gave him a medallion which he always wore about his neck. The dying Marquis raised it to his lips, and imprinted a warm kiss upon it. With the miniature of the dear wife in his hand, whose loss he had mourned for twenty-seven long years, he quietly closed his eyes, and entered upon his everlasting rest.

"In arranging his funeral," says Guizot, in his memoir, "it was a recognized fact in the family, that M. de Lafayette had always wished to be buried in the small cemetery adjoining the Convent of Picpus, by the side of his wife, in the midst of the victims of the revolution, the greater part royalists

and aristocrats, whose ancestors had founded that pious establishment. The desire of the veteran of 1789 was scrupulously respected and complied with. An immense crowd—soldiers, national guard, and populace—accompanied the funeral procession along the boulevards and streets of Paris. Arrived at the gate of the Convent of Picpus, the crowd halted; the interior inclosure could only hold three hundred persons. The family, the nearest relatives, and the principal authorities entered, passing through the Convent in silence, then across the garden, and finally entered the cemetery. There no political manifestations took place, no oration was pronounced; religion and the intimate reminiscences of the soul alone were present; public politics assumed no place near the death-bed or the grave of the man whose life they had occupied and ruled."

During the same pleasant month of May, which had seen the remains of Lafayette consigned to the narrow house, twenty-six years after the funeral solemnities just described, the writer of this sketch made a pilgrimage to the spot.

The afternoon was wearing away as we left the gate of Pere la Chaise, but before returning to the busy scenes of active life, we told the guide there was one other place of melancholy interest which we desired to see: the grave of Lafayette.

He assured us that he knew where it was, but that Americans very seldom visited it. This only increased our desire to see it, and accordingly we set off through many crowded streets, until we came to a small green door, with a brass knocker, which was the entrance to the "Convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart," No. 35, Rue de Picpus.

A fat, good-humored Sacristan opened it, and we entered a court facing a little chapel. He cheerfully agreed that we should see the grave (a franc made him most willing to oblige), but begged that we would wait for a few moments, until the vesper service should be over. We availed ourselves of this opportunity to inspect the interior of the chapel, from the open door of which the sound of sacred music fell upon the ear. The Lady Superior, the nuns, and novices were at their devotions, and when these were finished we entered the garden gate—a large enclosure surrounded by a high wall, and adorned with fruit and shade trees.

After proceeding several hundred yards, we came to a small, retired cemetery, in which some of the noblest families of France are slumbering in their graves. In the furthest corner, next to the wall, is

the simple tomb of the Lafayettes. It consists merely of two horizontal slabs, raised a few inches from the ground on a foundation of brick, on which are inscribed the names, titles, and dates of birth, marriage and death of the Marquis and his wife.

In an enclosure by itself, not far off, lie the remains of nearly fourteen hundred Parisians who perished during the reign of terror at the "Baricade du Trone;" the names of many of them being inscribed upon a large tablet on the wall of the Convent.

Although General Lafayette was born and bred a Roman Catholic, and died in that faith he was no bigot. During his visit to the United States, when the horrors of the war in which he hazarded his life for us, had given place to the blessings of peace, he remarked to a friend, "I was brought up in France a Roman Catholic, and believed it to be the only true and Mother Church, till I came to this country, when I saw his Excellency General Washington, and the officers of the American army, of different religion, worshipping in different churches. My eyes were opened."

Our sentence at the last great day will depend upon the measure of light we have enjoyed, and the use we have made of our opportunities. Few of us would be willing to doubt that the noble-hearted Frenchman who sleeps in the quiet garden of the Convent, and beneath the shadow of the cross which crowns the chapel spire, has not an abiding interest in the Saviour's atoning sacrifice.

A NOBLE FISHER BOY.—The 9th of October, 1857, will be long remembered among the Labrador fishermen. On that day an awful hurricane raged along the coast.

One of the fishing vessels, with a large number of men, women and children on board, was caught in a storm, and tried hard to ride out the hurricane. After a few

hours of fearful suspense she dragged her anchors, and was driven ashore.

With great difficulty all on board were safely landed. Drenched with rain, blinded by the snow drifts, shivering in the cutting blasts, they found themselves on an uninhabited part of the coast, the nearest huts being nearly five miles distant.

The gloomy night closed in as the last of them was dragged ashore from the wreck. Their only hope lay in endeavoring to reach the distant huts, and in the darkness and storm they staggered on through the trackless wilderness. Who can picture the horrors of that night of suffering to this forlorn band?

When the morning sun shone out, nineteen of them lay dead along the shore. A group of three women and two children, clasped in one another's arms, and half buried in mud, was found, all stiff and stark in the icy embrace of death.

During the darkness and confusion of landing, a family of four young children were separated from their parents, who sought for them in vain, and at length gave them up for lost.

A boy of fourteen, hearing the cries of these poor little ones, and finding they had no guide or protector, resolved to do what he could to save their lives. To reach the huts with them being impossible, he made the shivering children lie down, locked in each other's arms; then he set to work resolutely collecting moss, of which, fortunately, there was a large quantity about, and piling this around them, layer upon layer, he at length succeeded in excluding partially the piercing cold.

Fortunately, too, he found upon the beach the fragment of an old sail, which he spread over all, and collecting more moss, he increased the rude covering until the poor little sufferers ceased to cry with the bitter cold, and declare themselves more comfortable.

Through all the dreary hours of that awful night, that heroic boy stood alone by these children, replacing their covering when the wind scattered it, and cheering them with words of hope. He might have tried to escape with the others, but he would not leave his helpless charge.

At length day dawned, and then he turned his tottering steps toward the settlement to seek for aid. When about half

way he met the parents of the lost children wild with grief, coming to search for their dead bodies; as they had no expectation of finding them alive.

The young hero quietly told them what he had done to save them, and by his directions they soon found the spot where they lay. On removing the covering of moss they found the little creatures snug and warm, and in refreshing sleep.

What words could picture the wild joy of father and mother at that sight! But alas! on their way back, near the spot where they had parted with him, they found the noble boy, who had saved their children's lives at the expense of his own, lying dead. Nature was exhausted after the fatigue and exposure of the night, and unable to reach the friendly shelter, he sank down and expired.—*Young Folk's News*.

SAINTS' DAYS.—The observance of Saints' days, as appointed by the Church, is one of the duties too little regarded by our people. How often are the appointed services slimly attended, till at last the Rector, also, begins to neglect them, and the holy days pass by unheeded. Teachers should endeavor to instill into the minds of the scholars, the duty of the proper observance of *all* the services appointed in the Prayer Book. By becoming themselves familiar with the history of the various Saints, whose lives the Church commemorates, teachers can, by descriptive stories, easily interest children with the narrative of those early Martyrs to the Faith.—*Young Churchman*.

"WHEN my mother says 'No,' there's no 'yes' in it." Here is a sermon in a nutshell. Multitudes of parents say "no"; but, after a good deal of teasing and debate, it finally becomes "yes." Love and kindness are essential elements in the successful management of children; but firmness, decision, inflexibility, uniformity of treatment, are no less important.

ATHANASIUS AND MIRAMEH.*

A Tale of Oriental Life.

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND HORATIO SOUTHGATE, D.D.

CHAPTER VI.

ON the European bank of the Bosphorus, a mile or two above Stamboul, stands one of those light, airy palaces of the Sultan which have replaced, to some extent, the heavy and gloomy structures of ancient days, when royalty was more hedged about with guards and screens, and the public eye never penetrated its jealous recesses. Their growth was meant to typify the dawn of that new day which rose upon the Empire when the late Sultan Mahmoud sought to dispel the old prejudices of his subjects, and enter upon the career of Western civilization. The thought was a good one; but, the mode of executing it was, at least, of questionable sagacity. A man does not change his nature in changing his clothes; and this, unfortunately, was one of the most marked transitions of Turkish reform. To take soldiers out of *shahwars*,* and put them into pantaloons, did not, of necessity, make them good soldiers. On the contrary, the national pride was humbled by the vile imitation, and the national spirit degraded. The mistake was, that Mahmoud, though his character presented some elements of greatness, had not sufficient largeness of mind to see, that any true Oriental civilization must differ, in its types, from the Western manners; that it must find its basis in native forms, and spring naturally out of the mould which tradition had created.

The habits of the Court had not improved under the change. The old barbaric splendor was gone. The grand array of officers in picturesque costumes, of various styles and orders, each representing a degree and rank, had given place to the

inevitable frock-coat and unadorned fez. Even the Padishah was cut in the same trim with his menials; and looked very much like the head-servant of the establishment. But, the *vices* of the Court had not been restrained. Effeminacy and extravagance, duplicity and intrigue, peculation and stealing were as rife as ever. The harem still maintained its prerogative; and, the Sultan, like a true *Khalifa*,* (Lieutenant), of Mohammed, claimed the same privilege with the founder of his religion, of having as many wives as he pleased; while the harem itself, true to its ancient character, was the scene of all foul intrigues and sordid jealousies and bitter hates.

It was a bright morning in the month of September; the day, Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath; established, as such, under the idea that, as the Religion was the third, (and last), of the Divine Dispensations, it should have, like the first two, Judaism and Christianity, its special day of rest. An unusual air of bustle about the palace showed, that some movement was at hand. It had been announced, early in the morning, that the Padishah would say his prayers, at noon, in the Imperial Mosque of Sultan Achmet, which stands upon the Atmeidan, the ancient Hippodrome of Constantinople. The royal barges were already riding in front of the Palace, and the rowers were in their seats; the former gay with gilding and canopy of crimson silk; the latter attired in their light silken shirts, with the little red fez on their heads. They were like other boatmen, only more finely dressed; but, despoiled of the brilliant costume of the Royal Watermen of other days. Officers on the quay, of different ranks, but all attired in the invariable garb of the new

* The broad, full, nether garment of the Oriental, worn both by men and women.

* Hence, our English word, *Caliph*.

regime, were busy in preparation for the event of the day.

The Sultan always went to mosque on Friday; but, not always to one of the great mosques in the city. At times, he would worship nearer home, as health, or the weather, might dictate.

Several of the ships of war which had been brought out from the inner harbor in front of the Admiralty, were ranged along the Bosphorus, for a distance of some two miles; and, the critical observer could discern, that they were in their Sabbath array; presenting a cleaner and more orderly appearance than was their wont; and, having their newest flags displayed from gaff and masthead. The sailors also were in their nicest trim; for, the Padishah would pass close by the line, on his way down the Bosphorus. The extent of an ordinary summer cruise for the Royal Navy was this passage from the Arsenal to the Bosphorus in the Spring, and a return in the Fall;—a safe and economical expedition.

The Sultan was to land at the old Seraglio, on the point of Byzantium, cross its interior courts, and take horse at the Great Gate, the *Bab Humayoun*, (whence comes the French name, the *Sublime Porte*), on the opposite side. This gate was once the grand entrance to the Royal Palace. A long line of Emperors, Christian and Turkish, had passed through its portal; and, the square in front, the chief place of execution, had witnessed the death-pangs of hundreds and thousands of victims of imperial justice and vengeance, whose heads had, in due succession, adorned the lofty arch of the gateway. Within was a cluster of buildings; one of them the Church of St. Irene, in which the tomb of St. Chrysostom is still shown,* though the building had, at the date of our story, been converted into

an armory. Another of them was the Royal Library, in which, rumor reported, might be found, if search were allowed, valuable MSS., relics of the Greek Empire. Time will, perhaps, disclose its secrets. The buildings of the Palace proper, near by, were dark and heavy structures, fitly typifying the deeds of violence and murder which had, oftentimes, been enacted within their walls. They were now tinged with decay; for, Sultan Mahmoud, influenced, it is supposed, by superstitious dread of a place where, in his youth, he had witnessed fearful scenes of blood, and where his own life had been in jeopardy when he passed through a prison to the throne, had deserted the spot altogether.

Men were at work with brooms, sweeping the narrow street which leads from the Gate, along the rear of Saint Sophia, on to the Atmeidan. A body of soldiers, from the neighboring guard-houses, had been detached for the purpose. As we have said, the Gate looked out on a public square; having the mosque on one side, the wall of the Seraglio on another, and, in the opposite direction, lined with a row of Turkish shanties, called *cafés*; one of those handsome fountains, or, rather, ornamented tanks of stone, which are, in beauty, the chief adornment, and, in usefulness, the chief blessing of Constantinople, standing in the middle. A considerable number of citizens, and among them not a few Rayahs, had congregated here to witness the procession, when an incident occurred which illustrated the pertinacity of the old Musulman spirit, even in the days of *Tanzimats* and *Khatti Sherifs*,* which professed to give equal rights, before the law, to all the subjects of the Sultan. The soldiers, disgusted with their task of sweeping the street, or too lazy to do it, even for the Padishah, undertook to impress the bystanders into the service; discriminating

* This is a Greek tradition; but, Western writers say, that the "Golden-mouthed" was buried in the Church of the Holy Apostles. It may be, that when that church was destroyed, both tomb and body were transferred to St. Irene.

* Titles of Royal writings; such as have beguiled Europe with hopes for Turkey destined never to be fulfilled.

carefully, however, between Turks and Christians. The former looked on with indifference; the latter began to move away in different directions; when the soldiers seized them, and, with a few smart strokes of the handle of a broom, brought them to the work. One, a youth of one of the first Christian families in Constantinople, ventured to resist the insult; when a group of soldiers rushed upon him, and beat him till, with tears of intense mortification, he took the broom, and joined in the task.

About half an hour before noon, the cortege appeared, issuing from the Imperial Gate. First came the Sultan, Abdul Mejid, then little more than a boy, riding upon a beautiful sorrel, of Arab blood and gentlest culture; himself enveloped in a blue cloak, which covered his whole person, fastened by a diamond brooch at the throat, and having an aigrette of diamonds, containing the *Toura*, or royal cipher, on the front of his fez. His saddle cloth was incrustated with flowers of the same precious stone. He looked to be about twenty, was diminutive in stature, thin, pale, or, rather, sal-low, in complexion, and marked by the small-pox, which had, some years before, dared to intrude into the Royal Palace. His face indicated great benignity; especially, his mild and rather spiritless eye. One could read, in his manner, the truth of what was already reported of him, that he never, without extreme reluctance, sometimes not without tears, gave his warrant for an execution. His whole appearance was gentle, almost to effeminacy; and, there was something about the lines of his face which showed those habits of enervating indulgence in the pleasures of the harem, that, now and then, sap the strength of the Imperial line; refreshed, though it is, by the pure blood of Circassia. He was followed by some of the chief dignitaries of the Empire; conspicuous among whom was the Reïs. Effendi, or Minister for Foreign Affairs. These high officers were, in dress and equipage, the Sultan over

again, excepting only the cloak and the *Toura*. Their saddle-cloths glittered with diamonds; and, the bearing of most of them was far more worthy of royalty than that of the youthful Sultan himself.

Abdul Mejid had commenced his reign with professions of liberality and justice, which inspired high hopes in the breasts of those who believed in the possibility of regenerating Turkey under a Mohammedan head, guided by the civil polity of the Koran and its Commentaries; which are, like the Jewish Code, the basis, at once, of religion, and of the State. The professions were, doubtless, sincere. The Sultan, under his distinguished father, had been trained in the school of Reform; and, his own native disposition was congenial with its spirit. As a Mussulman, he had no bigotry; as a man, he was a friend of justice and equality. The afflicted Rayah might find in him a protector; the poor, a patron. The only danger was, that the energy of his action might not come up to the goodness of his heart. His nature was as inefficient as it was gentle and kind.

His own benevolent inclinations were, however, strongly supported by the force of circumstances, whose current was powerful enough to carry a weak mind, thrown listlessly upon the stream, in the same direction that a generous spirit gave to it. His father had died in the midst of the convulsions into which the revolt of Mohammed Ali, the Pasha of Egypt, (one of the greatest men, in natural endowments, that the world has ever seen), had thrown the Empire. The battle of Nizab, in the summer of 1839, had decided the fate of the Ottoman Dynasty. A more disgraceful, or a more thorough, defeat, the annals of history have never recorded. The great Turkish army was scattered like chaff before the wind; and, nothing was left between the powerful Pasha and the throne at Constantinople, but an easy and unembarrassed march, from the scene of his victory in the north of Syria, through Asia

Minor, to the Bosphorus. A month or two would have placed the Sultan at his mercy, if his Majesty had not taken this opportunity of leaving the world; and, if the Powers of the West, in pursuance of their policy of preserving their own equilibrium by sustaining the integrity of Turkey, had not interposed to prevent the catastrophe. It was a strange sight, to be sure,—Christian Kings, who gloried in the title of “Defenders of the Faith,” combining to support the throne of the Caliph, on which the foundation of Mohammedan unbelief and tyranny rested; the Cross upreared as a staff from which the Crescent, now trampled in the dust, might float again, proudly, in mid-air. It was even so. Mohammed Ali was compelled to succumb to the gathered force of the grand monarchies of Europe. It was a foul blot on their Christianity; but, not so foul as when, twelve years later, Christian warriors of England, men who acknowledged their Lord, and humbly received the sacred emblems of His Death, for the preservation of their bodies and their souls, bore, upon their regimentals, the sign of the Crescent, in token of their service of a religion which denies, that their Lord ever died for the salvation of men. But, then, it was, though an impious incongruity, powerfully sustained by reasons of State; before which Christianity pleaded, as she has always pleaded, in vain.

Turkey was saved by Europe, as she was, again, in the Crimean war; and, the salvation cost her the loss of the little she had left, of national independence. She became the protégée of the Western Powers. She lived by their protection. They fought for her sovereignty, and the act made her their slave. To preserve her integrity, (which was, with them, a purely selfish object; for, they cared nothing for her, beyond, or aside from, their own interests), she must govern by their dictation. And so it was, that the young Sultan entered upon a career in which his soft and pliant nature, and his kind and gentle temper, led

him along the same path that his European friends pointed out for him. Treacherous to Christianity, in saving the life of Mohammedanism, they would atone for their sin by improving the condition of the down-cast Rayah. The land was full of the horrors which an infidel Faith inflicted upon the Religion of the Cross. Children were torn from their parents. The Christians were oppressed by illegal taxes. Merciless Pashas robbed them, at their pleasure. They had no redress before the law. Private injuries inflicted by Mussulmans, even to death itself, went unpunished. Their worship was degraded. They could practise it only under a yearly tribute. They could build no new church. They could not even repair an old one, without paying, oftentimes, in fees and bribes, more than enough to rebuild it from the foundation. In social life, they were outcasts. The meanest Turkish menial could insult the best man among them, with impunity. A travelling courier could enter their houses, force from them food and lodging, and compel them to pay him for the honor done them in being their guest.* They were not allowed to have schools, above the lowest sort, lest they should come to know too much for their servile condition. They were, everywhere, but more especially in the Provinces, (for Constantinople was under a closer European surveillance, which mitigated, though it did not remove, some of these evils), treated, by their Mohammedan masters, with contempt and endless contumely. And yet, with wonderful tenacity, they held fast, as their fathers had done for centuries before them, to their persecuted and degraded Faith.

The Sultan began his reign with proclamations of better things. Royal edicts announced that his Rayah subjects were to be governed with equity and kindness. They were to be relieved from all oppres-

* This imposition is, significantly, called “tooth-money.”

sion; to enjoy their religion freely; and, to be equal to their fellow-subjects, before the law. The thing was simply impossible under Mohammedan institutions and prejudices: but, it looked fair, on paper; sounded right, when read; and, though not trusted by those who were to receive the gracious boon, served, in Europe, as a salve for the troubled consciences of diplomats and soldiers; and was a ready justification, in the eyes of the Western populations, of the act which had rescued Islam from sure destruction. But such deeds of treason to truth and religion, find, in time, a more appropriate retribution.

The Sultan entered the great square of the Atmeidan; the same where his Royal father had so mercilessly, and, we must add, so justly, destroyed the Janissaries. A group of people lined his passage; while others, in considerable numbers, were scattered over the square. Suddenly, there appeared, extended toward him, a paper, held in both the outstretched hands of a tall man on the edge of the crowd. Hardly one of the bystanders ventured to look at the Sultan. Their eyes were straight forward; and somewhat cast down, as though the bright rays of Majesty dazzled them. The Sultan observed the act, and nodded to an attendant on foot, who advanced to the man, took the paper from his hand, and, without a word, deposited it in a bag which he carried at his side. The man was exercising the right of petition; and, the mode in which he did it, though formerly practised much more frequently than now, is, really, an old privilege of the subjects of the Sultan, who may thus bring their grievances immediately to the Royal ear. The man himself disappeared, as soon as he had delivered the paper. He had a haggard, care-worn look, as if some inward grief tormented him; and he seemed disposed to shun, as much as possible, the eyes of others. He was soon lost in the crowd; and the Sultan entered, from the Atmeidan, the court of the mosque.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Yani returned to his family, from his unsuccessful quest for Athanasius, the day was far spent. Kiriako, who had rejoined him at the grocer's shop, and had brought him back from his fruitless journey, had soon told the day's adventure to his friends at the café. The excitement was intense; but, it had, perforce, to burn itself out in angry words, and bitter, revengeful feelings. The Greek mind, as of old, is quick, susceptible, lively, easily impelled by sudden emotions; which expend themselves in rapid, voluble talk; sometimes, in hasty and inconsiderate action. The national pride has never been extinct. It glows still; kept alive by the latent fires of Memory and of Hope. With such a history as has been that of the Greeks, something of boastful recollection, something of elated anticipation, may be excused. Moreover, the national bond is strengthened by the cords of religious unity. The two are combined in one strong, indissoluble tie. And hence, a sympathy, quick and powerful as the pulsation of life, runs along this electric chain, whenever any part of it is touched. Greeks may, sometimes, overreach and cheat each other, in the common businesses of life. They may, sometimes, quarrel with, and abuse, each other. But, it is a family privilege; with which a stranger intermeddleth not. Touch the national pride, or the religious unity, in one of its members, and the whole body thrills to the shock.

Yani did not seek the café. His life was a more retired one than that of most of his compatriots of the village. He was not, often, found amidst the lively group which gathered there, at sun-down, full of eager talk over the incidents of the day. And now, more than ever, was he disposed to hide his sorrow, and his indignation, in the bosom of his family. He was not given to many words. Had he been, he might have aroused the villagers with the tale of his wrongs; though they needed not his

presence to add fuel to the fire which was already burning in their breasts. Yani was not one whom they could love as a boon companion. He was too reserved and quiet, (not to say, distant,) in his demeanor, to make a jolly, or vivacious, friend. But, all respected him for his sterling qualities; and, because he was, in every sense of the word, a good and faithful neighbor. He was, too, one of themselves, a fellow-countryman, a fellow-religionist; and, this was enough, aside from personal sympathies, to elicit their interest in his behalf. Besides, in this matter, his cause was a common cause. *They*, too, had children. If they might be plundered of these treasures of their households, at the pleasure of the Turk, they had little left to live for. Most of them were poor; earning all they got, by the sweat of their brows. The honest support of their families was the chief solace, as it was the chief fruit, of their labors. They were stricken with horror at the thought of this bold act of kidnapping, in the streets of their village, and in the broad light of day. It showed the confident power of their masters, and the precariousness of their own condition. It might have overwhelmed them with fear, if the sense of the deep insult to their religion had not controlled the feeling, and filled their breasts with indignation, and bitter thoughts of resistance and revenge.

It was a dangerous group which gathered, that evening, in the café. There were some indeed, (as there will be in every such company,) who were cowed by the misfortune; who dared hardly speak above their breath; but, brooded, in silence and terror, upon the catastrophe. There were others, equally silent, whose brows were dark with passion; men whom, at that moment, it would not be safe for the object of their hatred to meet. These men nourished their thoughts and their purposes in secret; a lurid, pent-up fire, whose light could only be dimly seen without, as it flashed, fiercely, from their wrathful eyes.

These were the most dangerous of all. Now and then, as they gloomed, in silence, apart, might be heard, from one and another of them, by a friend close at hand, some such muttered expression as this: "The time will come. The time will come. O Lord, how long?"

But, the most animated group was a knot of men, mostly young, who discussed the affair, in a corner by themselves, with that freedom and vivacity which seldom abandon a Greek,—or his fac simile, a Frenchman. While they had all the national and all the religious feeling which the outrage was suited to provoke, there mingled with it that equally Grecian trait, love of enterprise and adventure. Especially was this feeling apparent in those of them, a few, who were not Rayahs, but subjects of the Kingdom of Greece; chiefly from the Isles of the Archipelago; the class from which the Greek sailors of the present day, and the Greek pirates of former days, have mostly come. They were full of schemes for the rescue of the boy; and, some of their plans were not wanting in courage and recklessness. What they amounted to in execution, we shall see hereafter.

Yani, brooding at home, amidst his sorrowing wife and children, was as fearless a man as any of his young brethren plotting in the wine-shop. But, age and experience gave him a cooler judgment. He saw, more clearly, all the difficulties in the way of his purpose; and, though that purpose never, for a moment, abated in strength or heat, the very intenseness of his desire for the rescue of his offspring made him think of craft and guile. For, secluded as his life was, he had, long since, learned enough to know, that these are the universal elements of success in Turkey. A Christian, subject to such masters, acquires them with his Catechism; and, his life long, he displays them, in his dealings with the Turk. To cheat those who oppress us, is the first dictate of human nature. The oppression

seems to justify it. Yani was determined to resort to all the usual modes of success. He hoped for nothing from violence; for, violence was powerless before such enemies. His strength lay in his dexterity. His first thought was to lay a petition before the Sultan. He knew, if it ever reached him, it would have a merciful hearing; and it might have some good result, though the complicated intrigues of the Turkish Court made that doubtful. The Sultan was not the executor of his own wishes; and, his subordinates could blind his eyes by evasions and subterfuges. If His Majesty would bring both father and son before him, his cause was safe. He would hardly dare, at the very outset of his reign, to violate the public declarations with which he commenced it; and, to offend the public feeling of Europe, by an act of religious intolerance. But, how to get his petition before the Royal eye? He could only resort to the old-fashioned method of direct presentation, when the Sultan was abroad. It was an ancient privilege, though now less used than formerly; but, it was his only resort, unless he would undertake the almost hopeless task of seeking an approach to the Throne through the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was charged with the government of the Rayahs. He, therefore, determined to try a petition to the Sultan, in the manner which we have described; and, how he fared in presenting it, as he did a week or two afterward, the reader has seen.

Night was now gathering over the village; and, most of the inmates of the cabaret had retired to their homes. A little company of the younger members still lingered behind, revolving their scheme for the rescue of the boy, and, ever and anon, discussing the news of the day. It was a secret conclave, though held in a public shop. Things were said which were not intended for Turkish ears; but, every one spoke with the confidence of a brother. For, such is the social compact among an oppressed

people. United by misfortune, they ask no formal pledges of amity. The cord which galls them, binds them more closely to each other. They need a mutual sympathy; for, it is their only hope and comfort; and, they find it in the tie of their common misery. No use for oaths and artificial vows. What soul could be recreant to the trust of a sorrow which lives in the breasts of all? This is the strength, the more than human power, of the oppressed, everywhere.

The sun had gone down, calmly, in a clear sky, amidst that perfect repose of nature which sinks into the heart of the weary, work-worn man, with the soft breathing of heavenly peace. One would hardly have noticed, in the soothing stillness which pervaded earth and sky, far off in the Southeast, resting on the snow-tinged peak of the Bithynian Olympus, and stretching from his rugged sides along the horizon, a bank of ominous clouds, which, here and there, on their white masses, revealed dark spots, the lurking places of furious storms and fiery thunderbolts. Yet, so it was. The breathless hush in the clear, peaceful twilight, was the precursor of a hurricane. The storm-wind, the wind Euroclydon, which sometimes, with sudden rage, rushes upon Stamboul, and, in the twinkling of an eye, lines the Western bank of the Bosphorus with forlorn and helpless wrecks, was now gathering its forces, on the distant hills of Asia Minor. As our friends sat in the wine-shop, in busy gossip, they could see only the Western sky, still tinted with the faint blush of retiring day, as she wrapped herself in the sober mantle of the night. Here and there, a star began to twinkle, up in the deeper blue. It was a scene which filled the soul of the beholder with tranquil enjoyment. Suddenly, there grew a darkness over the earth; if we may call that a growth, which was complete almost as soon as it began. The stars and the blue sky and the rosy light in the West disappeared. A dense, dark veil covered all.

"The tempest is coming," said one of the young Greeks, peering out into the gloom.

"God grant there be no boat upon the water!" cried another.

"If any of the boats up the Gulf left the city at sundown, they must be now in the open sea," responded a third.

"God preserve them!" ejaculated the second speaker; and, the whole party moved into the open air.

There was a brief pause, of awful silence, between the gathering of the darkness and the bursting of the storm; and then the wind fell upon the water, with sudden and terrific power. It seemed to tear it up, as with living hands, tossing it wildly in masses hither and thither, and plucking from it snowy locks, which it bore away in flying foam. No eye could penetrate far into the darkness; but, though Chalcedon lay undisturbed in its sheltered nook, the keen glance of the young men could dimly discern the agitation of the water and the spectral forms of the spray, as they appeared for an instant, and then glided within the veil of the surrounding gloom.

"Is not that a sail, away to the South?" said the first Greek who had spoken.

"No sail can stand in this weather," was the reply. "It must be the crest of a wave that you see."

"No," rejoined the other, "it is too steady. On my life, it is a sail, heading for the Gulf of Moudania."

"God help them!" said his devouter companion; "for there is no succor, in us or in themselves."

All strained their eyes to behold the startling scene and its catastrophe. But, the object was again lost; and, the young men stood in doubt whether it had not been, after all, a mere phantom of the imagination. Or, had the sea suddenly swallowed the struggling bark? was the horrid suggestion of their fears. They remained, for some moments, in silent suspense: not a word was uttered; every man's heart was palpitating with excitement: when, of a

sudden, the whole heaven and sea were lighted up by a brilliant flash, followed, almost immediately, by a peal of thunder, which rolled away in long echoes, repeated for the space of a minute, like the prolonged roar of battle, from the Eastern hills.

"There she is," cried more than one voice, at once.

"I see her clearly," said the Greek who at first discerned her. "It is a Moudania boat; and, she is steering for the Cape: they mean to get under the lee of Bouz Bournou."*

"She carries her sail, and is close hauled to the wind. Did you see any one on board?" inquired one of the company.

"No; they are all under the benches, excepting the man at the helm: you may be sure of that. There is nothing to be done. It is a race for life. If they reach the Cape, she is safe."

Other flashes soon revealed her, again and again, at short intervals.

"She holds her own, and flies like a white-winged bird, right in the teeth of the storm. I would not have believed she could stand in such a blow," said one.

"If she can keep on five minutes longer, she will be sufficiently under the headland to lose the force of the gale," responded another.

And, she *did* keep on, struggling, tossing, sometimes almost lost from view in the trough of the sea, and sometimes dancing giddily, in full sight, on the top of a wave; until, at length, a later flash revealed her, gliding steadily along into the shadow of the high-crested Cape.

"She is safe," exclaimed all voices, as the speakers drew a long breath of relief from the thrilling suspense which had held them motionless on the spot where they stood.

* *Ice Cape*,—the bold promontory which separates the Gulf of Nicomedia from the Bay of Moudania. The ice, or, rather, congealed snow, which cools the sherbets of Constantinople, comes from the clefts on its rugged summit.

They little dreamed, that the frail bark, which they had just seen striving, almost hopelessly, against the combined fury of wind and water, was carrying, in its bosom, the destiny of the little boy whose rescue they had been confidently plotting in the wine-shop. In the stern of the boat, lay a weary traveller, fast asleep. The sailors had covered him with a loose sail; and, he lay, dreaming of home afar-off, little caring that the billows which rocked his slumbers were threatening his destruction.

CHAPTER VIII.

To the east of Moudania, itself a village on the southern shore of the gulf of the same name, lies the ancient city of Brousa, the first capital of the Osmanlee kings. There, are seen the tombs of Osman and his son Orchan. The city lies under the shadow of the Bithynian Olympus; and looks out upon a plain of great extent and beauty, whose rich soil gives growth to the mulberry trees which, in their turn, sustain the myriads of the little artificers from whose silky product is derived the chief staple of the city's commerce. Moudania, the port of Brousa, is some twenty miles distant; and, here the traveller first sees the olive-tree, the genial product of the province of Bithynia. Here, too, starting on his journey through Asia Minor, he begins to wonder at the amazing fertility of the land, and the picturesqueness of views which meet his eye, as he roams through a region which once sustained five hundred cities, of the most of which even the ruins are now sought in vain. Turkish misrule, the iron yoke of Mohammedanism, has crushed out people and enterprise. Vast tracts denuded of inhabitants, poor and lonely villages, with, here and there, a town struggling to maintain the decaying existence of a semi-civilization, are the prominent features of a scene which was once replete with life, and wealth, and all the tokens of Roman grandeur and culture. But, the political balance of Europe re-

quires, that the Turk reign in Asia Minor; and hence, desolation and rapine, the extortion of greedy Pashas, and the degradation of both Mussulman and Rayah, are sacred from the touch of the invader, who might convert the barren region into a land unsurpassed in its contributions to the treasure-house of the world.

Brousa, standing upon the terraced hillsides, and looking out on the wide-spreading plain, presents, especially when viewed from a distance, a scene of tranquil beauty such as is rare in any land upon which hoary Time has not set his seal of calm repose. No stir, no hum or bustle, rising from the thronging abodes of men. None of those marks of life, of busy animation, the quick movements of trade and business, which are the breathings of the eager, anxious life of western towns. It is almost painful to see such quietness resting upon human habitations. It seems like the signet of death, stamped upon the living and glowing form. But, it is as beautiful as the last sleep of one who dies, unchanged from the full figure and color of health. It is this death-like repose, hovering like a spell over the charmed land, which, everywhere in Turkey, offers to the western traveller the most striking contrast with the homes which he has left. It is, in its outward aspect, the token of gentle and peaceful decay. But, within, and at closer view, it is disease at the heart, consuming the vital functions, and crippling all the active issues of life.

Brousa has most of the features of a thoroughly respectable Mohammedan town. As associated with the rise of the Turkish Empire, the earliest capital of that long line of kings which, unlike almost every other dynasty in the world, has been preserved unbroken from the first monarch to the present one, it has, in the eyes of the Mussulman, a dignity and sacredness peculiar to itself. Hence, the old Mohammedan character is seen there in greater purity than elsewhere; bearing that quiet, unperturbed, serene air which a Turk always

wears when his religion sits comfortably upon him, and he is conscious of a life fulfilling all its precepts. There is no human mien or manner more impressive than that of a thorough Mussulman of the old school. The quiet gravity of his whole bearing, his perfect self-control, the placid, steady aspect of his face, on which appears no trace of the excited, eager passions which sway other men, the undisturbed contentment of look and action, his thoughtful, moderate, just speech, full of moral sentiment, reminding one of the Book of Proverbs and the Sermon on the Mount, (both, by the way, favorite reading with the Turks), and his slow, firm, upright gait, the natural movement of an unagitated, self-contained mind, present altogether a picture of personal dignity such as, among all other nations, will be sought for in vain. It is, in the Osmanlee, the effect of religion, acting on a congenial native character.

Our traveller had found a temporary home in one of the khans, or caravanserais, which are the relics of the better days of Brousa. He had duly refreshed himself in the great bath, fed by hot springs, whose sulphuretted waters, in their natural state, are not slow in boiling an egg; and which alone would make Brousa a celebrity, if it had the good fortune to be a western city. He had visited the Imperial Mosques and mausoleums of the early Ottoman kings, and wondered at the peculiar reverence which kept them in a state of decay; as if it were sacrilege to impart the fresh look of youth to the withering form of age. And he now essayed the great task of the traveller, in ascending the Olympian peak which rises on the east of the town. It was done on horseback; the path being somewhat difficult, but nowhere dangerous, and five or six hours sufficing for the ascent. It is called, by the Turks, *Këshish Dag*h, (*Monk Mountain*), from the fact that a monastery once stood near its summit. The building has disappeared; but, our traveller was told, that a hermit, the last of the holy men

who once made the mountain-top vocal with their prayers and praises, still resided there, in a rude cabin, built in a cleft of the rocks.

The traveller, whose real cognomen we will cover with the name of *Seymour*, determined to see the venerable man, if he should succeed in finding his abode. He took with him a guide, and commenced the ascent at early morn. The way was a solitary foot-path, straggling hither and thither up the mountain height, and sometimes seeming to descend, in its effort to circumvent a beetling crag. With Turkish post-horses, the best road is hard to travel; and, with Turkish roads, the best horses would hardly carry you comfortably. Foot-paths all over the land, on the great lines of commerce, between Constantinople and Bagdad, as well as in the more secluded sections, foot-paths through plains, over mountains, these are the post-roads of Turkey: and, though the path up Olympus was not one of them, (for, it went only to the top, and then turned upon itself, and came down as it went up), it was no worse than many a highway over the Balkan, or the Taurus.

The traveller reached the summit in due time; and such a scene of grandeur and beauty as met his eye mortal vision seldom rests upon. Afar is Stamboul itself, some sixty miles distant; but, you can catch the reflected rays from its gilded domes and minarets. Here and there, a glance of the sea; from one spot, a noble, broadspread view of the Propontis; the dimness beyond, where the land terminates on the border of the Euxine; hills everywhere, rising, in some parts, almost into the dignity of mountains; and, nearer at hand, the Gulf of Nicomedia, hid mostly from view by the long range which terminates in the promontory of Bouz Bournou; and, nearer still, the vale and placid lake of the ancient Nice, with its aged walls, just kissed by the waters which sleep at its side. The now southern sun brought out most of these features of the northern scene, with a bril-

liancy enhanced by the clear, unsullied atmosphere; and yet, with that voluptuous softness which even the misty, dreamy air of Italy does not impart. This is the charm of the Orient. The eye that has seen it, can never convey to the hand which describes it, the witchery of the spell that it carries to the soul. It is indescribable. It is felt: it can never be portrayed.

"I could live here forever," exclaimed Seymour, transported by his first sight of these unimagined beauties. "What pure transparency, yet what balmy softness, in the air, even at this unwonted height! It is a luxury to breathe it. It is Elysium to live in it. And, that commingling of land and water! Was ever foliage brighter, or the fickle element of the sea more tranquil? Who could expect, here, anything but the purity of Paradise? Can man be vile, where his abode is so lovely? Must not every gentle influence settle into his soul, and win him to virtue and to peace? O land un-fallen! who can live amidst thy purities, and not be clean?"

At that moment, his eye caught the figure of Mustapha, his guide, who had seemed to him, all the way up the mountain, a sort of horse, with no more intelligence and with not half as good temper as the beast he bestrode; the most remarkable difference between them being, that one had two legs, and the other four. He was sitting on the sunny side of a rock; basking, like any other animal that loves the warmth; and, lazily picking lice out of his jerkin. It reminded Seymour of the sudden downfall of his fancies, a few days before, at Constantinople, where he met an English friend who had just made the tour of Greece. Seymour, full of the classics, had encountered him, with many eager questions about the land of romance and of song, which he hoped one day to see. "I was often reminded," at length said his friend, who was becoming wearied by Seymour's unsophisticated enthusiasm, "I was often reminded of Byron's line,

'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more.'

For my part, I found it all alive and crawling." He came down from the cliff on which he had posted himself, and from his ethereal musings, at the same time.

"We will look for the hermit," he meekly said to Mustapha. Seymour was a man waking up from a delicious reverie. He felt slightly ashamed of himself for having fallen into it.

The hermit was soon found. He occupied a nook lower down, on the western side of the mountain, looking toward the Sea of Marmora. It was a bay in the rock, where two rugged, stony arms projected from the smooth perpendicular surface, embracing a small space of green slope. Three sides of the hut were formed by the flat back surface and projecting arms of the rock; and, the front, looking toward the sea, was a rude wall, of unshapen stone, gathered in the neighborhood. The little green slope before the door, (it had no window), stretched away, a few rods, with an easy inclination, and then broke into the steep, rough descent of the mountain side. It was a quiet spot, completely sheltered on three sides: and, on the fourth, from the west, no evil winds, or storms, could come. It was an abode of peace; and, Seymour was glad to turn to it from the world, which, in the person of Mustapha, had just disgusted him. He felt like becoming a hermit himself; and, was ready to enter on his novitiate immediately.

CHAPTER IX.

A TURN in the mountain path which brought them from the peak, led to the angle of the rock behind which the hut lay sheltered; and, on passing it, they came full upon the old hermit himself; seated before his door, on a low, wooden settle, and contemplating the blended prospect of land and sea and sky which lay before him. He did not start, or manifest surprise, at the sudden apparition of a man in European garb. He turned his eyes, slowly,

from the landscape, and let them rest on Seymour, with as little apparent emotion as if he had anticipated his coming. The traveller stopped when he came within sight of the old man; and stood regarding him, with a mixed feeling of curiosity and awe. After a brief pause, the hermit said,

"Approach, my son. I heard thy footstep on the hill, and knew that it was the tread of a stranger from *Franghistan*." *

"How could you know that, father? Is there any intelligence in a footfall?" said Seymour, advancing.

"Yes," replied the hermit. "There is a sound of freedom in the step of the children of the West. It is springy and elastic: it tells of an unfettered mind and heart. I was looking toward thy country; and, I saw, in the misty air beyond the sea, the glorious form of the genius of Liberty hovering over thy favored land."

"And that," thought Seymour to himself, "suggested the presence of a Frank when he heard my step." But, he was silent.

"Thou art welcome, my son," continued the hermit. "Many seek me in my mountain-home; but, few come hither on whom my aged eyes delight so much to look as on a free-born son of England."

He pointed to a little niche in the rock at his side; and, Seymour took the seat thus silently proffered.

"How know you, that I am an Englishman?" he asked.

"I have travelled much," said the old man. "I have seen many countries. I have looked on the faces of many people. And, the clear skin, the blue eyes and the brown hair of the *Inghiliz*† are as familiar to me as the features of the companions of my childhood."

"And, have you come, father, to think so ill of the world you have surveyed, as to leave it for this lonely spot?" inquired the young man.

The hermit did not answer for a moment. He sat upright, his eyes bent upon the green turf, while alternate lights and shadows flitted over his aged features; somewhat as the sun and passing clouds were throwing them upon the earth before him. His form, though spare, was still erect and vigorous. He seemed to have no need of the staff which lay on the ground at his side. His flowing beard, of purest white, lay tranquilly upon his breast; but, his eye, as it kindled from inner emotion, shot forth rays which told of a fountain of deep passion still glowing within. The strong, decisive lines of his face, too, were traces of a nature impetuous, though curbed. He wore, on his head, a round black cap, not unlike that of a priest; and, his outer garment was a loose cloak of decent cloth, which looked so much above his condition that it must have been the gift of some charitable visitor. His under-clothing was a long, cassock-like robe, of the coarsest black cotton, bound round his body by a rude leathern thong. His shoes were the clumsy, ill-shapen sandals which the poor laborer of the city wears; and they covered feet otherwise bare. His whole appearance was not without dignity; but, his aspect varied, with sensitive quickness, between the gentle and the severe, as one or the other of his contending moods held momentary sway over him. It was like a mountain lake; now smooth and placid, cheerfully reflecting the sweet images of repose upon its banks; and, anon, scowling under the swift passage of some angry gust.

At length, he spoke.

"My son, man's worst enemy lives within him. I have, indeed, fled from the world; but, I have not succeeded in escaping from myself. And, in the world, I could have found a home, if peace had had a home in my own breast. Yet, let me not judge myself unjustly. I have been driven to fearful extremes of life," (here he paused for an instant, while a perceptible shudder ran over his aged frame,)

* Europe, or the land of the West generally.

† English.

"but the world and I were never congenial friends. Was the fault in *me*, or in the *world*? It may have been in both. I do not wish to justify myself, in my rebellion against the established order of things. The praise of man, and his censure, are now far from me; and, my own conscience is too clear-sighted to be deceived. I am a man who revolted from his appointed sphere: and, what is left to such a soul, but to wander in irregular orbits, and jar against the steady courses of God? Shall we succeed when we fight with the Most High? He who falleth on that stone shall be broken; and, if he persist in his rebellion, the upper mill-stone will fall upon him and grind him to powder. I hated the world; but, what did the hate profit it, or me? It gave me a barren life; it has brought me, at last, to a barren solitude."

Seymour was deeply moved. The sight of the old man in his loneliness, looking back upon a balked existence, uncheered by memory, unsustained by hope, awakened his purest pity, kindled his warmest sympathy.

He asked, "Did you *begin* with hating the world? Or, was hatred the bitter fruit of a disappointed experience?"

"I began," said the hermit, "with an ideal which, from the nature of things, could never be realized. My son, lay up this lesson in thy heart: the world has been better than it is. Otherwise, we should not have those conceptions of a higher state, which the mind of man, instinctively, creates for itself. He must have been *made* for them. His original life must, therefore, have been the realization of them. Theologians tell us, they are prophetic of immortality. This, I doubt not, is true. But, they are, no less, retrospective. They look back to a condition that was: they glance forward to a condition that is to be. The present is not man's true estate. He is fallen. Our nature tells us so. These ardent yearnings for a glory that does not appear, this inquietude, this

sense of incongruity between the world and a nobler speech within us, this secret, wearing dissatisfaction, even when we have won the proudest laurels, exhausted the choicest pleasures, that earth can offer, are, all, potent voices, speaking, as clearly as the written word of God speaks, of a down-fallen humanity. And, are not *they*, too, the word of God, written upon the fleshy tables of the heart? I am no unbeliever. I have faith in Revelation; because it is the key which has, at last, unlocked, for me, the puzzling mysteries of our present condition. I have bought my belief at a great price."

"But, what was your early ideal, which the world has thus rudely battered in pieces?" asked the inquisitive Seymour.

Seymour was one who was in little danger of living among theories and abstractions. He had a good, hearty, English love for the world as it is; or, rather, as it fell within the purview of his pleasant and prosperous experience. The fair smile of Fortune rested upon him; and, he was troubled with no torment of uneasy ambition. He had the nature, and the means, to enjoy life: nor was he disposed to carry enjoyment to excess. His character lacked hardness; because, he had gone through no formative process of stern discipline. But, he was well-nurtured, well-educated, and had no principles, or want of principle, that would lead him far astray from a correct life. Yet, he could not withhold a deep interest from the lonely, disappointed man before him; and, he listened with eager attention to his words; with attention more eager, because some of their thoughts were new to him; presenting a class of ideas which had never been suggested by anything in his own observation, or experience.

"I conceived," said the hermit, "of a love and freedom which are not of earth. I demanded them of the world into which I was born. It might endanger me, harmless and defenceless as I now am, to tell

you who I have been." Seymour made a hasty and impatient gesture, as if he would protest against the apparent insinuation, that he was capable of betraying the old man; but, the speaker went on, without heeding his act of remonstrance. "I expected truth, and found it not. I believed in the dignity of humanity; for, I felt it in my own bosom. But, I saw men enslaved to every vile prejudice; wedded to error, both old and new; selfish where they ought to be generous; and, governed by low interest where the grandeur of their position called them to battle, with unsullied hearts, for the loftiest truths of God and the highest rights of man. If they contended for freedom, under the proudest watchwords of liberty, it was with sordid and mercenary motives, which showed them to be the veriest slaves of their own lusts. When they fought for "equality," a despot rose to the surface; when for "fraternity," their banners were soon drenched in their brothers' blood. I began to condemn a race so ignoble. I began to separate from so vile a companionship. Here was my error. Had I been content to take the world as it is, and work patiently for its benefit, hopeful of the glory that is to be revealed, I might not, single-handed, have accomplished wonders; but, I, now a desolate and forsaken old man, tottering on the brink of a gloomy grave, might be sitting tranquilly under the roof-tree of a peaceful home, the immortal heir of precious memories. But, I should *not* have been alone. Earth is not all filled with the base and degraded. It has chosen spirits, God's elect ones; a secret affinity draws them together; and, in their union, under the invincible banner which they bear, there is victory. I thought not so then. I separated not the wheat from the chaff. I abandoned the world, because I hated it. Hating, I made war upon it."

He stopped; and then, as if possessed by some indomitable spirit within, which held him to its bidding, and would not be denied an utterance, he cried out, holding

up his shrivelled hands, and gazing intently, fearfully, upon them, "They bear no stain of blood. Who can say I have shed it? It mingles with the deep, blue waters of the Archipelago: can you say it reddens them? And, what human eye is sharp enough to discern a blood-spot on the *soul*?"

He ceased. His look was wild and disordered. His eye, from which shot a bright, frenzied gleam, strained forward toward the South and East, as if it would search the hidden depths of the distant sea he spoke of. His body bowed, with the eagerness and intentness of his gaze. But, the paroxysm did not last. As suddenly as it came, it departed. His look fell. The fierce light left his eye. He stooped forward. He covered his face with his hands. The storm of wind changed to rain. He wept bitterly.

Seymour looked on with mingled horror and commiseration. This, then, was one of the old corsairs of the Greek Archipelago, the terror of whose name had, often, reached his ears. Their memory was still fresh; and, the sailor still trembled with superstitious dread as he passed their ancient haunts, among the islands. Seymour himself had, only a few months before, come from Marseilles in a French brig; and, he had noted how, when they passed Cape St. Angelo, and entered the suspected sea, the cutlasses were brought out from the locker, sharpened, and brightened, and hung, in warlike array, around the mast; and how the old muskets were rubbed up, and carefully loaded, and the swivel on deck was stripped of its tarpaulin, and prepared for action. For two or three days, while they beat slowly up against the wind, and, at times, lay quite becalmed, the sea was scanned, impatiently, by watchful eyes; and, the older tars pointed out to the wondering passenger the localities which had become famous as the scenes of blood and plunder, and harrowed his soul with tales of marvellous exploits and horrid car-

nage, such as a sailor only knows how to tell.

And, here was one of the actors in those scenes. His avenging spirit had forced from him a sudden confession. And yet, Seymour could not shrink from him. He was, rather, drawn toward him, with a feeling of infinite pity. He was not as he had been: and, Seymour had enough of the divine within him, to feel kindly toward every sinner that repenteth. Who would, by one harsh word, add to the agony of shame and sorrow which that guilty soul inflicted upon itself? It was not in Seymour's heart to do it; and, if it had been, the sight of the aged penitent, as he rose upright, and uncovered his face, would have smothered the word upon his lips. Tears streamed down the hermit's cheeks, through furrows which seemed to have been worn by the frequent passage of these rivulets from the hidden fountains of the heart. His face was flushed and heated; his comely beard disordered; his eye, resting upon the ground, wore that expression of helpless misery which pictures to the beholder the acutest mental anguish; his whole frame seemed loosened and disjointed, as if it were ready to sink to the earth, under the pressure of some invisible burden. Seymour did not speak; and, for a time, the old man continued silent. At length, he raised his eyes.

"I did not think to tell thee so much. But, it can do me no harm, and it may profit thee. Thou art young. The world is before thee. Ask not too much of it. It will not bear the criterion of just ideas. To hate it is to be impractical. Do thy appointed good, hoping for nothing again. Some of the seed which thou sowest, will rot in the soil. Some will spring up, and bring forth precious fruit. But, thou mayest never find thy standard of excellence realized among men. Do thy work. Wherever human sorrow can be assuaged, wherever misery can be relieved, in the abodes of poverty, and on the broader

arena where the rights of man struggle for utterance out of earnest and truthful hearts, in humility, yet with confidence in the ulterior triumph of the just and the good, let thy voice be heard, let thy ready hand fulfil its mission of love. But, be not disappointed by ingratitude, or the grovelling thoughts of men, by their prejudices, their misconceptions, their self-seeking, their mean and earthly way of looking at the value of truth and integrity. Be satisfied with thy work, for thy work's sake; and, in the hope of a perfect approbation from Him Whose sentence bears the stamp of unerring Wisdom and spotless Truth."

The old man paused; and, Seymour could find nothing to reply. His mind was tossed and distracted by agitated thoughts. Sympathy for the aged sufferer, romantic horror at the recollection of his former life, mingled with new ideas which the teaching of the hermit had started in his mind, fixed him to the spot, lost in confused wonder, pity and admiration. Both sat in silent reverie, for a time. At length, the hermit spoke.

"My son, if I could offer the hospitality which becomes thy degree, I would ask thee to tarry with me. It is not often that, in this land, where fear rules the hearts of Christians, one whose neck is under the yoke can speak freely. But, thou hast come to me as a messenger of good. Thy youth and freshness have unlocked my heart; and, I have spoken as I have not spoken for many a year. It has done me good. And, it may be, that He Who ordereth all hath sent thee to me, that thou mightest hear words which will fit thee better for the struggles and the duties of life. Go then, my son. My word is spoken. Let thy mission be fulfilled. Let me not have suffered in vain. Thy presence has awakened many thoughts that were sleeping. I would ponder alone. And *thou*,—thy longer sojourn with the old man of the mountain can profit thee nothing."

He rose; and, at the same moment,

Seymour started from his seat. The hermit extended his hand. The young man seized and shook it with the cordiality of a Western farewell; and, uttering some broken words of thanks and adieu, retired from the scene.

He soon found Mustapha, who had remained behind to tend the horses while they browsed among the rocks. They mounted, and commenced their descent to the city. It is not too much to say, that this was the most eventful day of Seymour's life; not for its incidents in themselves, but for their influence on his character. He was another man than when he ascended the mountain; for, he had received into his soul the seed-germ of mighty thoughts. Now, for the first time, he conceived of self-sacrifice, of hardship for suffering humanity, of a mission for himself, of a duty above the ordinary requirements of his every-day life. He was a man for whom there was a work of which his easy and amiable nature had never before conceived. He could, no longer, be at rest with the fulfilment of the pleasing duties of his social existence, and the innocent, but profitless, enjoyment of the gifts of fortune. An uneasiness had entered into his soul, the sense of high endeavor for God and for man. With his Master, he might say, "I have a Baptism to be baptized with: and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!"*

* St. Luke, xii. 50. — "Straightened;" *urged*,

(*To be continued.*)

We will not follow him in his Asiatic travels. They would lead us too far from the main line of our story. Suffice it to say, that they deepened the impression of the lesson which he had learned on Mt. Olympus. We shall see him again; and, then we shall learn what issues that lesson, enforced and illustrated by a larger experience, wrought out of one who left his home a joyous young man, with no thought beyond the charms and delights of foreign travel.

Who can tell where the spirit of God shall meet him, and present to his startled vision the mission of his future life? It may be, as to Samuel, in the Temple; as to David, among the sheep; as to St. Paul, by the wayside; or, as to our traveller, upon the mountain-top. It comes, most frequently, in solitude, amidst secret musings outside of the world; where the soul breathes freely, unoppressed by the common cares and toils of earth. Then she plumes her wing for a higher flight; her unburdened eye turns upward; it seeks aloft for pure truth; and, the Revelation of God enters the open door of the waiting spirit; disclosing itself to the renovated man as it does not to the world.

pressed, constrained: as the same word, in the mouth of St. Paul, is rendered,—“The love of Christ constraineth us.” It is that drawing of the soul by the irresistible power of the inward call, which moves one to some great achievement, as by the voice of God. And, is it not the voice of God?

Reviews and Essays.

THE SITUATION.

BY THE REV. CHAS. H. HALL, D.D.

DIVISIONS among Christian men result from the emotions or affections, quite as often as from the intellect. Yet few are inclined to admit the law into their calculations, or confess its influence in their views of the times in which they live. Out of the heart of man proceed evil thoughts, blasphemy, pride and foolishness, was the testimony of Him who knew all that was in man. The apostles warn us often, in the same strain, of "roots of bitterness" which are nestled in the corrupt nature of the race, which belong by no means so much to mistaken opinions of the facts of faith as to the individual weakness and perversity of the promoters of the mischief. Emulations, wrath, and strife with them were "works of the flesh." The old Adam is the carnal nature, the self-will or irascibility, the inordinate vanity or lust, the avarice or selfishness, rather than the intellectual operations of those who are either misinformed or misjudging. We see this illustrated continually in history. We see as often the accompanying delusion, which casts its fatal glamour over the sinner or heretic. While he fancies that he is doing God service, and speaks high things of *conscience* and liberality of opinion, he is, sometimes unconsciously led captive by his own infirmity, or rather by that active, crushing spirit of evil, who knows so well how to play upon the weakness of man, and to deceive him to his ruin. Probably, on that fatal night, when the steward of the little band of disciples made his hapless covenant with the Pharisees, he had his own pet scheme of reaching his object, whatever it may have been, and woke to horror, when he discov-

ered, too late, that he had not been acting by any noble intellectual line of thought, but only by the dictates of his baser nature.

Arius, were he living now, would undoubtedly agree with his Socinian friends, in repudiating all care for the lost bishopric of Alexandria, and claim that he was only anxious, with a lofty self-sacrifice, for the honor of Monotheism, and bent on the past resistance to the first advances of theoretical idolatry. Yet who, that reads carefully the history of his times, fails to see the heresy hatched out of the broodings of disappointed ambition, and the bitterness of personal animosity fanned into flame by the ready material of the reaction against Sabellianism. To act without motive is to act like the improvident beast. So no one will accept the charge that he acts by the personal motives of his lower nature. Inquisitors dismissed their victims with "*vade in pace*," and Paris celebrated the massacre of St. Bartholomew with pious and exultant *Te Deums*. No man of any claim to thought but can gild his personal infirmity with holiest claims to superior motives, and quote Scripture to his wish.

"From whence come wars and fightings among you," said the skilful pastor-bishop of Jerusalem; "came they not hence *even of your lusts, that war in your members?*" The fact is as patent now as it was then; it is as hard for us to credit it now of ourselves, as it was then. Yet, we sorrowfully claim that it is only too apparent that human infirmity now mingles in our Church parties, both as to their origin and as increments of bitterness, to exacerbate from

time to time the hostility of brethren, who lose the grace of Christian charity.

Parties in the Episcopal Church in this land existed from the beginning. Bishop White was by nature another sort of man from Bishop Seabury. They differed constitutionally. Had they at any one time been brought to perfect agreement on the great subjects of which they as representative men had the conduct, in their age, it would have been a question of time only how soon they would have run out of the common line to entertain contrary views. The one was, by his very experience and disposition, fitted to his consecration by Scotch bishops. They, as descendants of the non-jurors, were to him peculiarly acceptable. He was a Tory at heart. He did not even come heartily into a converted state on the American question. In politics he must have been a high Federalist, with a reserved bias to his divine right somewhere, besides, in the popular will of the governed to govern themselves. His New England training had in it, by only changing the parties authorized to rule, the idea of "*a standing order*," who exercised an exclusive right to dictate laws to the masses. On the other hand, Bishop White had been modified by his Quaker surroundings. Gentle and cautious by nature, delicate and deliberate by habit, accustomed to consider all sides and seek to balance and reconcile them, by his position, he was often so cautious as to be uncertain, so deliberate as to confuse his statements, and so desirous of bringing all to agreement as to hesitate at dangerous sacrifices of old usages. Seabury cannot be imagined as consenting to think of allowing debate on the opening sentences of the litany. We could not easily fancy White, as dreaming of seeking his consecration from the irregular line of Scotland. Both were great and good men. And the two streams of thought which came down from them were held by the Church embankments as two harmonious currents, with only a ripple dividing

their even flow far down into this century. So happily were they disposed to accept the inevitable, and so soundly loyal were both to the infant Church, and so wisely constrained by circumstances beyond their control, that they became the two powerful impulses and guides to substantial unity. On the "off side" of one, the diocese of the New England States accepted the leadership of Griswold, the meek and wise leader of the Evangelical wing; on the other side of Pennsylvania, Maryland leaned to the higher Church views, and beyond Virginia, again, Ravenscroft emulated the dogmatic spirit of Seabury. Parties continued and there were wranglings and some sharp rebukes between Petrines and Paulines, but the unity was true, the life of the Church was healthy, and the hopes of all were bright, that the original spirit of the two great leaders would be perpetuated. We look back now to a curious proof of the agreement existing between brethren, who really differed intellectually on great subjects, but without that divergence of the emotional nature that is now to be deplored. It gives us a sad proof of the succeeding *drift* of all parties.

In 1820 Bishop Brownell "contemplated the preparing and publishing of a Book of Common Prayer, with a Commentary on the different services." We read with pleasure the hearty endorsements of the design by the patriarchs of that day. Bishops White and Griswold, and the Virginian Moore, in their expressions of zeal for it, come no whit behind Hobart and Kemp and Bowen. Alas! there is no man on the Episcopal bench to-day who could call out such unfeigned expressions of confidence and gladness to encourage such an undertaking. It is painfully evident that there has been a *loss*. What it is, or whence it comes that it is so, who will say?

Again, in 1840, the publisher of the stereotype edition of Bishop Brownell's work gives us scores of names of Church-

men of all parties, who held the work in kindly estimation, and joined to encourage the issue of a new edition. Bishop McIlvaine held it most useful. Dr. Tyng "cheerfully added his recommendation," side by side with Bishop Whittingham and Dr. Duchachet. Drs. Cutler and Goddard send their approval from Brooklyn, and Drs. Haight and Hawks from New York. Representative names appear all down the list. All, possibly, felt with Bishop Hopkins that of this work "the better it is known, I am persuaded, the more it will be esteemed."

And as we turn over this excellent commentary, and see how clear and decided it was, how it established the reputation of the distinguished Bishop of Connecticut as a wise and sound exponent of the great body of Church doctrine, how justly it explicated the double nature of truth, the subjective faith and objective order; how clear was the ring of its Protestant, how unquestionable the loyalty of its Catholic spirit, we perceive without need of proof from any other quarter, that there was a substantial unity between the two parties in this Church, which, if it still exists, is certainly sadly in abeyance. These facts are too plain to be questioned. In 1820, and again in 1840, this voluminous Commentary on the Prayer Book, uttering no uncertain sound (we do not mean by that, that it was written in the interest of any one party), was held to be a useful and valuable help in periodical work, by leading men of all parties in our Church. And, whether it could be possible now to get the same men in some cases to write again such letters as they wrote then we will not say, but certainly we are safe in saying that no such evidence of general consent is now to be thought of it. *Tempora mutantur, et nos.*

Why the change? We ask the question, not to pretend to answer it in the short space allotted to us, but rather to suggest it as a subject of consideration. There are

now two extreme wings of our society, and as they are fired with zeal to accomplish their objects and mean to compel the main body to come to them or else to divide, we would use the fact as a reminder, that there has been once a standing point where all could meet, and, as *truth* never changes, even if its relations are changeable, a body of agreement to which we must recur, if we would maintain our discipline or effect any reasonable revision to adapt it to the age.

A Church in which moral and spiritual unity is lost is fore-doomed to division, as much for the safety of those who are substantially right as for the extension of the disorganizing element. Intellectual diversities were thirty years since compatible with substantial harmony. But substantial disintegration is the very destruction of the reasons for formal oneness of polity. Jesuit and Jansenist may live together so long as the modes of explaining the Divine will are confined to the philosophical schools. Calvinist and Arminian may exchange courtesies so long as both substantially agree that man is saved by grace, and must himself repent in order to find grace. High Church Ravenscroft and Low Church Meade could honor and aid each other, because mutual confidence in the loyalty of each rendered the differences too small to justify more than the zealous reproofs and rearguing of opposing theories.

Unquestionably, our practical divergence began in the excitements which followed the year 1840. The history of that whole decade is not one of congratulation in the retrospect. We pretend not to draw up an indictment against either side. We do claim that personal matters, personal faults and tempers, have mingled too largely in it all. We could point out personal infirmities which have given coloring to all that follows. Practical *dissent* began to make head. Organized opposition took shape. Trials which shook the ecclesiastical bodies—yea, almost, we might add, surrounding bodies of Christians—occurred. Men took

sides, and asserting logical dogmas from personal preferences, cast charity and brotherhood behind them, and pushed equally away from one common centre. We can recall a catechising to which we were subjected by a curious partisan of that day: "Are you high or low Church?" "Well, I am not disposed to assert any approval of either side. I let my actions speak for me." "Do you believe Bishop Onderdonk innocent or guilty?" as if that opinion settled the former question, despite the fact that the condemnation had been possible only by a union of both sides.

We call attention now to two statements, as to our present situation.

1. The practical divergence and extremism which exists in the Church. 2. The fact that this state of things is generally justified among us mostly from a lack of confidence in each other.

(1.) The extremism, for it is an *ism*, assumes dogmatic shape to-day. Low Churchmanship still claims to be the same that it has always been in the past. Writers necessarily declare against the accusation of innovation or novelty. Philadelphia claims to-day to inherit the teaching of Cranmer and Jewel, and to be loyal and true to the principles of White and Meade. Most high Churchmen offer a like plea on their side to represent Jewel and Hooker and the body of doctrine so ably represented by Seabury, Hobart, and Brownell. Doctrines have not materially changed. We can fairly accept the pastorals of Bishops White and Griswold. We can all value Jewel and Hooker. But, practically, we show some of the signs of coming woe which were manifest in the political horizon in 1850. Then the *New York Herald* circulated south of New York, and the *Tribune* held sway to the north of the metropolis. While all claimed love to the Union and loyalty to the Constitution, all were determinedly and incessantly driven to extremes. The war came none too soon to forefend

the final ruin of our institutions. Now Churchmen are similarly arrayed in organized opposition. They breathe the atmosphere of discord. They foster every root of bitterness, and read and think only by party rules. Newspapers, ably edited and commanding the best talent of each side, are persistently widening the breach. Platform speakers yield to the open temptations of popular haranguers, to cast abroad firebrands and death. He who will seek fame—the ready bait of preachers—finds it by the extremes of his popular asseverations. Imagine an experiment, that for a few years all Churchmen would invite friendly correspondence and discussion. Fancy, after some scattering denunciations of one party, an individual of the denounced party should be invited to reply. Dream, and it is but a dream, that our representative men would bend their energies to save the Union, even as they have already done so much to imperil it. Take, for instance, the word *regeneration*, which now looms up as the portent of the hour, in the ecclesiastical horizon. All parties claim oneness of doctrine with the framers of the Prayer Book. If their work was a *unit*; if, as was claimed by the early enthusiasm over the accomplished work, the Holy Spirit had manifested its presence in completing it, is it not yet possible to leave the work unchanged, and reassert its true dogmatic signification? There was certainly in the good old days a sense in which Milner and Meade, and Hobart and DeLancey could agree in using the word. That sense cannot be very obscure. The original framers of the book and our own compilers wrote enough to leave no reasonable doubt in what ecclesiastical sense and fitness they established its use. No party (save in its extreme men) confesses to have departed from that sense. Then the present divergence is voluntary *extremism*. There has been no discovery of any new philosophy, to upset the ancient use. What if extreme men have asserted falsehood, the book remains, the rubrics

are unchanged. No canon or resolution of General Convention has made one sense imperative. No man can be now faulted for using the word in what his party claims to be its true and original force. And so of all the questions which agitate us. Opposing literature has run into extreme channels and invented strange definitions. Organizations arrayed against each other have fostered and exaggerated our sense of discrepancy. Our trusted *weekly* newspaper, which thinks for us, has drawn or driven us away from a spirit of moderation, until we are all losing the first element of unity (and that is not an intellectual insight, but a spiritual gift), namely, *brotherly love*. Scott, the novelist, has drawn a vivid picture of the whole thing, where, in one of his fictions, he confines a Churchman and a Presbyterian in one prison. They dispute furiously, and find no common ground "in wandering mazes led," until a messenger announces to them that both are to die together within the hour. Instantly they drop their weapons of wordy war, and begin to prepare each other most lovingly for meeting the coming fate. They forget their differences in their Christian love. The dogmatist disappears in the true Christian man. God grant that we may see the same happy change among us, and the return of true fraternal charity before it is too late.

Finally, to draw to a close, *we do not trust each other*. Suspicion and distrust are the rule. We recall with some amusement a late scene. A hundred divines, all of them bishops or doctors of divinity, are assembled in one room, from various parts of the country. They have been in pretty sharp debate from noon far into the night. The centigrade marks a high heat. A professor has been openly charged, among other things, with refusing to give the eucharistic cup "into the hands" of the communicants. Instantly all ears are open. He enters on his defence. He met the charges point by point. To the particular accusation specified above he stated pretty

much as follows: "As to refusing to give the cup into the hands of the recipients, I can only say that in all my life I have done that thing but *twice* only. Once I was tricked by an individual, who did not put out his hand, and I must have dropped it, and I warned him not to do it again; and the other time it was to a man *without arms*." There are confessedly traitors in the camp, tares in the wheat. Skulking men, some of them, who are fit subjects of ecclesiastical discipline; men who hesitate and stammer and insinuate false doctrine; men who are pandering to an evil appetite for "old wives' fables." You can generally find them out, for they are mostly known. They are cunning to keep within the letter of law and rubric. And where only suspected, you have the weapons of truth against them. In the Gospel field the *tares* are, and always will be, mixed with the wheat. You cannot root them all out. Do not, in all good sense, seek to plough up the whole field of wheat in order to extirpate them. That is not the way of the Master. We believe that the body of Churchmen can understand each other and can trust each other if they will. In a land of liberty men will differ—must differ widely. Indeed, they have done it in all lands, whether with liberty or without. Divide now on the questions which agitate us, and it necessitates more divisions in the future. Indeed, we reason, that if with the *inertia* of our present unity, we have such differences of opinion and action; if you remove the counterbalancing force of one side, the extremists of the other side will only rush out to take a new position for mischief. We need each other. Let us cultivate mutual confidence. Let us refuse to be hoodwinked by the plausible claims of enthusiasts. Of the six things hated by God, one is "those who sow discord among brethren." Let us in this healthy hate be followers of godliness. Let us root out of our own hearts pride, prejudice, and passion, and seek from grace to hold

the truth honestly and firmly, but hold it in love and in the bonds of fellowship, till we come to the fulness of the stature of the divine model of manhood, which is set

before us in Christ, who soothed diligently the discords of the first Church, and even put up for a long time with the hateful presence of the traitor.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

THIS on the ecclesiastical side is the subject of an historical novel by a young English clergyman, who has already gained high distinction as a writer on theology and in general literature. His "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages" shows him to be a careful historical student. His "Origin and Development of Religious Belief" is an able, if not successful attempt, to give a rational basis to Catholic truth. His recent lecture on "Luther and Justification by Faith" provoked criticism, but his statements were not refuted. He belongs to the advanced guard in the Anglican Church, and, while not a pretentious, is both a brilliant and a powerful writer. He belongs to that growing force of men in England, like Canon Liddon, and Bishop Magee, and Canon Lightfoot, and the writers in the *Guardian*, who think clearly on the great questions of the day, and who have something to say, at the critical moment, which is worth hearing. The work under notice is a novel intended to illustrate the currents of feeling in the State and Church of France in 1789, the time when the French Revolution was taking those initiatory steps which culminated in the Reign of Terror. It is a carefully wrought story; "the incidents related and characters introduced are, for the most part, true to history," and, as Mr. Baring Gould suggests, the form of fiction is best adapted to exhibit the state of feeling in France in 1788, 1789. You are taken into France, as

it were, and made to see and feel the causes of the Revolution. That filling in of historical details which makes so much of the life of a picture, is our author's method, and he has produced a work of permanent value. It is not easy to go back to those times, and the modern historical novel, since the days of Walter Scott, has not kept very near to the truth of history. Here is a man who does keep to the truth, and who lights up that truth, however sombre and appalling, with a lively imagination, and causes the scenes to move before you in the reality of life. The book at once invites comparison with that wonderful prose poem by Thomas Carlyle, one of the few books you never like to lay down until you have read it through, and the comparison is perhaps the strongest ordeal which Mr. Baring Gould's work can be submitted to; but in the more impassioned descriptive portions it is in no way inferior to that masterly word-painting. Room for comparing passage with passage we have not; but compare the two in the descriptions of the storming of the Bastile, and in clear, condensed, picturesque narrative, and our author disputes, if he does not bear away, the palm.

To our knowledge no accessible work exists which takes the place of "In Exitu Israel." The title has been called unfortunate, as giving no index to the book, and the American pirated edition, published by Appleton & Co., has, as a title, the name of the heroine, Gabrielle André; but the author's title is the best, and truly expresses the design of the work,—which is, to trace the new departure of the Church of France

* *In Exitu Israel.—An Historical Novel*, By S. Baring Gould, M.A. New York: MacMillan & Co. 1870. 12mo. pp. 385.

in the early stages of the Revolution, to trace the steps by which, "under the *ancien régime*, the disadvantages of an Establishment produced a strong party of liberal Catholics prepared for a radical change in the relations between Church and State," to trace, in short, the establishment of "that remarkable Constitutional Church, at once Republican and Catholic, which sustained Religion through the Reign of Terror, and which Pope Pius VII. and Napoleon I. combined to overthrow." Such a volume cannot but have a deep interest for others besides the student of history, who seeks the novel to paint the scenes to his mind's eye. It suggests an alternative to the distressed Churchmen of England now obediently indignant under the Purchas Judgment, and patiently submitting to have their Bishops lords temporal as well as spiritual. Disestablishment may be a bad thing for England, certainly it cannot be an unmixed good; but it is sure to come unless different parties in the Church of England are allowed free and full development within the limits of the Prayer Book. This is reckoned by Mr. Capes, author of "Reasons for Returning to the Church of England," as a point of the first importance, "the comprehensiveness of the Anglican Communion." He further says that "it appears to me that there exists no agency so practical and efficient for the promotion of personal religion and enlightenment as the Anglican Church, with all its strange anomalies and manifold abuses."*

This testimony is not without some value, coming from a man who went out from his Anglican Mother thirty years ago, and has now returned like a wandering sheep to the fold. This is the point Mr. Baring Gould urges, this comprehensiveness, but without this, he is ready "to tear asunder crown and mitre;" and he has evidently written this story of the struggle in the French Church with pointed application to

the rapidly changing condition of affairs in England. This makes the story apt to the times, and gives it a special interest for all thoughtful people; this interest is increased by the announcement of a life of the Abbé Grégoire, "which will illustrate the position of the Constitutional Church, of which he was the soul."

Some slight sketch of the novel may interest our readers. The opening scenes are in Normandy, among the peasantry. This gives a vivid picture of the relation of the lower order of the clergy to their people, of the condition of the people themselves, burdened with such severe taxes that poverty and ruin stared them in the face, of the extortions practiced upon the poor curé by the neighboring abbey, of the quaint and simple life which is still found but little changed from then in the rural districts of France. The studies of scenery are from life, and the representation of the parish priest, given in Thomas Lindet, cure of the parish church of St. Cross, in Bernay, the author hints, is not without his second in many an English curate of to-day. Indeed, Thomas Lindet is, with our author, the favorite character, and probably represents his opinions on the present questions of Church and State in England. Note these words, put into his mouth in regard to the disestablished and disendowed Church of France, words not untrue of a Church disendowed now: "We hold the Catholic faith; we have the same orders, sacraments, and ritual. There is absolutely no divergence on any religious point between the Church of the old régime and the Church now. The only point on which a difference has arisen has been a political question—a political one only." Lindet becomes the leading character as the story goes on, and as a man who dared to rebuke his bishop for favoring crime, as a member of the States General, as a bishop of the disendowed Church, himself finally, with the return of absolutism, to be exiled from his country,

* P. 196.

though not without grave faults, he strongly challenges admiration, and is a character not easily forgotten,—a brave, true, faithful, impetuous, whole-souled man.

The internal condition of the Church of France is admirably set forth in the character of the Bishop of Evreux, not a person to attract admiration, any more than Foulon or Berthier, but a man made to act before us the part he once took in upholding abuses in the Church, in order to advance his own interests with the Court. This may be said of all Mr. Baring Gould's characters, that they are well drawn, carefully and patiently sketched. There is material enough in this story for half a dozen ordinary novels, so fully, and even richly, is every part fitted out. Foulon and Berthier stand out in strong relief as friends of the bishop, as persons through whom he hoped to gain Court favor; and they help to give the impression of utter worldliness which had overtaken so many who professed to stand by a far different creed. The lights and shadows of the gay and dissolute court are well reflected in the character of Madeline, the Queen's flower-girl, afterward the daring leader of the Amazons of Paris to Versailles. Like a thread of gold, Gabrielle André, the peasant girl of Bernay, the pure and guileless child of faith, lights up the dark and dreadful scenes of crime, and amid the strangest vicissitudes, finally becomes the wife of the Swiss Nicholas, whom, while living for others, she had learned to love.

The story gathers in darkness and passion, lighted up, however, by the versatile fancy of Madame Deschwanden, the lively Frenchwoman, as it enters upon the actual scenes of the Revolution. Nothing in historical painting can be finer than the storming of the Bastille, and hardly less powerful are the scenes in Paris, the riots of the mob, the shifting of power from hand to hand, the capture of the royal family, the tracking of Berthier by his own bloodhounds, once let loose upon Gabrielle flee-

ing from his grasp. While, so far as we can trace it, strictly true to the facts of history as recorded in the memoirs and contemporary annals of the time, "In Exitu Israel" is thus a most impassioned story, the interest culminating in the breathless tragedy of the breaking up of the *ancien régime*. Probably in the life of the Abbé Grégoire, which we shall be glad to welcome, the scenes of the Revolution will still further be developed; but we are under a debt of gratitude for this glimpse of the great tragedy from a point of view not, so far as we know, heretofore more than glanced at in any existing work. Imbedded in the political wranglings and complications of the time, the condition of the Church of France has been lost sight of, yet connected as it was with the State, a connection which retained abuses with an iron grasp, the lower orders of the Church were hand in glove with the people in the efforts to bring about the Revolution, by which the servants of the Church only hoped for liberty and peace, but which, to the disciples of Helvetius, Rosseau, and Voltaire, meant license, anarchy, and atheism. The bringing forth of the ecclesiastical side of the great contest, the careful, accurate sketch of the religious life of the period, is of very great value, and this work, in no way pretentious, fills just that niche.

A patient second reading of the story, to take in the manifold lessons which it teaches, reveals many points of comparison with the Church of England at the present time. It is a subject to which the minds of all thoughtful men in the Church are turning, the condition of the Mother Church in England. Misunderstood in her mighty progress in all the operations and influences of a working, living Church, she undoubtedly is; but no one can read attentively the English journals, which but exhibit the state of the Church, without seeing that reform and change in many points must take place yet within the Church or be forced upon her from with-

out. If she can preserve this comprehensiveness already alluded to, as, along with her practical efficiency in doing Christian work, her chief glory, and not through disestablishment become less tolerant than she is, she will have solved one of the most difficult religious problems of the day; she will have shown herself to the world in her everyday working dress as a Church truly Catholic, truly faithful to the charge committed to her from apostolic days, as the Church of Christ in England. It is this problem to which Mr. Baring Gould is alive, and which he has chosen to help to solve in the volume under notice, by the testimony of the Church in France. It will be not the least of the benefits which arise from this comparison and discussion that the position of the Church herself will be better understood, and her silent educational and shaping work among thousands of souls better appreciated. For, aside from all the contention of parties, it will be

seen, as indeed it is seen by many outside of our own Communion in this country, to-day, that the greater part of the clergy and laity are actively and truly devoted to the very object for which a Church exists at all—the gathering in of souls for the Master's service. Since the change in the English schools, one single fact speaks volumes for the influence of the Church of England, for her practical work, and that is, that she has become, more than ever before, simply because clergy and people have risen to the occasion, the Christian teacher of the English nation. Let such facts be multiplied; let each vicar and curate do what Nelson said to his soldiers. England expected every man of them to do "his duty," and the healthy life of the Church will clear off abuses, and her comprehensiveness will give a happy working place for every good and conscientious man within her ranks. May such progress be, under God, the way out of the present distress.

A ROMANCE OF DAILY LIFE.

BY MISS SEWELL.

THERE are some people mentioned in the Gospel, yet not prominently brought forward, whom one is always inclined to envy. The "good man," for instance, in whose house was the large upper room. The way in which he is there spoken of seems to bring our blessed Lord so near to his private every-day life; and the mere fact of the pitcher of water being carried into his house, makes us feel that, as the common ordinary domestic occupations of every day were being carried on there, the house might have been one of our own, the employments those in which we ourselves are actually engaged.

But that house, if we could see it now, could never be to us like any other; the more common might be the traces remaining of those who once for a few brief hours

inhabited it, the more solemn would be our reverence for it. The feeling is innate in us. We find it in the historical reminiscences of certain places; in rooms set apart because princes or persons of celebrity have inhabited them—because they have eaten, drank, and slept there; and which are now kept precisely in the same state in which they were left; every trifling object connected with common life still remaining untouched. Such places have a peculiar charm. We say that there is a romance about them; but romance is, after all, only the searching of the human heart after the highest truth; it has in it the germ of what is infinitely more real than what we call reality.

No one who thinks seriously and rationally can believe that we were sent into the

world only to eat, and drink, to sleep and talk, and move from place to place,—and yet life is made up of these things. What we call important events are externally merely a particular arrangement of certain every-day circumstances. A great public rejoicing is, on the surface, only a number of people meeting together, and showing their joy by an excess of the same actions which they perform every day. A great national calamity is only that of many people instead of a few. Government is but the making and putting into execution of laws which are to affect us in our ordinary dealings with each other; and yet a person who would say that there is nothing grand and exhilarating in a day of general festivity; that a national calamity was not awful; or that the government of a country is not a matter of the very highest importance, would be called senseless, if not wicked.

It is the spirit, the deep, underlying meaning, the romance, in fact, of these things, which gives them their dignity and their importance. That which we see, and hear, and touch, is the mere outward covering; the treasure lies within. And if this be so, it would surely be well to inquire whether God does not intend us to foster the same spirit in our daily life.

The pitcher of water and the upper room in the good man's house could not have been so carefully noted without some cause; and the good man himself,—so humbled and unknown, yet so highly favored,—he must have been mentioned for some reason. There must be thousands like him, and we ourselves may be living just the same kind of life; our homes may be just as little remarkable, only to be distinguished by the circumstance of seeing some one enter in. Are they entirely without association or romance? Are they really nothing but a shelter for the body—places in which we employ ourselves in providing for the wants of our physical existence? If they are, there must be something wrong in them, or rather in us. We cannot have made a right

use of the feeling implanted in us by nature.

For our Lord has revealed to us the reality of all which we call romance and imagination. He has told us, and He reminds us again and again, that in our retired homes, and in our most private life, He is ever present with us; that when we lie down and when we rise up,—at our meals, in our daily business, or our common amusements, He is close to us; that He shares every grief, and hallows every innocent joy. Far more than this, He reveals to us that, by His Spirit, He dwells in our very hearts—guiding, and guarding, and strengthening them. If we wish for associations to ennoble our daily existence, where else shall we find them? If the good man of the house may probably have set apart that upper room because it had been honored by the presence of the Saviour, how can we look upon our homes with indifference, when in them we have knelt in His immediate presence, and experienced the comfort of His strengthening grace? They are not, indeed, churches, that is, they are not so consecrated as to be unfit for common use, but they are churches in a sense which is very true, and ought to be very elevating and cheering to us. We speak of the spirit of a family, the tone of a household. If it be a holy spirit, a religious tone, it is because the true romance of association pervades it—because Christ is acknowledged as present in it—because the work done in it is His work, the meals are His meals, the amusements are His gifts; because there is nothing little in it—nothing trifling, or mean, or unimportant; because each word and action is connected more or less with some thought of Him, and is known to contain within it the seed that is to bear fruit for eternity. One day spent with this conviction present to us, would be spent so near to Heaven that earth itself would be almost paradise.

And God has placed within our reach the means of retaining such a conviction, by

giving us powers of imagination and association. They may often have been misused, but they are still precious gifts. Every time we connect sacred thoughts with a common action, we do somewhat toward enabling ourselves to comprehend the great truth of our existence in and for God. St. Paul has given us advice upon this subject, which we must all have heard, though, perhaps, not all have considered :

"Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." When we have learned to follow this command we shall have learned to "walk by faith and not by sight;" and this fallen world, its cares, hopes, business, pleasures,

its pomps and its poverty, will be to us but an outward shell, important only as containing within it the germ of a heavenly life, and soon about to fall away, and leave the spirit trained for Heaven, free to enter upon its enjoyment.

When we have learned it! There lies the difficulty. The lesson is long: years are required to make it perfect. And it is difficult: none but God can teach it.

Perhaps weary, the habit of association may be begun to-morrow;—but to-morrow may never be ours.

Shall it not rather be to-day—at this hour—this minute—in the very next action we perform when we lay down our book?

NEGLECT OF FAMILY DUTIES BY PUBLIC MEN.

BY W. H. LEWIS, D.D.

I will get me unto the great men, and will speak unto them.—Jer. v. 5.

THERE is often a feeling among statesmen, officials, professional men, and those engaged in extended trade, that the care of the family, and especially its religious training, must be left to the wife and mother. The plea is, that important trusts, or traffic that gives support to hundreds, demand the whole attention, and impose a higher law than that of the home relations. In the humbler walks of life the head of the household is more ready to heed its claims upon him; but in the cases here referred to, the Christian wife is very generally seen endeavoring to discharge the duties of both parents, while the husband merely provides subsistence, and is, perhaps, not often seen by his children, and still less often heard to utter an inquiry concerning their education, or the welfare of their souls. Wilberforce, when intently occupied with parliamentary affairs, said that he was once cut to the heart, on taking his little child in his arms, to hear the nurse say, as it cried, that it was afraid of strangers.

It is very common also for such public

men to neglect family prayer, and a sacramental confession of Christ, until released from office, or from the press of business, and then, just at the close of life, to take up the duties; robbing the Church, the home, and their own souls of precious influences by the long delay.

The evil is one, moreover, that cannot well be reached in the pulpit, for the same reason that we cannot there preach upon ungodly divorces; namely, because there may not be more than one or two persons in the congregation to whom the discourse would apply, and so it would be personal. A great advantage of having a monthly like *THE CHRISTIAN YEAR*, for preaching through the Press, is here seen; for such a periodical may make its way to those one or two, in hundreds of towns and Churches, and utter what the pulpit cannot, and speak more faithfully even than the pastor can, in private intercourse.

Let us, then, get us unto the great men, and say unto them through these pages that the result of their neglect of family duties

is very evident in the greater irreligion and immorality of their children, as compared with those of other homes. It is often said that sons of the clergy are apt to be reckless and dissipated. We deny it as a rule, and where it is true it is so because the father has neglected home duties; for, sad to say, there are some ministers who plead their responsibilities in the Church as an excuse for devolving those of the rectory upon the wife. But, so far as the charge is true, it is true of all public men; yea, more true in the State and the world than in the Church. For, beyond question, if we go through our villages and towns, we shall find that the children of our men high in office, or in professions, or in large trade, are, in undue proportion, profligate, worthless, ungodly, and leaders in evil. It is proverbial that exalted position and talent are not an inheritance very likely to descend in a family. One cause for a failure may be found in the fact that the children of our prominent men are usually rendered proud and arrogant by their fathers' honors and elevation, and, as modesty and humility are at the foundation of all true greatness and goodness, and pride and vanity their deadly foes, the degeneracy is accounted for, in a measure; but more especially is it explained by the neglect of those religious home influences which foster intellectual talent and moral worth. The offspring of our great men come up like plants under a spreading tree, dwarfed and destroyed by an over-topping greatness that is favorable only to the deadly nightshade or a sickly growth, needing the light and warmth from above for any better product. Look at the young men who are the leaders in vice and irreligion, in almost any place, and you will find them, for the most part, to be the sons of persons so engrossed in public affairs or extended trade that they have devolved home duties chiefly on the wife and mother. Verily, they have their reward!

God meant father and mother to work

together in family discipline and training; and not that the father should be simply the author, under God, of being, not a subordinate in home duties, but a chief worker in making the existence he has imparted blessed in time and eternity. As a general rule, no woman can supply the element of strength and authority eliminated by the father's absence, or by his failure in domestic duties. There are, of course, weak fathers, who are a hindrance rather than a help in the family, and there are wise mothers, left widowed, or worse than widowed, who succeed admirably alone; but the rule is, that the firmness and authority of the father, combined with the gentler influences of the mother, and all tempered by love, are requisite for the true home. And much of that talk and sentimental writing which exalts woman's influence in the home circle, is mere special pleading to cover delinquencies in the man. In those cases, where greatness is traceable to the mother, how know we but that it would have been increased if the father's part had been faithfully fulfilled? The best and the most successful of mothers, bearing her double load, has no doubt felt the need of her partner's aid; and many a meek Christian woman has wished that her husband would leave his great traffic, his cares in Church and State, and come oftener to her help in family concerns. She wants the yoke-fellow to take up the other end of the yoke trailing in the dust, impeding her efforts—the other wing, without which there can be only a fluttering flight and progress—the missing one, for each of which there is but a devious course, and slow advance, if there be not total wreck and ruin. No wife believes that her husband is justified in his neglect of home duties by any high responsibilities elsewhere. She may submit to the neglect, but her heart tells her it is wrong.

And a father thus neglectful is pretty sure to lose all the sweet returns of filial respect and affection. He will be spoken

of as "the Governor," or, "the Old Man;" he will be regarded as the one to furnish the money for display and dissipation, and perhaps will be drawn upon over-freely or by fraud; and, in the end, he will find the fame and fortune for which he has toiled embittered by rebellious and ungodly children. What else could he have expected? If he play only a part like that of the male in the barn-yard family, what should he look for but to see the brood, as there, nestling only under the mother's wings? nor long there; but soon breaking away from her, and eyeing him with fear and a growing impulse to fight. The abstract name of father has but little power, unless enforced by paternal faithfulness. He that careth for others' vineyards and neglects his own, must expect to gather worthless fruit and a scanty crop from such home culture.

What is the remedy? It is, in starting with the principle, that next to duties to God, and first among relative duties higher than any other, in Church or State, are those of the family in regard to its temporal and eternal well-being. The Lord has shown us this, by placing the fifth commandment first in the second table of the law. That precept includes, of course, parental as well as filial obligations, and God has given it the precedence. And everywhere in Scripture the great work of the family is laid jointly and equally on father and mother, with no exemption for the former because of high station, but rather with increased obligation on that account. Eli, with the whole burden of the High-Priesthood upon him, was severely reproved of the Lord for that he did not restrain his sons; yea, and whatever he may have done for the good of the Church and State of Israel was destroyed by his unfaithfulness at home. The grand old patriarch, Abraham, with his tribe of dependants and multiplied cares, had this praise from God: "I know him, that he will command his household after him; and

they shall keep the ways of the Lord." A bishop in God's house has a great charge; but he must rule well his own house, having his own children in subjection with all gravity; for if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the Church of God? And we may supplement and enforce this by pointing to the many instances where ministerial and Episcopal influence and usefulness have been greatly marred by home mismanagement, and its consequences. If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel; and, surely, to provide is not simply to supply food and raiment, while the immortal soul is uncared for.

These, and many other portions of God's Word, show that the position is a right one—that home duties take precedence of all others in our human relations. If the thought of those texts that speak of forsaking all of home for Christ should occur, as working against the position, the satisfying answer will be, we must forsake all those that would hinder us from following Christ, but never forsake those of our home in trying to lead them to follow Christ with us. Return to thine own house, and show how great things God hath done to thee, was the Divine command to one whom Jesus had healed. The sweet charity of the Gospel certainly begins ever at home.

The family seems, in God's regard, as a unity—husband and wife one flesh—parents and children one in the Divine promises, so that children are to be saved through our faithfulness, as our own souls are. Responsibility is never laid upon us by God without commensurate ability to render it a blessing; nor does God make us parents, with no power to avert eternal woe from our offspring; else who would not pray that he might ever be childless? Read God's Word, and see there the positive assurances of success to parental faithfulness. And who will not shudder, in reading them,

lest his loved ones perish through his own unfaithfulness?

But to secure the promised blessing, husband and wife must each do the work assigned them in the family. There is no man so high in Church or State but that he is bound to be truly the Christian head of his household—going before it in the heavenward way. The birds of the air could teach him as much as this. Duties never clash. The perfect family is the first requisite to the perfected Church and State, and work at home is foundation work,

first to be well done, lest all above topple and fall.

Take thy place, therefore, O man of business, or in high station in Church or State, by the side of thy wife, and before thy children in the duties of thine own household, so shalt thou begin aright to serve the World, the State, and the Church of God, and so shall the prayer made when the family tie was first consecrated be fulfilled: that "ye should so live together in this world that in the world to come ye should have life everlasting."

HEAVEN AND ETERNITY.

'Tis moonlight o'er a lone and silent world,
And Vesper looks down from her airy throne
With smiles of beauty on this mundane sphere,
As some lone spirit wings its flight above,
And seeks admittance at the golden gate
Of Eden, the realm of life eternal.
The bright-gemm'd host, the distant galaxy,
They too look down at midnight's holy hour,
When angels leave their happy home above,
And fly to this—keeping their midnight watch
O'er the heirs of His salvation, Whose Blood
Bathed Calvary's peak, and flow'd its crimson tide
For all who looked on Him, they pierced with sin:
For hearts rent with contrite sorrow, weary,
Heavy-laden, coming, with sore burden
Of their sin, to Him, the Incarnate God—
The Saviour of the sinful race of man.
Oh, what a wild and solitary scene
Art thou, O Earth! to an angel's eye,
Compared with Heaven and Eternity—
Heaven—omnipotent world of ages past—
Heaven—the Eden of the aching heart—
The purer, brighter, better, holier home—
Clime of departed loved ones—land of love—
God's Holy habitation;—blessed home—
Oh! mingling ever with an azure beam,
Thine emerald bow round about the throne,
Reflecting glory on this desert earth:
Thy brilliance brightening starry worlds—for
Mortal man to look upon: as gently
Bright angels hover o'er the holy dead,
And in their glad embrace, on mighty pens,
Waft back their sainted souls to thee, their *home*.
From thee they came, to thee again return,

As dust the body was, and dust it is,
To kindred earth, with holy words consigned,
To wait the morn of that bright Easter-day,
When His elect shall in their *flesh* behold
Their God and Lord, and be known, and know Him.
Oh, Heaven! thou land of joy and bliss supreme,—
Thou city of the Eternal God,—glad home
Of peace and love—I saw thee in a dream
(Was it a dream, or was it that my soul
Brief time was drawn from earth and earthly scenes),
And thou wert beautiful—thy golden streets
Were paved with rubies and sapphire stones;
Bright birds were singing 'mid the leafy boughs,
And gentle beings in a spirit form
Were flitting 'round thrones of purest virgin gold,—
And 'mid the ten thousand on ten thousand
Gathering there, was *one* whose smile had made
My home on earth an Eden in her love—
All giving praise to Him, the Mighty God.
But, Oh, Eternity! what art *thou*?
A land, a clime of never-ending space;
A world of Heaven, or a world of Hell,
Born e'er the world, and ne'er to end
While mortals seek a heavenly home,
And strive to gain the Beatific Sight—
While worlds revolve and pass away,
And flowers bud and bloom in Heaven—
While angels sing and bear to thee
Repentant souls which are forgiven,—
Ah, no! born ere the world—God's own being—
God and Eternity; Heaven forever—
Father! Redeemer! Oh, Holy Spirit!
Thou Triune, Everliving, Loving God!
Come—take me wholly unto Heaven and Thee!

Criticisms and Book Notices.

LOUTRON; OR, WATER BAPTISM. Discourses on its Mode, Subjects, Advantages, and Conditions. By the Rev. S. Fuller, D.D. pp. 140. Durand.

The author takes very nearly the antagonistic view, as to the *mode* of baptism, of Mr. Chrystal's book, reviewed in July.

WOLFINGHAM; OR, THE CONVICT SETTLER OF JARVIS BAY. A Tale of the Church of Australia. pp. 112. H. B. Durand.

THE FORSAKEN; OR, THE TIMES OF ST. DUNSTAN. pp. 130.

This book is of the same series as the last. Both are spicy little volumes.

TRACTS ON EPISCOPACY, AND OTHER TRACTS. New York: H. B. Durand.

This volume contains:

I. Episcopacy tested by Scripture. By Bishop Onderdonk, D.D.

II. A Discourse on the Inventions of men in the worship of God. By Bishop King, D.D., of Londonderry; written in 1702.

III. Law's Letters to Bishop Hoadley in defence of Episcopacy, and several others.

This is a volume of rich and rare material for the lovers of exhaustive argument. Very *scarce*.

TRACT NO. 90 OF THE TRACTS FOR THE TIMES. By Dr. Newman. H. B. Durand.

This tract is becoming scarce in the market, but it is too well known to need further notice from us, than that Mr. Durand has a few copies for sale.

A SMALLER-SCRIPTURE HISTORY, in three parts: Old Testament History; Connection of Old and New Testaments; New Testament to A.D. 70. Edited by William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. Small 12mo. Pp. 374. Boards.

An invaluable compendium for the Bible

student—a kind of epitome of Dr. Smith's larger work.

REINDEER, DOGS, AND SNOW-SHOES. A Journal of Siberian Travel and Explorations made in the years 1865, 1866, and 1867. By Richard J. Bush, late of the Russo-American telegraph expedition. With illustrations. 8vo. Boards. Pp. 530. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Scientific works of this kind are of inestimable value to all readers. The object of the work is set forth in the title-page, and in the following extract:

"But what enterprise is he talking about?" I can imagine the reader saying. Simply this: we were going to explore a route for telegraphic communication between the Old World and the New—to connect Victoria, at the mouth of Frazer River, in British Columbia, with the Russian town of Nikolayefsk, at the mouth of the Amoor River, in Asia, via Behring Straits. Several thousand miles of unknown territory on both sides of Behring Sea had to be explored, to test the practicability of the project; the extreme temperature of those northern climes had to be encountered, and savage tribes conciliated. For the accomplishment of these objects, ours was one of the first parties organized and embarked." P. 26.

The hardships encountered at the outset of this exploring party are gloomy enough, as thus set down by the author, which none can appreciate, but those who have been in similar circumstances:

"We stood it for three hours, at the end of which time, by dint of a good deal of persuading, our host produced a small, precious package of tea from some out-of-the-way crevice, and prepared for us a liberal allowance of that beverage. An hour

later, at 5 P.M., the rain fell in torrents, and night began to settle rapidly over the cheerless landscape. It was six miles direct, by water, to the next station, and, in answer to our inquiries, we found that the only way of reaching that point was by means of the miserable little box-like craft we had seen on the lake. It was even questionable whether this craft was large enough to contain our party, to say nothing of the extra weight of baggage, and there was no means of computing the length of time likely to be consumed in making the passage." P. 79.

Who would have expected that our author and his companions would have met the stars and stripes, "a fine old American gentleman," and a company of Yankee traders in that far off country? Perhaps nothing delights a traveller more than to meet his own countrymen in a strange land, the Church of God, the American flag, and the almost ubiquitous American; but the following will show with what gush of feeling the party was surprised in this *terra incognita*: pp. 108, 109.

"As already stated, we had brought with us from Kamtchatka letters to Mr. Chase, acting commercial agent of the United States, to whose residence one of our soldiers guided us. His is one of the ornamental buildings of the place, being clapboarded, and is situated adjoining the church square.

"Greatly to our surprise, upon entering the well-furnished apartments, we found ourselves in the midst of quite an assemblage of American gentlemen, engaged in the mercantile business in the town. These gentlemen were expecting us, having that day received the dispatch we had forwarded from DeCastries by telegraph five days previously. The familiar sound of our own tongue made us, for the time being, forgetful of our whereabouts, and but a few moments sufficed to put us upon terms of perfect familiarity, so great was the relief of finding one's own kind in the world

of strangers that had everywhere confronted us since leaving the Olga.

"What with inquiries from our new friends concerning America, mixed with information relating to those portions of the country we were about to traverse, the evening was soon passed, and we retired, preparatory to the commencement of our arrangements on the following day for our winter explorations.

"The next day, Sunday, being a 'prasnik,' or holiday, and one suitable for calling, we first of all paid our respects to his excellency, Admiral Kazakevitch, the governor of the sea-coast provinces of Eastern Siberia, Mr. Chase kindly accompanying us as interpreter. His excellency, a fine-looking old gentleman of very dignified demeanor, but, withal, very sociable and pleasant, received us most cordially, and expressed the greatest interest in our enterprise, offering every possible assistance during his short stay, since he was in daily expectation of the arrival of Admiral Furin-helm, the newly-appointed governor, who was soon to succeed him. He kindly placed at our disposal all reports or charts in the *chancellerie* that might throw any light upon the country we wished to explore, but, upon searching afterward, we could find nothing that would be of the least assistance to us, the country lying between the Amoor and Okhotsk, and adjacent to the Okhotsk Sea, which we would first traverse, being at that time *terra incognita*.

"Upon prasniks all work is suspended, each and every one giving himself up to enjoyment. Morning service is usually held in the church, and in the afternoon the lower classes celebrate the day by getting drunk on diluted alcohol, often remaining in that delectable condition for days. These prasniks not only include Sundays, but all the saints' days, besides the birth-days and death-days of everybody of note, consequently nearly two-thirds of the year are consumed by them. In some weeks

there are no less than eight prasniki, two sometimes falling upon the same day.

"The houses are generally large and comfortable, and, with two or three exceptions, constructed of logs, the better class of them being neatly papered, and well furnished and carpeted. After paying our respects to the governor, we directed our steps to the lower end of the town, where are the port buildings, or government machine establishments. These are very complete, comprising all kinds of machinery for the manufacture of metallic or wooden ware, in addition to a foundry, saw-mills, etc. The whole is under the superintendence of Mr. Barr, an American gentleman, who brought over two steamers from America for the Russians, and in the year 1858 received a gold medal for the zeal he manifested. Messrs. Wood and Elliott, two other Americans, have the immediate charge of different departments under Mr. Barr.

"In addition to hospitals, barracks, etc., for the soldiers, the town boasts a club-house for the officers—a large, comfortable log building, containing a ball-room, parlors, card and reading rooms, besides a bar and billiard saloon, the latter containing two American tables, which, however, saw their best days a number of years ago. A table is set daily for a large number of officers who board at the club, though, judging from their complaints, the fare can be nothing extra.

"A semi-monthly mail from St. Petersburg renews the supply of papers and other reading matter, some of which we noticed to be of quite recent date. A small weekly paper is published in town."

An old backwoods hunter, far away from the haunts of men and the comforts of civilization, will thoroughly appreciate this note from Mr. Bush's Journal:

"Oct. 24th.—Still raining; but our natives started off for the deer, after catching a nice mess of fish in a neighboring stream for our day's allowance.

"To while away the time, Swartz and I

took our guns to try and get some birds, but soon returned wet through to the skin, without game. Some of our neighbors, however, brought us several 'rapsheaks,' or small, brown tree-patridges, that abound in this section of the country. A small lump of sugar was considered liberal compensation for them—much greater than they usually receive, I imagine, as they have been infesting our tent ever since, bringing other birds, fish, and 'ukale,' with which to trade for tea, powder, lead, or anything we would give them; but we were obliged to discontinue trading for fear of diminishing our stores too much. We could not make them understand that all our supplies would be required for the journey before us, as they carry and consume but little food while travelling."

Our author treats us to a pen and ink portraiture of a "love mission," "courtship and marriage among the Tungusians":

"Vassilly and Eoff, our new guides, were younger, more active, and more diffident than the former ones, and, being but little acquainted with the Russian language, we experienced some difficulty in conversing with them. The former, Vassilly, gladly accompanied us, being actuated by motives that often impel young men in our own country. His was, in reality, a love mission, as he had, not long previously, purchased a bride, and the journey we proposed making being also the one he wished to take, he gladly availed himself of the opportunity of accompanying us, in order to have the solemn ceremony performed. His intended was a daughter of one of the golovas or grand chiefs of the tribe—a fair lass who commanded the exorbitant price of eighty reindeer. This is considered a good fortune among these people, who deem themselves well off if they possess ten or a dozen of these animals. Owing to their scarcity, a deer trained to riding is worth, in this region, from forty-five to sixty roubles, which last is equivalent to about twenty-six dollars.

"This custom of buying and selling wives, according to the Tungusian custom, is a better institution than would appear at first sight. It is designed to prevent young men from marrying before they are able to support their wives as the parents think her station demands; besides, if the suitor is objectionable, it is so very simple to prevent the match by demanding a price beyond the means of the disconsolate lover. Upon the day of marriage, it is customary for the parents to present the bride with an equal number of deer as was paid for her, together with a good tent made of deer skins, and all the necessary household utensils for a good start in life; so that, in reality, nothing is lost to the husband by the purchase, other than a transfer of his chattels to his wife. Daughters are valued according to the wealth and standing of their parents. In this locality they range from eighty deer down to one and two, though I heard of one who was purchased for a plug of tobacco. The ceremony is usually performed according to the Russian rites, by a priest of the Greek Church." Pp. 163, 164.

This book is beautifully illustrated with woodcuts. We recommend it most heartily, and predict for it an extensive patronage.

PROPHECY INTERPRETED BY HISTORY; including present events, being a brief and popular explanation of Daniel and St. John. By John W. Birchmore, A.M., Rector of Christ Church, Hyde Park, Mass. Small 8vo. Boards. Pp. 280. 1871. New York: Dutton & Co. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

The title of this book describes the object of the author. Prophetic literature is confessedly the most difficult of all theological studies. The man who can make prophecy easy of comprehension to the ordinary Bible reader, deserves well of his generation, and earns for himself a high place in the priesthood of letters.

The path of the past is comparatively

plain, and the author of this treatise has done excellently well in making history the key to the unlocking of the comprehensive prophecies of Daniel and St. John.

We know of no manual that has brought the vast outline of these great prophets more successfully within the reach of every-day Bible readers than this—by the Biblical skill of its gifted author.

We have read these expositions of the book of Daniel with unmixed delight; and so we have those of St. John, so far as history is made to explain these prophecies, where, we think, the author should have stopped his pen. Mr. Birchmore's conjectures on the unfulfilled prophecy of the Revelations must be taken *cum grano salis*.

One very observable distinction which those distinguished prophets themselves made, seems to be too much overlooked by Mr. Birchmore, viz., the prophecies that deal with *Pagan Rome* as distinguished from *Papal Rome*. Another omission, also, is observable in this line of thought, namely, the not distinguishing between the *Papacy, per se*, and the Catholic Church. Both these defects ought to be remedied in the next edition of this work. We also respectfully urge the author to add to this useful little book a good digest of II. Thesalonians, ii.

We have a very large number of valuable books and pamphlets upon our table, which, we regret to say, must be deferred till next month, as our printer admonishes us he is already crowded with too much matter. This must be our apology to our numerous and liberal patrons. The very pleasing and unparalleled success of *THE CHRISTIAN YEAR* has brought to our sanctum such a deluge of excellent books from the various publishers, that in order to keep pace with the necessary demands, we begin to fear that a literary supplement begins to loom up in the distance.

The Charities of the Church.

PRAYERS AND ALMS.

BY THE REVEREND M. SCHUYLER, D.D.

THE Great Author of all truth thought prayer and alms to be a subject of so much importance as to commission an angel on a special errand to announce it to one of His ancient servants for his comfort and encouragement. It was the message of an angel to Cornelius, who was "a devout man" and "one that feared God with all his house." "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up as a memorial before God." There is in this a distinct recognition, that as the perfume of the sweet spices which were burned on the altar rose in *one* cloud of incense to Heaven, so the prayers, with the no less devout offerings of Cornelius, mingled in one cloud of sweet fragrance and rose before the mercy seat as an acceptable sacrifice. Together they formed an act of religious devotion of so much moment as to call forth the special expression of the Divine recognition. And yet this fact, so full of sweet assurance to the devout heart, and so inspiring to the generous devisings of the liberal soul, is but imperfectly appreciated, and rarely acted upon, even by the most exemplary among the followers of Christ, in this money-getting, money-loving age. However clear the teaching of Holy Scripture, and however explicit and consistent the interpretation and practice of the Church, the offering of alms is regarded as an act of inconsiderable importance, and is divested almost entirely in the mind of the offerer of its religious meaning and character. Seldom is it made a subject of prayerful consideration, a matter to be seriously weighed and deliberately determined upon in the closet.

That the Church regards the act of offering alms as an act of devotion, is clear from the rubric in "The Order for the Administration of the Holy Communion." She has connected the offering of alms with the most solemn office of the liturgy, making it a part of the appointed ceremonial of that spiritual sacrifice, which is presented as a memorial before God of the one oblation once offered. She places upon the same altar the alms collected from her children, on which her priests consecrate the emblems of the Body and Blood of her crucified Lord. It is made a part of the celebration of this ineffable mystery, that in the prayer for the Church militant there should be humble supplication for the Divine acceptance of "our alms and oblations"; and the rubric directing the mode of their presentation gives a clear interpretation of the act as one analogous to that of prayer. "While these sentences are reading (referring to the offertory) the deacons, church wardens, or other fit persons appointed for that purpose, shall receive the alms for the poor, and other devotions of the people, in a decent basin to be provided by the parish for that purpose, and *reverently* bring it to the priest, who shall *humbly present* and place it upon the holy table." Now, this language requires no strained construction to prove that the offertory on the part of the people, and the presenting the alms on the part of the priest, are acts of worship, wherein we ought to look for the Divine presence and blessing. The language would indicate that "alms" and "devotions" are terms synonymous in meaning. With such an

interpretation the collecting and presenting the alms will not be regarded as an ungracious intrusion and unwelcome interruption to the solemnity of public worship, but rather as offering an occasion for the special interpositions of angels to bear up the record of the pious oblations of the children of God.

It is to be regretted that the rubric to which we have referred is not more explicit in its directions, prescribing either that the people should rise while an appropriate sentence is sung, or kneel while a fitting Collect is said. As it now is, the practice varies, the general rule being that there are no marks of *reverence* either on the part of the priest or people in the presentation of the alms.

Alms-giving being thus a religious act, applying as well to private charities as to the formal offerings in the sanctuary, an interesting consideration arises: what are some of the logical deductions from this truth? Prayer is one of the modes by which we are brought into special intercourse with God. Before venturing, therefore, into such an audience, it becomes us to scan narrowly the motives and feelings which prompt such an approach into the Divine presence. As we have seen in the announcement of the angel to Cornelius, "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up as a memorial before God;" that so closely were they associated that if prayers are not necessarily joined with alms, or alms with prayers, yet, that such a union has received the express commendation of God himself. Hence, something of the same spiritual preparation is necessary for the discharge of the one duty as of the other. It is eminently unbecoming to rush with thoughtless haste into the presence of God. To drop down upon our knees and utter a careless petition in the midst of worldly thoughts or occupations, would be justly deemed an insult to the Divine Majesty. And so, as regards the bestowal of our alms, when the question of duty as

to some benefaction is presented; to give the go-by to its proper solution by a hasty refusal, or by tossing to the applicant some insignificant sum, to rid ourselves of opportunity, would be, to say the least, treating a sacred duty with most unbecoming thoughtlessness. We cannot, if we would, divest it of its religious claim.

Beside, there is a Providence in the minutest affairs of life, and not a beggar calls at our door whose steps may not have been directed thither by some angel guide. There is no such thing as *chance* in the daily events transpiring in the lives of the humblest of God's creatures. Hence, in all such cases, there is a duty to be met which demands deliberation and thought. It is told of one of our merchant princes, whose liberality was as princely as his wealth, and whose piety was the marked characteristic of all his acts, that he never refused to listen to any appeal to his sympathy and beneficence. "I dare not (said he) send away any one unheard, for, it may be that such an one may have a special message for me, which it would be a great privilege to answer." He regarded all such appeals as Providential voices, and in the midst of an extended business and pressing engagements, he listened patiently and always acted deliberately. Is not such a practice in strict keeping with the principle we are elucidating of the intimate connection between prayers and alms? It was St. Paul's injunction, "Whether ye eat or drink, or *whatsoever ye do*, do all to the glory of God." There is here no dividing up our acts as *important* or *unimportant*, as such as may be performed without any reference to the glory of God, or again, as demanding prayer for His guidance and blessing. If the very hairs of our head are all numbered, if we are stayed by an angel's hand lest we dash the foot against a stone, there is no act of our lives so insignificant as not to attract the Divine notice, and demand on our part prayerful caution. Hence, thoughtless haste, or selfish indif-

ference in the bestowal or refusal of alms, will merit and incur the Divine displeasure.

In connection with the view of our subject thus far presented, the *measure* of our alms becomes a question of serious moment. And yet, is it not, as a general rule, left to the determination of chance? We give to this or that object—how? Is it not ordinarily as we happen to feel, or because our sympathies are touched by the warmth or eloquence of the appeal? Take, for example, the admitted claims of the missionary field, whether foreign, domestic, or diocesan, all of which have the Church's endorsement, unequivocal and oft repeated, and whose wants are always pressing, and of whose beneficial operation not an individual of ordinary intelligence can have a doubt, and yet, how wide the difference in the amount contributed in any parish, where these claims are presented with or without a special appeal. Now, these are claims which no Churchman can ignore. They should be in his thoughts, and form a topic of his conversation, and engage his attention and care, when about his ordinary avocations, and especially when in the Providence of God he may have been blessed with the return of some rich gains in any business venture.

As his own immediate family are the objects of his thoughtful provision, so should be the interests of *that* family in which he holds as close, and a more enduring, relation. Of that family it is emphatically true, that "if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." Brotherly sympathy and active beneficence are due at all times, and there is a call for unstinted alms in answering the pressing needs of its various departments; and yet, the *measure* after which they are ordinarily dispensed, shows clearly a want of proper consideration on the part of the mass of the contributors. Did their "prayers and their alms go up together as a memorial before God," they would not insult the Divine Majesty by casting into the alms basin the "loose

change" which they would throw carelessly to the beggar, after the truth of whose story they cared not to inquire.

Now this recklessness and indifference is not a matter of little moment to the due development of Christian character. God has taken this matter out of our hands, and has provided against this very want of thoughtful care, in the requirement which He made of His ancient people, and which applies with equal strictness to those who are living under a dispensation of greater responsibilities, because of higher privileges—that *one tenth* of our income should be devoted to the claims of His service. He has been graciously pleased to declare that this measure of appropriation will meet His positive requirement, and that anything short of this is an ignoring of what is justly His due. And hence we find the Prophet rebuking the chosen people, in these words: "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed Me. But yet ye say, Wherein have we robbed Thee? In tithes and offerings." Thus is the measure of positive requirement fixed, nor is there anything to forbid the privilege of *exceeding* this proportion, while there is still a demand for careful thought as to the manner of its distribution.

Now, just at this point, comes in the beautiful significance of the connection between prayers and alms. As we need guidance from on high in meeting questions which come up daily in our souls' history—questions of ethics, involving our duty toward God and our neighbor; so, in so important a department of religious obligation as the one we are now considering, we will need no argument to convince us that prayer is imperatively demanded. And if prayer, as a general rule, precedes the distribution of our alms, can there be a doubt that they will be both more wisely and generously distributed? There is an old saying, that "Charity begins at home;" but it has been justly answered, that as interpreted by the spirit which indited the

proverb, "Such charity stays at home." Now there can be no doubt that the prompting of our selfish hearts would be to circumscribe the field of our beneficence, and we need the genial and liberalizing influence of prayer to aid us in determining aright the question, "Who is my neighbor?" Like the good Samaritan, we will learn with such help, that neither difference of nation, language, or creed, should cut off a fellow-being from the ministration of acts of love and good will. By making the distribution of alms, in the sphere of Christian duty, of so much importance as to consider it on our knees before God, we will not be likely carelessly to give the "go by" to any appeal, nor content ourselves with the contribution of the small change we may chance to have, when an offering is asked for any of the missionary fields the Church has pledged herself to occupy. Using our discretion as to the proportion due the several departments, we will in all cases be careful to ascertain that the amount contributed will not be, in the sight of God, a robbery of what is justly His due.

St. Paul, in writing to the Church at Corinth, has left this direction: "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of

you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him." Now by this we understand, that at this time there is to be a review of the past week, and a determination arrived at as to the measure of the sum to be laid by in store for the calls of charity. It is to be on the Lord's Day, as it is a special act of devotion, and, therefore, in perfect harmony with the employments becoming the day. "As the works of charity and mercy are proper duties of this day, so doth the day contain a special motive in it to *enlarge* their charity, as being the day in which they were begotten to a lively hope, through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, 'of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.'"

And there is great need throughout the Church of a more serious consideration of the duty of alms-giving. The principle of the *tithe* as connected therewith, demands, also, earnest thought and careful investigation. We would wish no requirement of it by a positive enactment of Church or State; but we would have it as the voluntary offering of grateful hearts, as the tribute of love and devotion to Him "who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be rich."

THE CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

BY THE REV. THOMAS GALLAUDET, D.D.

THE first institutions for the education of deaf-mute children were founded somewhat upward of one hundred years ago in France, Germany, and England. The Abbé De l'Epée was the originator of the French system, which was perfected by the Abbé Sicard, and brought to this country, in 1816, by the late Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, LL.D. In this system the sign-language is employed to convey ideas to the minds of deaf-mutes, to explain to them the meaning of words, and the manner in which

words are connected in sentences. The single-handed manual alphabet is used to spell out the words and sentences of which the deaf-mutes have learned the meaning. Dr. Gallaudet, on his return to his native country, was accompanied by Mr. Laurent Clerc, one of the most intelligent and promising of the Abbé Sicard's pupils. These apostles of mental and moral illumination to the deaf-mutes of America, established the first institution at Hartford, Conn., in April, 1817. From that time one institu-

tion has followed another in different parts of our country. At present there are nearly thirty, of which the one located at Washington, D. C., has a well-appointed collegiate department.

In 1850, the writer, a professor of seven years' standing in the New York Institution for Deaf-mutes, was ordained a Deacon. He soon felt it to be his duty and privilege to take some spiritual oversight of the deaf-mute men and women who, having finished their school education, were trying to earn their living in New York city and vicinity. A Bible Class was formed in the vestry-room of St. Stephen's Church, by the kindness of the rector, the Rev. Dr. Price. The room became crowded, and the class was transferred to a more convenient place in Bond street. At such times as could be spared from his duties at the Institution, the writer visited the sick and poor deaf-mutes and tried to find employment for those who needed it. He baptized several, and in the spring of 1852 presented a class of eight to be confirmed at St. Stephen's Church. All this work providentially led the way to the founding of St. Ann's Free Church for Deaf-mutes and their friends, on the first Sunday of October, 1852. The services were held in the small chapel of the New York University, on Washington Square. The rent was assumed by Trinity Church. In the course of a few months a public meeting was held to aid this first attempt in Christendom to specially carry to deaf-mutes the privileges of the Church. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Wainwright presided, and several of the prominent clergy and laymen made addresses. The Building Fund was commenced, which had a gradual growth from year to year. In the fall of 1857, the services were removed from the University Chapel to the Lecture Room of the new building of the New York Historical Society, corner of Second avenue and Eleventh street. Quite a large number of our deaf-mute brethren had been confirmed by Bishops Wainwright and Potter. In Octo-

ber, 1858, the writer made a venture of faith. He resigned his connection with the Institution for Deaf-mutes, and gave himself entirely to the work of building up St. Ann's Parish, and extending the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes. St. Ann's had, at that time, been incorporated for several years, and its vestry had chosen the writer for its rector. The Building Fund had increased to such an extent as to enable St. Ann's to purchase four lots on the South side of 26th street, between the Sixth and Seventh avenues. In the Historical Society Building we gained much strength. The vocal services morning and evening were well attended, and the sign-service for deaf-mutes in the afternoon was, of course, regularly continued. At the evening services the rectors of our city churches often very kindly preached, interpretations of the sermons being given in the sign-language. As the shoot which had come from a very small grain of mustard-seed was thus gradually developing into the vigorous tree of parish life at home, the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes had extended itself to Baltimore and Philadelphia. In Grace Church, of the former city, under the rectorship of the Rev. Dr. (now Rt. Rev. Bishop) Coxe, services were commenced, which have been continued to the present time, being generally conducted by Mr. Samuel A. Adams, a deaf-mute communicant, acting under a special license of Rt. Rev. Bishop Whittingham. In St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, under the rectorship of the Rev. Dr. Ducachet, the writer began occasional services for deaf-mutes. These have been continued in that city, at one time in connection with St. Chrysostom's Church, Rev. Samuel Cox, D.D., rector; and, at another time in Calvary Church. Owing to the interest which the present rector of St. Stephen's Church, the Rev. William Rudder, D.D., has for several years taken in deaf-mutes, the services have been taken back to the church in which they were begun. They are conducted on Sunday after-

noons by the Rev. F. J. Clerc, D.D. (the eldest son of Mr. Laurent Clerc, referred to above), who is the warden of the Bird Orphan Asylum, West Philadelphia.

In July, 1859, St. Ann's Church entered upon a new and most unexpected phase of its history. The parish bought the property, church, rectory, and four lots on 18th street, near Fifth avenue. One year before, this property had been exchanged by Christ Church for that belonging to a Baptist congregation at the corner of Fifth avenue and 35th street. The Baptists were obliged to sell, and we were only too thankful to be instrumental in bringing back to the Church the edifice which had been solemnly consecrated to the service of God, according to the Prayer Book. The price agreed upon was \$70,000. By the sale of our four lots and a few donations we made our first payment of \$20,000, leaving \$50,000, on bond and mortgage, at seven per cent. Business men shook their heads and said that it was impossible for a free church to succeed under such circumstances. At times the black clouds of discouragement did rise over our struggling pathway, but we persevered, trusting in the Divine protection.

After twelve years of hard work, we have reason for gratitude that our debt is only \$13,000, and that we have legacies amounting to \$25,000. In watching over the interesting work which was going on among the deaf-mutes of Philadelphia and Baltimore, and in extending services to those of Albany, Boston, and other cities, the writer had for his assistants, at different times, several clergymen whom he trained in the use of the sign-language: the Rev. Dr. Ewer, the Rev. George C. Pennell, the Rev. Mr. Egan, the Rev. Eastburn Benjamin, and the Rev. Stephen H. Holmes. The latter is the present assistant minister of St. Ann's Church. Besides the services already referred to in Philadelphia and Baltimore, there is a service held on the third Sunday of every month, in St. Paul's Church, Albany, the Rev. J. Living-

ston Reese, rector, and on the fifth Sundays of the months in which they occur, at the Chapel of the Good Shepherd, Boston, the Rev. Mr. Krans, pastor. In this growing mission to the 20,000 deaf-mutes of our country, the Church, with its printed liturgy, has a manifest advantage over every other religious body. The deaf-mutes, of course, specially enjoy services conducted by signs, but they are able to follow with other congregations the progress of the service, as they have their Prayer Books and Bibles before them. The more Christian people of every name look into this matter, the more disposed will they be to encourage deaf-mutes to attend the services of the Episcopal Church, and become familiar with the Prayer Book. It has been a source of great pleasure to know that in several instances rectors in different parts of the country, without a knowledge of the sign-language, have, through the various offices of the Prayer Book, been instrumental in leading deaf-mutes to Baptism, Confirmation, and the Holy Communion. As the result of efforts put forth by the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, there must be now at least one hundred and fifty communicants in different parishes. Touching incidents could be written showing how the sanctifying influences of the Saviour have affected individual characters, and have proved comforts in times of sickness, trial, and death. The writer has often administered the Holy Communion to dying deaf-mutes. Should this article prove interesting, perhaps these incidents may be written out at some future time. The Church Mission to Deaf-mutes needs more means and men to make its work more effective. It needs a Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes. It is patiently, hopefully, and trustingly waiting for special blessings at the hands of the Gracious Being who, during His earthly ministry, went about doing good; causing the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak, and who, at the last great day, will cause many of the last to be first.

Diocesan Items in Brief.

DOMESTIC MATTERS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The following is a corrected list of the committees appointed at the Diocesan Convention:

Standing Committee: The Rev. Drs. Eames, Coit, and Hubbard; Messrs. Hatch, Foster, and Cate. *Deputies to General Convention:* Clerical—The Rev. Drs. Eames, Coit, Hubbard, and Herrick; Lay—Messrs. Wheeler, Hatch, Tafts, and Balcom.

The Episcopal acts for the eight months, from September 25th to May 30th, may be thus stated in brief: Number confirmed in the diocese, 125, on nineteen occasions; Holy Communion celebrated twenty-six times; Ordination, one deacon; sermons or addresses, 103; besides these, twenty-two persons were confirmed in Connecticut on three occasions.

CONNECTICUT.

The annual Convention met in St. Thomas's Church, New Haven, on Tuesday, June 13th; the bishop of the diocese being present and presiding. Divine service was held, a sermon preached by President Jackson, of Trinity College, and the Holy Communion administered. The bishop stated in his annual address, that during the past year he had officiated upon 172 occasions, preached 101 times, made 160 addresses, and administered the Holy Communion 31 times. He had officiated at 109 confirmations; 10 persons had been admitted to the Diaconate, and 9 deacons had been advanced to the priesthood. Thirteen clergymen had been granted letters of dismissal, and fifteen clergymen had been received into the diocese from other dioceses. Two rectors had been instituted, and 30 candidates for holy orders admitted. He had laid the corner-stones of six churches, consecrated two churches, and opened two after repairs.

NEW YORK.

GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of this week the annual examinations were held at the seminary. On Tuesday, June 27th, the annual meeting of the Alumni was held; and in the evening a sermon was delivered before the Alumni by the Rev. F. J. Clerc, D.D., at the Church of the Transfiguration. There was an early celebration of the Holy Eucharist at Trinity Chapel,

at seven o'clock on Wednesday morning, June 28th; and the annual breakfast reunion was held at the St. James's Hotel at 8 A.M. of the same day. The annual essay was read by the Rev. Wm. A. McVickar, D.D., on Wednesday, and the annual election of officers took place immediately after.

On Thursday, a protracted meeting of the Board of Trustees was held at the Seminary, lasting from 10 A.M. until about 9 P.M. The Rev. Samuel Buel, D.D., Professor of Systematic Divinity in Bishop Seabury Mission, Faribault, Minn., was elected to the chair of Systematic Divinity in the General Theological Seminary; and the Rev. Randall Cook Hall, A.M., was elected Professor of Hebrew. (Mr. Hall has for several years occupied the position of instructor of Hebrew.)

There were some eight or nine bishops in attendance, and about one hundred other trustees, clerical and lay. The Rev. John Murray Forbes, D.D., Dean of the Seminary, offered the resignation of his office, but it was not accepted. A very sad event—particularly sad under the circumstances—occurred during the meeting in the evening. Judge Wm. H. Bell, while addressing the Board of Trustees, fell dead of disease of the heart. This sad and sudden event brought sorrow to all. Judge Bell was a well known trustee from this diocese.

On Friday morning, June 30th, at 10½ A.M., the Annual Commencement of the Seminary was held. The bishops, trustees, clergy, faculty, and students, went in procession to St. Peter's Church, on 20th street, near the Seminary, where the Commencement was held.

On entering the church the 48th Psalm of the Psalter was chanted. The services of Morning Prayer and Holy Communion were conducted by the Rev. Drs. Eaton, Edson, Price, and Beach (Rector of St. Peter's), and Bishops Lay, Wilmer, of La., and Potter. The charge was delivered to the Graduating Class by the Rt. Rev. J. P. B. Wilmer, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Louisiana, from the text: "Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is." (I. Corinthians, iii. 13.) The discourse was an able one, and admirably adapted to the occasion.

The diplomas were presented to the Graduating Class by the Rt. Rev. Henry C. Lay, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Easton, who briefly addressed the class, complimenting them highly upon the gratifying commendations bestowed upon them at the recent examinations. The following are the names of the gentlemen who received the honors of the institution at the Commencement: Messrs. Edward Benedict, A.B., Robert Reed Goudy, Walker Gwynne, Arthur C. Kimber, M.A., Arthur Ritchie, Jr., A.B., Arthur Sloan, A.B., Eugene L. Toy, B.A., Charles W. Ward, and Philip A. H. Brown, A.B., all of the Diocese of New York; S. D. Boolom, Western New York; John Coleman, Pennsylvania; James Cornell, Illinois; Rev. W. T. Egbert, Kentucky; Walter H. Moore, Colorado; J. Lewis Parks, Pittsburgh; Rev. W. B. T. Smith, A.B., New Hampshire; Arthur Whitaker, Texas; and Stephen W. Williams, A.B., New Jersey. The Graduating Class numbered eighteen.

The services were very hearty, the music good, congregational, and hearty; and the occasion one of much interest to the students and their friends, and to all present.

May the Divine blessing attend all those about to begin their Master's work, and may the great Head of the Church abundantly bless this School of the Prophets.

LONG ISLAND.

The following is a portion of the summary of Bishop Littlejohn's Episcopal acts, reported at the recent Convention: Ordained to the Priesthood, 3; ordained to the Diaconate, 4; clergymen received into the diocese, 12; clergymen dismissed to other dioceses, 17; clergymen belonging to the diocese—priests, 80; deacons, 10—90; admitted and received as candidates for holy orders, 7; total number of candidates (of whom all but two are candidates for priest's orders), 10; licensed to lay read, 5; laid the corner-stone of one chapel; confirmed at 86 visitations of churches, chapels, and mission stations, also twelve times in private, 1,465; deposed from the ministry one presbyter.

At the Convention, the Rev. N. B. Morgan said a layman of the diocese had pledged himself to contribute \$5,000 for a girls' school to be founded in Brooklyn as soon as \$20,000 should be raised for that purpose. Lest the offer should seem a vague one, he was ready to place that sum in the hands of any reliable person, and he offered to give one-tenth of any sum which might be raised for the above purpose. Bishop Littlejohn said it was the intention of an honored layman to give this diocese property valued at \$400,000 for educational purposes.

NEW JERSEY.

The statistics for the New Jersey Conventional year are:

Preached 329 times, confirmations, 1,056; total in twelve years, 10,948; sermons and addresses, 329; celebrations of Holy Communion, 55; Ordinations, 4 deacons and one priest; candidates for holy orders admitted, 7—total 21; churches consecrated, 4; pastoral letters issued, 3; clergy received, 22; transferred, 12; present number of clergy, 1 bishop, 124 priests, 7 deacons; total 132.

DELAWARE.

The annual Convention of the diocese was held in St. Peter's Church, Lewes, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 7th and 8th; the bishop being present and presiding. At the opening, Divine service was held, and instead of a sermon the bishop delivered a *charge* on the Holy Communion, in which he took strong ground in favor of the *memorial* character of that ordinance as opposed to the doctrine of its *sacrificial* character. The Communion was then administered by the bishop, assisted by the Rev. Drs. Clemson and McCabe. . . . At the organization for business, S. M. Curtis was reelected secretary. . . . In the afternoon the bishop read his annual address. He stated that very few clerical changes had been made during the past year, and an increased missionary spirit had manifested itself in larger amounts raised and more work performed. He also gave a full and detailed account of his official acts during the past year. . . . The election of Deputies to General Convention was not completed until the second day. The following is a list of the successful candidates: Clerical—The Rev. Joshua Morsell, D.D., the Rev. T. Gardiner Littell, the Rev. Charles S. Spencer, and the Rev. J. Leighton McKim; Lay—William T. Reed, S. Minot Curtis, Franklin Fell, and Edward L. Martin.

PITTSBURGH.

ANNUAL CONVENTION.—At the conclusion of this business, the bishop delivered his annual address, from which we give only a few extracts:

"During the year past I have visited every point in our work, excepting only one; many points twice or oftener. My promised visitation to one place was necessarily postponed. It shall soon be made.

"The summary of my year's work, so far as statistics can represent it, is this: Sermons, 153; addresses, 84; confirmed 369 persons, on sixty occasions; baptized 5 adults and 57 children. I have administered the Holy Communion 52 times in public, and 7 times in private. I have read the service, in whole or in part, 121 times. and catechised Sunday schools 30

times. I have met 15 vestries for conferences; have laid 4 corner-stones (two of these by Presbyters commissioned by me). I have consecrated six new churches, and had special services at the reopening of an old church, enlarged and improved, and provided with a new chancel. I have been at all the meetings of the Convocations, ten in number (several of these joint meetings), save one, from which sickness kept me. I have met with our Board of Diocesan Missions four times, once with the General Board of Missions, and once with the Trustees of the General Seminary in New York. I have ordained one deacon and two priests, and instituted one rector."

MARYLAND.

The Eighty-eighth Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Diocese of Maryland, assembled in Grace Church, Baltimore, May 31st.

Convention sermon by the Rev. H. Stanley; the Rev. Dr. Dalrymple elected secretary, and Mr. Joseph Packard appointed assistant secretary.

Bishop Whittingham read his annual address. The bishop said his first expression in making his report of diocesan affairs, must be that of the deepest gratitude to God for the happy provision made at the last convention for the supply of any defect of service, by the election of the assistant bishop. Four of the ministers of the diocese died during the past summer—the Rev. Dr. Mahan, rector of St. Paul's Church, Baltimore; the Rev. G. F. Morrison, rector of the Holy Innocents' Church, Baltimore; the Rev. James A. Young, of St. Philip's parish, Laurel, and the Rev. Mr. Trapnell.

During the year 11 ministers were transferred to other dioceses, 19 were added to the diocese, 3 by ordination, and 16 by transfer from other dioceses. The diocese numbers 143 ministers, consisting of 2 bishops, 131 priests, and 10 deacons; 7 deacons were ordained during the year, making in all 21 candidates for orders. The work of the bishop was mainly confined to the Territory of Columbia. He had, during the year, ordained 3 deacons, consecrated 1 church, instituted 1 rector, and assisted at another; administered the Holy Communion 17 times, officiated at 17 confirmations, and confirmed 313 persons; preached 15 times, and made 26 other public addresses. The bishop represents the state of the diocese to be flourishing, and gives a detailed account of the changes in the diocese during the year.

The assistant bishop next read his annual address. After referring to the services connected with his ordination as assistant bishop of the diocese, he gave an account of the diocesan work performed by him since that time. Since his consecration, he preached 132 sermons, delivered 115 addresses, administered

the Holy Communion 67 times, baptized 6 children, and confirmed over 1,400 persons.

GEORGIA.

We have received the Journal of the Forty-ninth Annual Convention of this Diocese, held May 10th. The secretary has been prompt in publishing. Number of clergy, thirty-five; baptisms—infants, 538; adults, 112. Confirmations, 382; communicants, 3,220; Sunday school teachers, 307; scholars, 2,261. Contributions, \$56,240.19.

The remains of Bishop Polk are to be removed from the churchyard of St. Paul's, in Augusta, Ga., where they now lay unmarked, to Louisiana, where a monument will be erected over them.

MISSOURI.

The Missouri Convention met in St. Louis on the 24th of May. Thirty-four clergymen, and delegates from twenty-eight parishes were present. The General Convention delegates elected were the Rev. Drs. W. Schuyler and Berkley, and the Rev. Messrs. Scheetz and Dunlop; Messrs. J. T. Douglass, G. H. Hill, Wm. Douglass, and Silas Bent. There are forty-six clergymen resident; three ordinations last year to the Diaconate and three to the Priesthood; nine candidates for orders; 449 persons confirmed; four new parishes admitted. Twelve or fifteen new churches had been built during the year. A constitutional amendment, excluding non-communicants as delegates, passed its preliminary vote.

MICHIGAN.

ANNUAL CONVENTION.—The annual address was made by Bishop McCoskry, from which we make the following extracts:

"Dear Brethren: I again cordially welcome you to the annual meeting of our diocesan council. For several years past our first record was the death of one of our faithful brethren in Christ. During the past year God so helped the clergy of the diocese with good health for the performance of the arduous duties connected with this office—and I can say it with perfect safety that few dioceses can present a more faithful and energetic class of devoted servants of Christ than God has placed under my care. We have had nothing to interrupt the beauty and harmony of our diocese by the introduction of any novelties either in doctrine or practice. We have clung with firmness to the good old ways presented in the canons and ritual of the Church, perfectly satisfied with her teaching."

As regards the proposed revision of the Bible, the bishop said:

"We regret deeply the action of some of the bishops and members of our Mother Church by reference to

a new translation of the Holy Scriptures. We consider this to be one of the most unfortunate events that has occurred in her history as a reformed branch of the Holy Catholic Church. It is sad to see that such a false liberality should have gained an entrance into the counsel of those entrusted with the guardianship of the Church of God. This action has not been demanded by any part of the Catholic Church. There is no want felt and expressed of the insufficiency of our present translation to enlighten and lead sinners to Christ. It has been considered as a precious treasure in our household, surrounded by associations connected with its history. We hope that decided action will be taken on this project in our General Council. We enter our solemn protest against any new revision of the Word of God, and we feel sure that we will find in your hearts and action a deep and hearty response."

He also alluded to the meditated changes in the Prayer Book, which he deprecated strongly, and also expressed his gratification at seeing the little favor it met with in the Church generally.

THE clerical staff of Detroit has been strongly re-enforced in the acceptance of St. Peter's Church, by the Rev. W. R. Tillinghast, late of St. John's Church, Midland, where he had been lay reader a year, missionary two years, and rector a year, which he left in good condition, with a new church, able to call a rector at once.

WISCONSIN.

The first professorship is endowed at Nashotah!

We are glad to make the announcement, and we have no doubt thousands of our readers will be glad with us.

The professorship of Pastoral Theology, to be called "the Peter Hubbell Professorship," has been placed on a permanent basis by the gift, on the part of the widow of Peter Hubbell, Esq., of Charleston, Mass., out of the estate of her late husband, and as a perpetual memorial of him, of \$25,000, on Trinity Sunday last.

The Rev. Dr. Cole has been nominated by the donor as the first professor on this foundation, the late Mr. Hubbell having been his life-long friend.

We want to say a few words about this matter, to prevent possible misapprehension.

There are three other professorships, at least, needing endowments. It would seem as if a concerted effort should be made, with this beginning, to complete the whole matter and place the institution on a permanent basis. There is room to make three more memorials, as has been in this case done, wisely and generously.

We may be pardoned for saying that it is a shame that the Professorship of Systematic Divinity, filled by a man whose learning and genius and power as a teacher are an honor to the American Church, as they would be an honor to any Church, has not been long since endowed.

The Rev. Dr. Adams, the foremost teacher of theology in the Church, in this country, has worked for thirty years, a large share of the time on a pittance irregularly paid, with steadfast faith, and persevering often in hope against hope. He has grown gray in the service of sound learning, and to this day the Church allows his professorship to stand unendowed. His small salary is paid, if it please Divine Providence, *when it can be!*

It is a good time, now, to bring this work of endowment, so generously begun, to a perfect ending. May we not hope the noble example will be followed? At least, may we not hope that before a year passes the Professorship of Systematic Divinity will be secured a permanent standing ground?

Meanwhile—and we wish this especially noted, and would beg all Church papers giving the item of news to call attention to it—the endowment simply relieves the general fund of the institution of the payment of one salary. The other salaries, like the support of the students, *must all come from the offerings of friends, as of old.*

There is no reason why these offerings through the "daily mail" should be discontinued. No friend of the institution should make the mistake of supposing that this unexpected endowment leaves no room for his gifts. Till all the professorships are endowed, and a large number of permanent scholarships are provided, the wants of Nashotah must be provided for in the old way.

While its friends are rejoiced with us at this piece of good news, and while they honor the donor—the first to endow a Nashotah professorship—let them not forget that the institution remains, save for one salary, with all its ancient necessities to be provided for by the alms of "the faithful" still.

CALIFORNIA.

We are glad to learn that the bishop's health has improved to such an extent that he has, in a measure, resumed duty, and soon hopes to fill the appointments which were withdrawn some weeks ago.

The *Pacific Churchman*, of June 22d, comes to us materially enlarged, printed from new type, and with the name of our old friend, the Rev. D. D. Chapin, at its head as editor. A finance committee has been organized to sustain the paper, and the bishop, clergy, and laity are openly working for its support. We wish the movement the most complete success.

FOREIGN MATTERS.

QUEBEC.

SYNOD.—The lord bishop of the diocese opened the ninth session of the diocesan Synod on Tuesday, the 20th of June. The Rev. Mr. Fothergill of St. Peter's Church, was elected clerical secretary. A large portion of the bishop's address was devoted to the affairs of Bishops' College, Lennoxville, and to the effort now making, in concert with the Diocese of Montreal, to infuse new life into the institution. The bishop gave as the whole number confirmed during the year, 1,116. Four churches had also been consecrated. The election of delegates to the Provincial Synod resulted as follows: Clerical—The Rev. Messrs. Hamilton, Nicolls, Foster, Woolryche, Scarth, Parkin, Fothergill, Housman, Roe, Petry, Reid, and Von Iffland; Lay—Hon. Mr. Hall, Hon. G. Irvine, Messrs. R. Hamilton, W. G. Wurtele, George Hall, H. S. Scott, G. O. Stuart, R. W. Heneker, E. S. Hemming, J. Thompson, R. H. Smith, and M. Henery.

MONTREAL.

SYNOD.—The twelfth annual session of the Diocesan Synod was opened in Christ Church Cathedral, on Tuesday, June 20th: the lord bishop of the diocese and metropolitan being present and presiding. Divine service was held, a sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Lindsay, and the Holy Communion administered. In the afternoon the Synod met for business in the Cathedral schoolhouse, in University street, when the Rev. Mr. Dumoulin was unanimously elected clerical secretary. His lordship the bishop subsequently delivered his annual address, from which we give the opening as follows:

"My Brethren of the Clergy and Laity: I meet you to-day, no longer with the feeling of a stranger, with which I addressed you on the last occasion, for nearly two years have now elapsed since I first entered upon my office as the presiding pastor of this important diocese. I have learned much during that time as to the difficulties of my position, as to the wants of the diocese, and as to the peculiar characteristics both of the field of labor and of those whom God has called to work in it. I trust that you have also learned to give me credit, amidst all my short-comings, for a single desire to serve my Heavenly Master, and you for His sake. And I doubt not that you have found out that, in accordance with the principle which I laid down at starting, my desire is to act not as the bishop of a section, but of the whole Church; and that wherever I see real earnestness and devotedness of heart, I am disposed to overlook little differences, in order that I may help forward the great work of Christ. I was quite prepared to expect that this pol-

icy of moderation would not be entirely acceptable to those who are inclined to extreme views on either side, and consequently would render my course somewhat difficult; but being convinced that such a course is the right one, I hope, by God's help, never to swerve from it. The recent appeal case in England, of Herbert *vs.* Purchas, has, I conceive, settled some points before uncertain; and unless that judgment be overruled, which is not likely, the law of the Church as to the questions at issue is decided. There are a few points of minor importance, ruled by that judgment, which have caused much discussion and bitterness of feeling, on which we might, I think, with great advantage come together—such points, on the one hand, as the position of the celebrant in the Holy Communion; and, on the other hand, the vesture of the clergy in the pulpit. Here, then, is a basis for some approach to uniformity. Let those who belong to one school of thought consent to give up the practice of turning from the congregation in the administration of the Holy Communion; and let those who belong to the other fall in with the practice which now prevails in almost every church of wearing the surplice in preaching. I shall be extremely thankful if in such matters more of a spirit of mutual conciliation might be shown, and that our clergy might be disposed so to modify their practice as to be more in harmony one with the other. May I not hope that as we realize more and more the great and blessed work to be done by us in this rough field of Canada, we at least shall see the unwisdom of stopping to dispute about matters which are in themselves the veriest trifles when compared with the eternal salvation of souls? Let us rather at once buckle on our armor, and go forth to our warfare, feeling that no time must be wasted, but that 'the King's business requireth haste.'"

We gather from the address that the mission work is prospering. Eight new churches have been opened, of which four have been consecrated. Two persons have been admitted to the Diaconate, and five deacons advanced to the Priesthood. The number of persons confirmed during the year amounted to 857. The number of clergy in the diocese is seventy-six. The following were elected delegates to the Provincial Synod: Clerical—the Rev. R. W. Norman, the Rev. Canon Lonsdell, the Revs. G. Robinson, J. Constantine, D. Lindsay, J. C. Davidson, J. B. Davidson, W. Wright, D.D., J. Darnell, and Venerable Archdeacon Bond; Lay—Hon. L. S. Huntington, Messrs. E. Carter, M. P. P. Bridges, Moffatt, Dr. Smallwood, Bethune, G. P. Baker, M. P. Garth, Macrae, and Thomas Simpson. . . The remaining

proceedings of the Synod were chiefly of local or diocesan interest.

ONTARIO.

SYNOD.—The Synod of the diocese was opened on Tuesday evening, June 13th, in St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, by Divine service and a sermon. The Holy Communion was administered at 9 A.M. on the following day, and at 11 o'clock the business session commenced in St. George's Hall. The bishop delivered a short, but forcible and practical address. During the preceding year his lordship had held forty confirmation services, at which 830 persons were confirmed (292 males and 538 females). Of these 792 received their first Communion on the day of confirmation. He had consecrated five new churches and four cemeteries. The Synod made choice of the following delegates to the Provincial Synod: Clerical—The Archdeacon, the Rev. Messrs. Preston, Lauder, Dr. Boswell, Messrs. Burke, Tane, Parnell, Anderson, Bogert, Stannage, Drs. Jones and Bleasdel; Lay—The Hon. James Patton, George May, W. B. Simpson, Francis McAnnany, E. T. Senkler, James Shannon, Judge Jarvis, Dr. J. A. Henderson, R. V. Rogers, F. Taylor, and S. Keefer. . . The business of the Synod was not completed until Friday, but was transacted with unusual harmony and kindness of spirit.

TORONTO.

SYNOD.—The Synod of the diocese was opened on Tuesday, June 20th, in St. James's Church, Toronto, with Divine service, a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Clementi, and the administration of the Holy Communion. . . In the afternoon, in St. James's schoolhouse, the bishop delivered his annual address, from which it appeared that he had admitted five to the Diaconate, advanced six deacons to the Priesthood, consecrated seven churches, and confirmed 1,587 persons (643 males and 944 females). . . In the evening the annual missionary meeting was held at St. James's schoolhouse, the bishop in the chair. Among the speakers were the Rev. Drs. Haight, of New York, and Paddock, of Brooklyn. . . On Wednesday delegates were chosen to the Provincial Synod, as follows: Clerical—Provost Whitaker, the Rev. Messrs. Geddes, Dr. Beaven, Archdeacon Palmer, Darling, Bethune, Broughall, Brent, Holland, Cayley, and Allen; Lay—Chief Justice Draper, Professor Wilson, Messrs. Blake, Jarvis, Clark, Gamble, Benson, Gzowski, Dixon, Campbell, Hodgins, Ball, and Grierson.

HURON.

SYNOD.—The fourteenth annual session was

opened on Wednesday, the 7th of June. The most interesting feature of the proceedings was the adoption of a resolution, pursuant to a formal request of the bishop, to elect a coadjutor bishop. The 19th of July has been fixed upon as the day of holding a special session for the purpose. Bishop Cronyn stated in his annual address that he had confirmed 1,371 candidates, ordained seven priests and six deacons, consecrated six churches, opened two churches for Divine worship, visited sixty-seven congregations, in ten counties, and travelled 3,355 miles. His medical advisers, however, had warned him against the consequences of continued over-exertion, and enjoined upon him to abstain from the more arduous duties of the Episcopal office. On Thursday the Synod adopted the following resolution:

Whereas, his lordship the bishop has stated that it is necessary that a coadjutor bishop be appointed; and whereas his lordship has generously given up the See house—Be it therefore *resolved*, that the See house be sold, and the balance, after repaying the loan borrowed from the Church Society, be invested for the benefit of the coadjutor bishop about to be elected; and that the society pay him such a sum as shall make his income, inclusive of what he may receive from said investment and from any emoluments he may be in receipt of as a minister in the diocese, at least \$2,000 per annum.

Another interesting incident was the refusal to entertain a motion of Archdeacon Brough looking to a revision of the Prayer Book. Throughout the crowded hall were heard in murmurs, though low, deep, and earnest, sounds of disapproval of the motion: "Not one word, not one letter should be altered." The frequent bursts of applause when the opponents of any alteration spoke against it, and the manifestations of disapproval of any attempts at change, were not to be misunderstood, and the archdeacon, after vainly attempting to explain his motives, withdrew his motion.

In commenting upon this result, the *Montreal Church Observer* uses the following language:

"The rejection of the motion for a committee to consider the advisability of a revision of the Book of Common Prayer, does not in the least surprise us, nor are we very sorry for it. Surely those who are most anxious to have the Prayer Book revised are not sanguine enough to think that what they wish is under present circumstances attainable. The unanimity with which the proposal was rejected in the synod of the diocese in which Evangelical Church principles are strongest should convince them, if nothing else does, of the hopelessness of agitation with that view elsewhere. There are many things in the Prayer Book which we should like to see expunged, or, at least, explained; but revision implies concessions on both sides, and where the advantage would be after all concessions were made is very doubtful."

GERMANY.—Dusseldorf, May 20, 1871.—The first overt act of the Bavarian government against the attempt of the clergy to force the doctrines of the Vatican Council on the unwilling acceptance of the people has at last taken place. A religious teacher in a public school at Munich has been summarily dismissed on the petition of the people, in consequence of his openly teaching Papal Infallibility. The offender is Dr. Streher, Rector of the Wilhelms-Gymnasium and teacher at the Girls' High School. He had preached on the dogma, and had publicly read the Pastoral of the Archbishop and the Bull of excommunication against Dr. von Döllinger; and consequently the magistracy of Munich demanded from the government his dismissal as religious teacher, and it was threatened that if this demand were not acceded to, the Girls' School should cease to be carried on as a town school. Further, it was demanded that whatever new teacher should be appointed should be required to declare against Papal Infallibility, or else, if a cleric could not be found who would do this, that laymen might be allowed to give religious teaching. The magistracy also asked for instructions how to proceed with respect to the numerous protests received from parents against the efforts of the Infallibilist teachers in the High Schools, and leave was requested for the children to absent themselves at the time of religious instruction, when the teacher was a supporter of the new dogma. As an answer to this petition, the Minister of Education has dismissed Dr. Streher from his post as religious teacher at the Girls' High School. The Ultramontane organs are indignant, as usual, and see in this "an attempt at an open breach of the Bavarian Constitution, which leaves the religious teaching under inner Church control, with which the worldly power has no right to interfere;" but there are not wanting indications that the government is preparing to interfere more strongly. The Ministry of Education has been gathering information from the committees of the various town schools as to the position which the religious teachers take on the Infallibility question, and it is generally thought that some great coercive measures are in preparation. The *Augsburg Post Zeitung* hints that something very important is pending, not so much in the direction of restraining the temporal power of the clergy as in the abolition of the Concordat and the separation of Church from State.

Be that as it may, it is very evident that the Bavarian government cannot long withstand the popular strain which is brought to bear upon it. The excitement deepens instead of subsiding, day by day, so that the schoolboys take sides on the question. The popular aspect of the controversy is shown by the fact that it is rapidly passing into the lampooning stage. At the Munich Theatre, "La Cruche Cassée" was being per-

formed to a crowded audience, among whom was the King, and when, in the course of the play, the actress discovers the pitcher with its neck knocked off, she varied the dialogue by exclaiming, amid uproarious applause, "Why, this must be the Archbishop, and he has lost his head!" Or again, a piece called "Der letzte Jesuit" is attracting crowded houses, and the following sentiment is greatly cheered:—"Their reverences of the Order of Jesus have their fatherland in Rome, and anything good comes seldom from there."

To make "confusion worse confounded," the clergy are rapidly committing themselves as a body to the new dogma, so that when the struggle comes, it will be "*la guerre à outrance*." So far from observing the signs of the times as even to hesitate, they swallow the new Vatican decree eagerly, and are anxious to display the old Roman flag of "no surrender." Declarations of adhesion come in every day to Munich: in the Regensburg Diocese 1,250 priests have signed the address as Infallibilists: only four did not sign the document. Diocese after diocese has chimed in with its gratuitous offer of support; only as late as last Sunday the dogma was proclaimed, with its usual appendage of threats of excommunication, etc., from all the pulpits of the Diocese of Passau. The exceptions to this general docility of the clergy are very few and far between, and these are immediately treated with a high hand; for example, within the last few days, a chaplain at Goffersweiler, in the Rhenish Palatinate, declared his belief in Papal Infallibility, and he was suspended *instantly*.—*Guardian's correspondent*.

THE following are the religious statistics of Germany: Protestants, 24,253,018; of whom 20,473,000 belong to the old North German Confederation, 1,233,900 to Bavaria, 1,200,300 to Würtemberg, 558,560 to Hesse, 472,258 to Baden. Catholics, 14,551,651; of whom 7,880,000 are in Prussia, 3,176,400 in Bavaria, 933,476 in Baden, 533,695 in Würtemberg. Jews and others, 1,327,330.

THE EAST AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.—We shall all rejoice to welcome Dr. Livingstone back to England; but we fear that the traveller's own joy will be somewhat impaired on learning that during his lengthened absence little or nothing has been done in the matter he has most at heart. The slave trade on the east coast of Africa flourishes in spite of the numerous despatches that have passed between the English Government and its representatives at Zanzibar. It is true that we have a treaty with the Sultan, but by one of its articles we have bound ourselves not to interfere with domestic slavery, and thus have virtually left the whole matter in the hands of Syed Majid. His nominal sovereignty extends over several hundred miles of coast, and as the slavers are thus

protected during the greater part of the voyage northward, they can calculate upon running four out of every five cargoes. The consequence is that the traffic increases, and its extent may be measured by the fact that the royalty of two dollars a head upon every sale in the Zanzibar market enables the Sultan to pay an annual subsidy of nearly £8,000, and to maintain himself besides. It is said that from 200,000 to 300,000 lives are annually sacrificed, that large tracts of country once well peopled are now utterly desolate, and that the atrocities committed both in the capture of the slaves and in the march coastward parallel the worst horrors of the mid-passage. The mistake made by our Government was the omission to place any limit upon the number of slaves allowed to be imported; but, as Dr Livingstone pointed out in one of his last despatches, Syed Majid is the creature of English power alone, and we could readily obtain a revision of the terms of the treaty.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A CLERGYMAN TURNING MOHAMMEDAN.—A very extraordinary statement is made in the *Levant Herald* of the 12th of May, 1871. The Rev. Antonio Tien (whose name appears both in the Clergy List and in Crockford as a clergyman of the Church of England) appears to be now in Turkey. He is about forty-five years of age, a Syrian by birth, and by original creed a Maronite Catholic. About 1856-7 he abjured Roman Catholicism, was warmly taken up and sent to St. Augustine's College, Canterbury. In 1860 he was ordained by the Bishop (Tomlinson) of Gibraltar as his chaplain, and became an S. P. G. missionary in the Levant. While in England he became married to an Englishwoman, the daughter of a wealthy provincial banker. It is now stated that he has lately been engaged in several commercial speculations, and that "he last week abjured Christianity altogether, and professed himself a believer in Islam." We omit all the other details given by the *Levant Herald* connected with the history of this Syro-Anglican clergyman.

UNION OF THE EVANGELICAL CHURCHES IN SPAIN.—Evangelical Christianity is becoming regularly organized in Spain. The various Churches were invited to send representatives to a General Assembly or Synod, convened at Seville in the middle of April.

Deputies were sent from thirteen churches—viz., three from Madrid, one from Saragossa, one from Camunas, one from Carthage, and one from Granada, Constantine, Cordova, Seville, Cadiz, and Huelva.

The Synod decreed the formation of a union of the churches represented, under the Spanish Christian Church. A rule of discipline and ecclesiastical or-

ganization was discussed and then adopted, as well as a Liturgy or order for the direction of public worship. The definitive drawing up of the Confession of Faith, of the catechism, and of the collection of psalms was confided to the Commissioners, who are to prepare their work and to present it to a new Extraordinary Assembly, convoked at Madrid for November 15th.

The creation of a permanent Committee for general direction, under the name of the Consistory, was voted and the members elected. M. Corrasco was chosen as president. A spirit of union and Christian brotherhood facilitated the delicate discussions, and led to mutual concessions in personal questions.

Before separating the Conference proceeded to the interesting ceremony of the imposition of hands, given by five Spanish pastors to the brethren called to direct the churches of Granada, Cordova, and Cadiz.

It is very cheering to see the Reformed Spaniards consolidate by a wise organization the remarkable advances which have been obtained by the preaching of the Gospel. They cannot better strengthen their scattered churches, and preserve them from error, than in thus uniting them in a common bond.—*Translated from La Semaine Religieuse*.

THE movement on the part of the German Catholics, of which Dr. Döllinger is the leader, against the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, is attracting a degree of attention in Italy which is not easily explicable on the ordinary notion that religious indifference is pre-eminently the characteristic of the Italian people. The subject has been discussed with much earnestness in some of the Florence papers, and by none more warmly than the *Nazione*, in a recent number of which we find the following passage: "The thesis of Döllinger has called forth as profound a work of criticism as that which took place at the Vatican Council. People have begun to ask themselves if it is possible to deny the infallibility of the Pope when they agree to the first foundation of the Catholic religion—of blind obedience, and of the absolute incompatibility of science and faith, of truth and dogmas; they ask if the doctrine of the Syllabus, previously accepted and approved of by the Vatican Council, may not be more dangerous for human society and for civil and moral progress than the dogma of infallibility. After profoundly considering the nature of Catholicism and the Roman Church they came to the conclusion that they must either submit to the whole or go still further in their opposition, either acknowledge the truth of the infallibility decree, as they have done that of the Immaculate Conception and Syllabus, or else address themselves resolutely to the task of a substantial reform in the Church. As politicians we do not enter into the discussion of religious disputes,

but it is our duty, in so serious a matter as this, to inform our readers that Döllinger has sown the seeds of a religious movement in Germany, whose consequences may be more important than he himself expects. It must be remembered that Germany is the land where the sale of indulgences produced the Reformation, and the sale of indulgences was, religiously and civilly, a far less important thing than the dogma of infallibility."

DÖLLINGERISM appears to be making great headway in Germany. The first series of addresses to the King of Bavaria in support of the movement is said to have received more than 10,000 signatures. The Pope, according to the official *German Correspondent*, is very much annoyed at the attitude of King Ludwig, which he lately condemned before the Bavarian ambassador in the most violent terms, threatening to denounce ecclesiastical penalties against his Majesty. The Pope at the same time made a bitter personal attack on the ambassador, who in consequence left the Hall of Audience in the greatest indignation. The Roman correspondent of the *Vienna Presse* states that he sent for the Bavarian ambassador and threatened to excommunicate the King. The next day, however, Cardinal Antonelli called on the ambassador, and apologized for the language the Pope had used.

A STORY OF THE MARTYRED PRIESTS.

Interview with Archbishop Darboy and Abbé Deguerry in the Prison of Mazas—His Praise of Mr. Washburne—A Tearful Parting.

MONSIEUR ROUSSE, the staffman of the Order of Advocates in Paris, has given, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the following account of the steps he made in favor of the incarcerated priests, who were afterward foully murdered by the miscreants of the Commune:

I directed my steps toward one of the dependencies of the Court of Assizes, through the entrance of the advocates, which a sentry allowed me to pass without any difficulty. I opened two doors, but found nobody within. Passing by the council chamber, I mechanically turned the knob, and pushed open the door. To my surprise I found myself before seven or eight individuals, seated in all manner of ways and scattered around the hall. They were apparently engaged in a heated discussion. Only one of them stood up before the table. He was a little man, of about thirty years of age, wearing a full beard, and a nervous and sinister look. His button-hole was adorned with a large red ribbon, fringed with gold. I was about to withdraw, when this individual raised his head and questioned me in the most brutal tone:

"What do you want here?"

Instead of taking my departure at this insolent reception, I advanced a step, and, closing the door, I replied, "I have been told that I shall find here the Attorney General of the Commune."

"Ah! and one thinks that one can go in and out here as one pleases."

"Excuse me," I answered, coldly, "I only entered here because I found no attendant in the ante-chamber. I know the customs of this palace, being an advocate and staffman of the order."

This reply changed at once the tone of his conversation.

"What is your desire, citizen?"

"I should like to see the Attorney General of the Commune."

"He stands before you;" and, excusing himself with his colleagues, the sinister dignitary asked me to enter a private room, where he took a seat, saying:

"I beg your pardon, citizen, for having received you so abruptly; but every day I am bothered about the most trifling matters. Would you believe it—there are people who come here for passports?"

I explained to him the object of my visit. I said I wanted to obtain permission to see the incarcerated priests. He did not make any objections, and wrote out the desired pass. While he was writing, I said:

"Do you think their cases will soon be brought before a jury? I am told that their turn is next Monday."

"Oh, no. I shall let their cases stand over for some time. I do not wish that they should be tried at present. Since we are alone, I might as well tell you that we have commenced negotiations with Versailles for the exchange of the prisoners, and I hope that we shall arrive at an agreement on this subject."

"But," I replied, "these negotiations have been on foot for some time, and I hear that they have failed."

"Yes, because they have been badly conducted; but now we have chosen a different ground."

"So much the better. That would be the most desirable solution of the difficulty." And, taking advantage of the familiarity with which this high dignitary treated me, I continued:

"How many priests are there under arrest?"

"I don't know; but not near enough of them. I should have had a good many more arrested if I had not been prevented."

"Do not let us talk any more on this subject, for we shall not agree."

"Oh! yes; I know," replied he, with a smile of contemptuous pity.

"But there is something else which causes me more fear than your fury; it is the prospect of a movement of the populace against the priests, and of a massacre, as in '92."

Here the citizen Regault smiled with the air of a man who is sure of his superiority.

"Oh! have no fears on this head. We are the masters. Besides, you know Mazas. One cannot go in and out there as one pleases. The prisoners are there in safety, and this is the reason why I refuse to have them transferred to St. Pelagie, where they would be less safe."

While we were conversing, I sought for an opportunity to ask him for a permission to see two or three others—to see the Jesuit Father Canbert, admission to whom I had vainly tried to obtain at the Prefecture of Police.

"Ah! I forgot. I have a letter here from another prisoner who would like to see me. Would you kindly add his name to the list of the others?"

"And he, too, a priest!"

"Yes."

The worthy citizen hesitated for a moment, but he at last added the desired name, and handed me the official document, almost as graciously as a functionary of the "reaction" would have done.

"Then," I said, on leaving the room, "I can depend upon their cases being delayed for a few days?"

"Certainly; I am not in a hurry, unless, indeed, the prisoners do not ask for a trial at once."

"But do you not fear any interpellations on the part of your colleague, Urbain, of the Commune?"

"Urbain," replied he, in a tone of contempt. "I do not fear his interpellations; I fear no interpellations. The affair will stand over as long as you please."

Upon this answer I took leave of the redoubtable dignitary, and thanked him, saying that I shall be pleased to have "the affair stand over as long as I please."

On leaving the palace, I entered a carriage, which took me to the prison of Mazas. I asked to see the Archbishop in his cell—not in the parlor of the advocates. This was graciously accorded me.

"He is very sick," said the jailer, who led me along the corridors.

Indeed, on entering the cell of the poor Archbishop, I was struck by his suffering and downcast look. Thanks to the kindness of the physician of the prison, the regulation hammock of the prisoners was replaced by a wooden bed. He was lying, all dressed. His beard had grown long, his face was very pale, and his features very much altered. He wore a black cap and a short cassock, fastened with a girdle of purple color. At the noise which my entrance caused, he turned his head toward the door. Without knowing me, he guessed at once who I was, and held out his hand with a sad, sweet smile.

"You are suffering much pain, Monseigneur, and perhaps I disturb you. Do you wish that I should call again on some other day?"

"Oh, no; I thank you for having come to see me. I am sick, very sick. I have had for a long time a pain of the heart, which the want of pure air and the rigor of the prison have aggravated. First of all, I should like if you could have my affair delayed, since they are bent on putting me on trial. I am not able now to go before their tribunal. If they want to shoot me, let them shoot me here. I am not a hero, but it is as well for me to die in such a manner as in any other."

I hurriedly interrupted him. "Monseigneur," I said, "we are not so far gone yet." And I repeated to him all that was reassuring in the conversation I had with Raoul Rigault. Speaking in this strain, Monseigneur Darboy became animated, and even cheerful. He, in a few words, set forth what he thought would be proper to say in his defence.

"I do not know," he said, "whence comes their animosity against me. I have even incurred the displeasure of the Court of Rome, on account of my ideas on certain subjects. When I was called to the Archbishopric of Paris, in 1863, I exposed to the Emperor my thoughts on the separation of Church and State. I begged him to occupy himself as little as possible with the affairs of the clergy, and since then I have always avoided speaking, in my public acts, of the Emperor and his government. After my imprisonment, they have subjected me to the most ridiculous interrogatories. This Rigault and Ferré have told me that I have appropriated the property of the people. 'What property?' I inquired. '*Parbleu*, the churches, the gold vessels and ornaments,' they replied. 'But,' said I, 'you do not know what you are saying. The vessels and ornaments, in fact all the objects that serve at our worship, are in charge of persons who are called the trustees, who have a perfect right to keep them in their possession; and if you take them away, you incur the penalty prescribed by the law.'"

The Archbishop then spoke to me about the visits he had received from Mr. Washburne, the Minister of the United States, and the negotiations for the exchange of prisoners which had taken place between the government and the Commune. I reminded him of the allusions which Raoul Rigault had made regarding new negotiations. He said he had been informed of them, and that Mr. Washburne displayed much zeal on his behalf. He then returned to the subject of his defence, dwelt on the necessity of a delay, and inquired as to the mode according to which the jury would be composed. He spoke with great mildness and in a liberal spirit—at times in irony, but without bitterness. He told me that, for a long time,

his keepers had permitted him to walk in the prison yards, in company with the Abbé Deguerry, or with the President, Bonjean.

"The President," he added, "has offered to defend me; but I told him that he will have enough to do to defend himself."

The Archbishop then spoke to me about his sister, who was arrested with him, but liberated a fortnight ago. I asked him whether I could render him any service, whether he wanted to have a letter delivered, whether he needed anything.

"Nothing," he said; "I need nothing, except to be left here. Let them come and shoot me here, if they will, but I could not go there (meaning the Conciergerie, or the prison La Roquette). The doctor must have told them so."

After a conversation of half an hour, I held out my hand and pressed his own with great emotion. More than once during the conversation my eye filled with tears. He bade me farewell with great tenderness, and with many thanks for my "charity." My visit, the assurance I had given that the trial will be postponed, and my promise that I would come to see him often, had evidently rendered him more cheerful. When I rose, he threw back the common cotton blanket which half covered him, arose from his bed before I had time to prevent it, and, pressing again my hands, led me to the door.

"You will come back soon, will you not?"

"I will, next Tuesday, Monseigneur;" and, with these words, I left him. His cell was marked No. 62. That of the Abbé Deguerry was near it, about two or three numbers further. When I entered, he was sitting between the bed and the table, on a little stool, the only one there was in the cell. Upon the table were a few books and journals, and a little cross of copper, similar to those worn by sisters of charity. Without rising from his seat, the poor Abbé held out his arms and embraced me affectionately. Then he forced me to take his stool.

"Ah, I shall have time enough to sit upon it," he said, and sat down at the foot of his bed.

I did not find him much altered. He had only got thinner. His white beard and reddish complexion gave him a very venerable appearance. With his usual good humor, the good curate proceeded to relate the absurd questions which were put to him by Rigault and Dacosta.

"What is your trade?" (*Qu'est ce que c'est que ce métier que vous faites?*) had inquired Rigault.

"Ours is no trade, it is a vocation; we exercise our ministry for the improvement of souls."

"Oh, that is all bosh. Well, what kind of stories do you tell the people?" (*Ah! des blagues tout cela! Enfin quel las d'histoires faites vous au peuple?*)

"We teach them the religion of our Lord Jesus."

"There are no more Lords; we do not know any Lord."

And the governor of the prison had made the following remark to the good Abbé, in one of his humorous moods: "I, too, have had religious ideas; I once had an idea to become a Brother of St. Benedict; then I wanted to be a Jesuit; but, after all, I would much rather be a Mormon."

"We receive several journals," said the Abbé. "Ah, I should like very much if you would bring me 'The Rise and Fall of Rome,' by Montesquieu."

"Certainly, Monsieur le Curé, I shall bring it to you next Tuesday, when I call again to see you."

"You can call again, can you not?"

"Certainly, whenever I want to do so; I have unlimited permission."

"Ah, how glad I am, how glad I am! How much I thank you!"

In saying this, the good man was moved to tears. While going the two or three steps which separated me from the door, he held me by the hand, saying:

"*Allons*, my dear friend, give my love to your mother. Tell her that I have wept." And, with these words, he embraced me, sobbing bitterly.

"Well, well," said he, calming down again, "next Tuesday; do not forget my book."

In referring to the brutal murder of the Archbishop of Paris by the Communists, the *Times* correspondent calls attention to the fact, that when Archbishop Darboy's sanction was asked to the granting permission for Protestant Bibles and other books to be sold, and Protestant lectures to be delivered at the Paris Exhibition, in 1867, his consent was not only cheerfully given, but he added the most significant declaration, that, although he could not personally accept Protestant doctrines, *anything would be welcome which would rouse the Parisians from their Pagan state*, and teach them to believe in the immortality of the soul. In view of recent events, it is deeply to be regretted that the principles of Protestantism were not more widely spread at that time. It will also be remembered that Baron Haussman, at that time Prefect of the Seine, with equal readiness, afforded facilities for the erection of a church for English and American visitors in the Avenue Rapp, close to the exhibition. It is needless to inquire what was the system of religion under which the boasted centre of refinement and civilization came to be described by its chief spiritual overlooker as Pagan, and it is perhaps equally unnecessary to point out that energy and promptness are among the first duties of Protestantism, and that every opening for awakening men to a sense of the dangers of Popery should be promptly and effectively filled. What stronger condemnation of Romanism is needed than

the fact, avowed from such a source, that it has failed to preserve its adherents from Paganism and ignorance of the immortality of the soul?

THE EXPLORATIONS AT JERUSALEM.

The first operations were commenced on the western walls, at a point near what is known as Wilson's Arch. It receives this name from the fact that it was first discovered by Captain Wilson, who had not the means, however, to prosecute any mining operations. Captain Warren's explorations proved this arch to be one of a series forming a viaduct which led from the Temple toward the palace of Herod on the western hill, and constituting the very bridge across which Jesus was conducted from Pilate to Herod on the day of his trial. The remains of a winding aqueduct, cut in the solid rock beneath this bridge, were also discovered. Part of this bridge has fallen, and broken and buried the aqueduct in its fall; and the original pavement of the ancient road in the valley itself is now forty-five feet below the present surface formed by the ruins of the ancient walls and houses. Nor is this all. A perfect network of subterranean chambers was also disclosed, some of which were probably used for the storage of food, and others as aqueducts and cisterns. And the whole result more than confirms the ideas of Jewish architectural grandeur which the books of the Bible and the pages of Josephus combine to give, but which have hitherto been regarded by many skeptical minds as apocryphal.

Along the southern wall his discoveries were scarcely less interesting. Here he found a double pavement, one twenty-three, the other forty-three feet below the present surface of the ground. Here also he found some curious remains both of Hebrew and of Christian origin. The following description of his explorations at this point, taken from one of his letters written at the time, will afford the reader a more graphic picture of the difficulties and dangers which attended his investigations than can be given by any general description:

"On Friday, having arrived at the depth of seventy-nine feet, the men were breaking up a stone at the bottom of the shaft. Suddenly the ground gave way, down went the stone and the hammer, the men barely saving themselves. They at once rushed up, and the sergeant said they had found the bottomless pit. I went down to the spot and examined it; and, in order that you may have an idea of the extent of our work, I will give you a description of our descent.

"The shaft mouth is on the south side of the Sanctuary wall, near the southwest angle, among the prickly-pears; beside it, to the east, lying against the Sanctuary wall, is a large mass of rubbish that has been brought up; while over the mouth itself is a triangular gin, with iron wheel attached, with guy,

for running up the excavated soil. Looking down the shaft, one sees that it is lined for the first twenty feet with frames four feet six inches in the clear; further down the Sanctuary wall and soil cut through are seen, and a man standing at what appears to be the bottom. An order is given to this man, who repeats it, and then, faintly, is heard a sepulchral voice answering, as it were from another world. Reaching down to the man who is visible is a thirty-four feet rope-ladder; and on descending by it, one finds he is standing on a ledge which the ladder does not touch by four feet. This ledge is the top of a wall running north and south, and abutting on the Sanctuary wall; its east face just cuts the centre of the shaft, which has to be canted off about two feet toward the east, just where some large loose stones jut out in the most disagreeable manner. Here five more frames have been fixed to keep these stones steady. On peering down from this ledge one sees the Sanctuary wall, with its projecting courses, until they are lost in the darkness below; observing also, at the same time, that two sides of the shaft are cut through the soil, and are self-supporting. Now to descend this second drop the ladder is again required; accordingly, having told the man at the bottom to get under cover, it is lowered to the ledge, from whence it is found that it does not reach to the bottom by several feet. It is therefore lowered to the required distance, and one has to reach it by climbing down hand over hand for about twelve feet. On passing along one notes the marvellous joints of the Sanctuary wall stones, and also, probably, gets a few blows on skull and knuckles from falling pebbles. Just on reaching the bottom one recollects that there is still a pit of unknown depth to be explored, and cautiously straddles across it. Then can be seen that one course on the Sanctuary wall, near the bottom, is quite smooth all over, the stone being finely dressed, all other courses being only well-dressed around the drafts; one also sees two stout boards lying against the Sanctuary wall, under which the men retire whenever an accidental shower of stones renders their position dangerous. One is now at a depth of seventy-nine feet from the surface, and from here we commence the exploring of the 'bottomless pit.' After dropping a rope down, we found that it was only six feet deep, though it looked black enough for anything."

Further explorations disclosed a subterranean passage, perhaps originally constructed to carry off the overflow from the Temple; and the intrepid investigator crawled on his hands and feet 400 feet along this slimy drain through the mud, the passage, at times, becoming so narrow that he could barely squeeze through, and the air so foul as to threaten

suffocation. The difficulty of his position is indicated by the fact that he had to back out 200 feet before he could get to a point where he could turn his head.—From "The Recovery of Jerusalem," by LYMAN ABBOTT, in *Harper's Magazine* for July.

EGYPTIAN MONUMENTS.

BY THE REV. DR. HURST.

IF Memphis can be taken as a criterion, we have just begun to become acquainted with the monuments of the ancient Egyptians. Many of their greatest works, such as have escaped the fury of invaders, from Cambyses down to the Mohammedan conqueror, are still slumbering beneath the sands. Where to look for them is the trouble, as there is nothing but the vast succession of mounds to indicate the possibility of a treasure below. Lepsius, Wilkinson, Mariatte, and others, have made important discoveries, and the work is still going on. My edition of Murray's "Egypt" had no mention of the Apis tombs of Memphis, and, indeed, the work of excavation more than keeps pace with the guide-books. With both German and English guide-books for Egypt, I still find that none of them are half worthy of their subject, and it would be serving them all right to throw them into the Nile. I would not give the book of Genesis and the second and third books of Herodotus for them all—not simply for association's sake, but for the pure pleasure they afford one in finding so many points of resemblance between the Egypt of 1871 and the Egypt of Sesostri and the Rameses. Still your Bible and your eyes are your best guides, even in this land, and must be infinitely more than all others in the only land we call "Holy."

In the year 622 Amer (miscalled Amron) conquered Egypt, and made it an unwilling offering to the Mohammedan faith. But despite all the changes of rule and religion through which Egypt has passed, we find many customs still clinging to her people—the Mohammedan in many instances adopting, like the Norman in Britain, the mode of life of the subjugated. Only this morning I have been reading Herodotus (Book II.), and finding with my own eyes that the curious old Greek who wandered through Egypt and Phœnicia, and leisurely ascended the Nile, talking with the priests of the great temples, and gaining their confidence and secrets, told many a truth not only for his own generation, but for all

later ones. For example, what he says of the Egyptian mode of fishing, of the style of dress, of the popular reverence for the Nile, of circumcision, of the food, of physicians required by the government to attend the poor gratis, of the tilling of the land, and of many other matters of Egyptian life, obtains, to-day, as fully as when he made his memoranda with reed and papyrus. I have just seen such a plough as he describes to have been in common use in his day by the Egyptian farmer.

THE INFALLIBILITY DOGMA REPUDIATED IN POLAND.—According to the correspondence of a leading journal, M. Popiel, the new diocesan of Cheim, in Poland, has instructed his clergy to preach against the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope, as it is to be used as the pretext for separating that diocese from Rome. Those who follow his instructions endeavor to prove that the Pope, in the pride of his heart, has made himself equal with God, and can, therefore, no longer be acknowledged as the head of the Church militant. They also argue that those who acknowledge and reverence a man as God cannot claim to belong to the Church of Christ. These sermons are said to have made a great impression on the congregation.

It is said that Dr. Döllinger is about to visit England, to seek repose from the agitation consequent on the interest which he has excited by his recent action as regards the declaration of the infallibility of the Pope, and the troublesome attentions to which he has, in consequence, been subjected.

THE "Sabbath question" is a serious one to converts—*e. g.*, in China. To leave work that day in many cases causes dismissal from employment, and the loss, to human view, of all chance for even a livelihood. Industrial laws and habits in China are not adjusted to Sabbath, as here. This question, Mr. Blodget writes, is one of great difficulty.

THE ATTACK ON THE JEWS AT ODESSA.—An appeal is being made on behalf of the Odessa Relief Fund, rendered necessary by an attack on the Jews there, which continued during three days and nights. The mob sacked and devastated the entire Jewish quarter, causing such a destruction of property that many who were among the most prosperous in the town were reduced to destitution.

PSALM lxxxviii. 1, 2, 3.

FATHER! I bow to Thee
In deep contrition and with earnest prayer!
My soul is full of trouble, and my life
Burden'd, harass'd and vex'd with care,
And worn with all this daily worldly strife.
In mercy look on me!

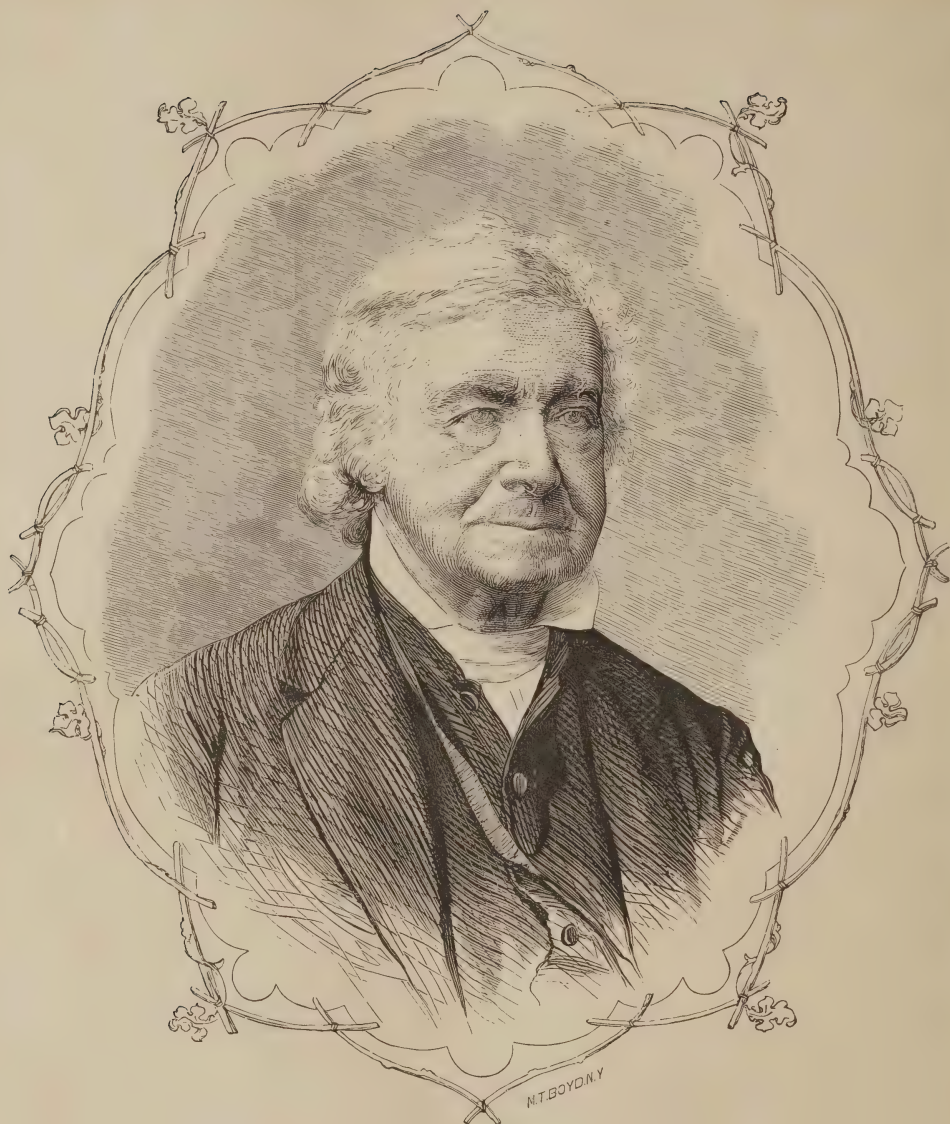
Nought that my heart possess'd :—
Nought in the friendships, nor the dearest love
That they can offer, nor consolation
Of the tried and hearty friends I prove—
All come with weakened satisfaction,
And leave me still unrest!

To Thee I turn, my God,—
Beseeching, with my heart all torn, and sad,
That Thou would'st come again and dwell with me,
Would'st purify and strengthen, heal, make glad
My weary, troubled soul that looks to Thee—
That I may bless Thy rod!

I make none other plea :—
The merits of Thy Son : so dear to Thee!—
Thy promise made in Him, that Thou wilt hear,
Receive and pardon, welcome home, and free
The wanderer, and the penitent, whose tear
Thy angels joy to see!

Loving Father! hear me!
In my lonely sadness, grant me relief;
Give what I need—a heart of love, all pure :—
A trust and joy, to take the place of grief,—
And sense of pardon, that may me assure
Of peace, my God, with Thee!

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JACKSON KEMPER, D.D., LL.D.

(OUR FIRST MISSIONARY BISHOP.)



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No. 3.

The Church Calendar.

THE COMMUNICANT INSTRUCTED.

- 3. 13th Sunday after Trinity.
- 10. 14th Sunday after Trinity.
- 17. 15th Sunday after Trinity.

- 21. St. Matthew's Day.
- 24. 16th Sunday after Trinity.
- 29. St. Michael and All Angels.

AFTER the introductory sentences, the minister reads to the congregation the address, called the Exhortation. This is intended to enforce the duty to which they had just before been directed by the Sentences. This address is intended to prepare the worshippers for the General Confession of Sin, which immediately follows it.

The minister kindly reminds them that many parts of the Scripture move and direct them to a lowly and penitential acknowledgment of sin before God, to render thanks to Him, to set forth His praise, to hear His holy Word, and to ask those things that are necessary as well for the body as the soul. All this is to prepare their hearts, which it does most excellently, for the performance of those holy duties with devotion according to the counsels of wisdom: "Before thou prayest prepare thyself, and be not as one that tempteth God." Again, "Be not hasty to utter any thing before God; for God is in heaven and thou upon the earth."

The minister and people, being thus pre-

pared, make their confession, which is to be done with *an humble voice*. The Church's direction in this particular is grave, and conforms to ancient usage.

Confession of sin is very properly made the first act of public worship, because sin unrepented of renders every act of worship vain. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."—*Psa. lxxvi. 18.*

Here read the Rubric. It is called General Confession, because it is to be said by the whole congregation. And with good reason. For "could there be anything better devised," says Hooker, "than that we all, at our first access unto God by prayer, should acknowledge meekly our sins; and that not only in heart but in tongue; all that are present being made earnest witnesses, even of every man's distinct and deliberate assent to each particular branch of common indictment drawn against ourselves? How were it possible that the Church should any way else with such ease and certainty provide that none of her children may, as Adam,

dissemble that wretchedness, the penitent confession whereof is so necessary a preamble, especially to common prayer."

I was once taking the Sunday duty of a brother clergyman, and was domiciled with an excellent family in the parish, where the good old custom of catechising the children on the Sunday evening was still observed.

At the appointed hour, five beautiful children and their parents seated themselves around the family table, with their Prayer Books and Bibles in hand. After a short Collect, the mother being catechist, announced for the evening's lesson the *Exhortation*, and asked, after reading the Rubric,

What is meant by "Sundry"?

Several.

Explain the word "manifold"?

Many kinds and many in number.

What is it to "dissemble" or "cloak"?

To hide or conceal.

Give examples, and a text.

Adam, Cain, Gehazi. Gen. iv. 9.

What is a "penitent" heart?

One that is sorrowful for past sins.

Where do we assemble and meet together?

At the church, in public worship.

State how many particulars are mentioned for which we meet together in public worship?

They are four.

What are they?

1. To render thanks to God for benefits received.

2. To set forth God's praise.

3. To hear the Word of God read and explained.

4. To pray for things necessary for body and soul.

This exercise lasted about one hour, during which time continual reference was made, by all present, to the Prayer Book and the Bible, and the service closed with the singing of Keble's beautiful evening hymn,

"Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,"

and the office of evening prayer as appointed by the Church being devoutly read, myself being chaplain for the occasion.

EMBER DAYS.

THE Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday after the 14th of this month are called *Ember Days*. Ember week begins on the 15th Sunday after Trinity, when one of the two prayers appointed by the Church "for those who are to be admitted into Holy Orders" is to be used daily during the week.

Ember days are days of fasting and prayer. Wednesday is appointed, because our Lord was on that day betrayed by Judas; Friday, because that was the day of His terrible crucifixion; Saturday, because then we represent the sorrow of the Apostles for the loss of their Lord lying in the grave.

So early as the third century, it was the custom to observe Ember Days in the Christian Church, to implore the blessing of the Almighty *on the produce of the earth, by prayer and fasting*; and that four times

in each year, for exercising these acts of devotion, so as to answer to the four seasons of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, when the fruits of the earth are sown, spring into vegetation, attain maturity, and are appropriated to use.

The Church likewise ordained that these four seasons should be especially devoted to the preparation of the clergy before their ordination, in close imitation of the example of the Apostles (Acts, xiii. 3). At first these days were not uniformly observed by different Churches at the same time; but the Council of Placentia, 1095, settled them to be generally kept as before explained; and by the 31st canon of the Church of England, it is strictly enjoined "That deacons and ministers be ordained, or made, but only on the Sundays immediately following these Ember feasts, or days

of preparation ;" though it is to be observed that bishops do, notwithstanding, occasionally ordain on other Sundays, and even on holy days, not Sundays.

There have been various explanations given of the title of these days; some allege it to be derived from the Greek *ἡμεραι*, *i.e.*, days, though Dr. Marechall and Sir H. Spelman conjecture that they are so called from the Saxon Embryne, or Imbryne, signifying a circuit, the latter of which opinions is the one commonly received, from the circumstances of these fasts returning regularly every year in certain courses. As the Saxon word *Imbre*, however, signifies ashes;—as it was the ancient general custom to sprinkle ashes on the heads of the people at these seasons;—and as these days were kept with such rigid abstinence that not anything was per-

mitted to be eaten until night, and then only cakes baked under the embers or ashes, called Panem Subcinerinum, or Ember bread; there appears much reason to give the preference to the explanation afforded by other Antiquaries, that they were called Ember Days from the causes last mentioned.

By the Canonists, the Ember Days are denominated Quatuor Anni, Tempora, or the four cardinal seasons of the year; and hence Henshall considers Ember to have been formed by corruption from *l'emper* or *temporo*; but this seems much too labored a definition; and besides, in the laws of both King Alfred and Canute, these days are called *Ymbren*.

The four *weeks* in which these days severally occur are also denominated *Ember Weeks*.

CHURCHLY LITERATURE.

THERE are very few words, indeed, which convey to the mind of an educated churchman so many agreeable recollections, so many beautiful pictures, and so many saint-like men, as the word "Christianity." In some one of its proper senses and connections it has a place in all the departments of business, and life, and religion.

Several hundred years of a persistent determination to ignore the ancient and beautiful in sacred architecture, have utterly failed to drive out of the minds of even common men the innate conviction that the barn-like edifice of the denominations was deficient in many essential points of beauty; and they have of late years been approaching more and more, in all the rules and appointments of their houses of worship, to that form and shape which has the sanction of ages in its favor, and which is known to and spoken of by all men as the "churchly."

Nor will any length of time be able to

drive from the minds of men that word and idea, scattered by more than three centuries, through millions of books, that the building set apart for the public worship of God is a *church*, and not a mere *meeting-house*. But it is also true, that when the meeting-house became the temperance hall, and the lecture and concert room, and the place where the populace met to discuss politics and business, the desecration was complete, and the "Churchly Literature" of the world refused to consider the meeting-house as on an equality with an edifice solemnly consecrated to the worship and service of the Almighty, and to that alone. The word meeting-house was not "churchly," and however much they may have disliked to yield the point, it has been yielded; and as the meeting-house has gradually lost its early proportions and appearance, it has assumed the name which the literature of fifteen hundred years had fixed permanently in the language, and its defi-

nite and distinct idea in the minds and hearts of men.

But when the building came to have architectural form and beauty, and to acquire a new name, it came to need also the ancient adjuncts to worship—the organ and the choir; and along with those, irradicably imbedded in the literature of the world, came the commemorative days of the Church: Christmas with its evergreens, and Easter with its flowers, and preceded by Good Friday, and Advent, and Lent; and the Epiphany, and the Ascension, and Whitsuntide, and other days marked with reverence in the Church calendar.

Even the secular calendar is part of the “Churchly Literature” of the world. No man goes through his ordinary routine duties without finding his times and seasons set, named, and made by the Church. Amid the cares and distractions of business, he finds, with a most grateful sense of relief and rest, Christmas, and Epiphany, and Good Friday breaking in upon him. Naturally the history and reason of the observance of those days are sought and learned. Upon the most cursory examination of them, he finds his books of standard literature full of information upon the subject. In all the English Classics, in all those scholarly authors whose ripe thoughts, pure style, and excellent English, reading men turn to for recreation and instruction in the intervals of business, they find the churchly tone, thought, and language.

The Bible and Prayer Book are the foundations of “Churchly Literature.” Almost the whole body of received divinity was written by churchmen; and where of late years some other has offered a book for consideration, those who are familiar with the writings of our bishops and divines will find to their surprise how often and largely the denominational writers have drawn from that almost inexhaustable depository of eloquence and truth, the literature of the Church. If you go and listen

to the best educated of the denominational ministers, you will find them offering up their petitions in the very words of the Prayer Book, and when following it the most closely, admittedly the most eloquent and Godly.

Church literature does not partake of the sensational—it is not interspersed with the slang phrases of the day; and the preacher who discourses to his flock of the current topics of the week, instead of the Bible, its Author, and His works, finds himself straying far away from the style of Christ, the Apostles, and the Fathers, whom the Church, in all her teachings, delights to follow. “Churchly Literature” does not discourse lightly of sacred persons, or holy things, or consecrated places; but teaches constantly and everywhere an awe of them and a reverence for them. No loose thoughts or looser words defile its pages; and it neither teaches nor allows unseemly conduct or announcements within those buildings devoted to the service of Jehovah. It inculcates love to country, honor to dignities, respect to all men.

Whatever there is in this world of reverence for the God of our fathers, for the person of Christ, for the manifestation of the Holy Spirit; whatever there is of a growing love for beauty of architecture, and the pure esthetics of human worship; whatever there is to restrain the loose thoughts and crude expressions and blasphemous teachings, which when heard, shock the most unlettered, is due to the “Churchly literature,” whose sentiments enter more or less into the daily walk and conversation of all men.

In this we have a lever that should move the world toward the Church; and if we only understood and used our advantage herein, the rising generation would be imbued, not only with sound doctrine, but also, as its vehicle and defender, a form of sound, Churchly words.

SEMPER EADEM.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

A Death Scene of the Bible.—Gen. xix.

NIGHT.

It is now night, night! It is the last night before the unending fires of Sodom. It will be the wickedest night of this most wicked city. So it is; the most abandoned, the most exulting, the haughtiest wickedness comes just before the greatest fall.

Night! night: when all the emotions, sentiments, propensities, passions, and lusts of man are deepened, when deeds of darkness are more deeply dark. So, too, to the religious mind, it adds a solemn awe to its faith. The religious meeting has the greater effect, and the sermon is doubly strong to lay hold on the deep foundations of the conscience and the soul of man at night. But there is no faith, no sermon in Sodom; so the night to the Sodomites was like a curtain to cover their carnival of sin.

How beautiful, how appropriate, how like wise men hungering and thirsting after knowledge it would have been for the people of Sodom to have assembled at the doors of Lot, and to have escorted the two strangers, of noble mien and wise aspect, whom the patriarch with all hospitality was entertaining at his house, to the public place, and to have said unto them, "Men and brethren, tell us good news from the far country from whence you may have come, and from the lands where you have pilgrimaged! And if you have any word of exhortation, brethren, speak on!" And perhaps no people in all the ages would ever have heard such a sermon as these strangers could have uttered in their ears; for they could have told them in the eloquence of archangels of the heavens from whence they had but just now come. They could have told them in the eloquence of seraphim, of the Almighty God, the Lord of Hosts, in whose company they had just been, and who even then stood upon the verge of the mountains around about their

beautiful valley, waiting, it may be, for an invitation to come and sup with them and they with Him, until even the Sodomites would have cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" And even Sodom and Gomorrah, and Admah and Zeboim, would have remained unto this day the most favored of cities, in the most delicious of valleys, and the joy of the whole earth.

Ah, no! Sin is utterly besotting. It knows everything it wants to know already; it hates all true knowledge; the most ignorant of all things, it loves its darkness.

SCENE SECOND.—What do they? They raise a vast mob. In the language of the inspired story, "The men of the city, even the men of Sodom, compassed the house of Lot round, both old and young, all the people from every quarter." They demanded that the strangers be delivered to them, that they may commit sins so abominable that the tongue refuses to speak them for very shame and pollution. And while the seething, raging mob are storming the house, the angels smite them with blindness, that Lot may be saved.

This, however, does not deter the Sodomites, for they had gone on so long from abomination to abomination, revelling in all manner of lusts, and inventing new sins such as had never before been dreamed of, until their sensual and horrid desires had consumed them. So the Sodomites, though blind,—more blind with lust,—urge the siege to get possession of the bodies of the visitors.

SCENE THIRD.—*Up, get ye out of this place; for the Lord is come to destroy this city!*" cry out the archangels. "Where are your sons and your daughters; your sons-in-law and your daughters-in-law? Up, bring them out of this place!"

How blessed to be related to a friend of

God! There is salvation in being but a relative of such a one. Lot finds his kindred, and cries in their ears, "Up! and let us away; for the Lord will destroy this city!" But he seemed as one that mocked them. Ah, it is in vain for the besotted heart to have a kinsman akin to the Most High.

Poor Lot, he is bewildered; he knows not which way to turn. The angels lay hold of him, and upon his wife, and upon his two unmarried daughters, who are with him in his house; for while the hesitating, doubting Lot lingers, the angels remember the cry of the faithful Abraham unto Jehovah, and His promise to His praying servant, and they determine to save Lot for his uncle Abraham's sake. Still, there is salvation for the kindred's sake.

The angels force Lot and his wife and his two daughters out of the city. "*Escape for thy life; look not behind thee*, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest ye be consumed!"

"Oh, not so, my Lord!" cries out the half-doubting Lot. "Here is a little city;—is it not a little one? Let me stay in it. I will perish in the mountains!"

What a vivid picture of man unto this hour! He is dreadfully afraid of being damned; but he does not like to be saved in God's own way, with all his heart and soul and mind and might. He is all the time trying, or willing, at least, to be saved by the "skin of his teeth." The infinite Redeemer, who all this while still stands upon the surrounding mountains, inspires the angels—for the record says that "He still remembers the prayer of his loving Abraham." The request of Lot is granted. He flies into Zoar, and the little city is spared for his sake. Ten righteous would have saved Sodom; one righteous saved the little Zoar.

LAST SCENE.—It has thus taken all the night to save Lot. The sun is risen; and this day in Sodom shall be as all the days of the past! The day shall be as a rest,

that the Sodomites may refresh and strengthen themselves after the defeat of the night; that they may engage more passionately and besottedly in the pollutions of the coming eve. No, no, no! *Their time has come!* The time of the inevitable retribution and day of vengeance *is come!*

Jehovah, from his place upon the mountain's brow, stretches forth his hand and utters the word of doom! A night, deeper than that of Egypt and Erebus combined, puts out the light of the rising sun! The gloomy, black, deep thunder-clouds gather together, their fringes and centres gleaming with the forked flashes of lightning and torn with the bellowing thunder-bolts. No, no! No thunder-storm; far worse! Even a judgment day for the people of Sodom.

By the word of doom of the Lord of Hosts, it is as if the bottomless pit is brought up from the deepest abysses, and its awful mouth yawns over the doomed cities of the plain! From its profound centre come the sulphur, brimstone, and fire in one storm of pallid flame! One wild, wailing shriek from all the multitudes of the cities goes up through the columns of blazing fire into the mouth of the roaring pit—and all are burned to ashes. Every living thing, every house, every monument, every wall, all things dissolve to white ashes in those intensely blue and pallid sheets of fire. The very ground is melted and sinks below the level of the seas.

Bitter waters that taste of ashes and lye and brimstone cover the scene and put out the fires—waters in which no fish or living thing can exist—accursed of God. And thus it remains, the "Dead Sea," unto this hour.

And all is over.

"Remember Lot's wife!" She "looked back, * * * and she became a pillar of salt." Ah, let us draw near, and read the inscription, written by the unerring finger, that is upon that monument of salt. Read! "Almost saved, and yet lost."—*Phren. Journal.*

The Pastor from the Press.

OUR LORD'S INVITATION

To the Weary and Heavy Laden.

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—*Matthew*, xi. 28.

THESE are justly termed "comfortable words" in the Services of our Church; for they contain one of the freest and fullest invitations to come and partake of the blessings of peace with God and exaltation to glory that are to be found in Scripture. Whether we consider who it was that spake them, or their suitableness to our case as sinners before God, they should be treasured up in our remembrance as the support of our souls, the ground of our hopes, and our excitement to holiness.

As a means of thus impressing them upon our minds let us consider,

I. Who gives the invitation which they contain;

II. The description of persons to whom it is addressed; and

III. The blessing which is held out in them for their acceptance.

I. *The person who gives the invitation* is the Lord Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God; who, from the love and pity which He felt for us, left the throne of His glory that He might come to earth "to seek and to save that which was lost."

That He has authority to give such an invitation and power to make His words good, who can doubt? for in the verse preceding the text He says, "all things are delivered me of my Father: and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him." From whence we learn that He has power to do all we require for our salvation; and that through Him alone we can attain to the knowledge of the Father, "whom to

know is everlasting life;" "all power is now given Him both in Heaven and earth;" so that "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by Him."

But when we consider this, His authority and power; His high exaltation, His supreme dignity, our fears might naturally get the better of our hopes, from an apprehension lest our unworthiness should cause that power to be exercised in inflicting upon us the punishment our sins deserve rather than in the salvation of creatures so defiled. Lest such fears should possess our minds, He throughout his Gospel seeks to make His possessing that power a source of confidence to the penitent; so that when He declares all things to be delivered to Him of his Father, He immediately adds the invitation in the text, to show His gracious intention as to the use He will make of the authority invested in Him as "mediator between God and men." "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

And are we to suppose that His mind has undergone a change since He spake these words? No, surely! He who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," now stoops from the throne of His glory to beseech sinners to come to Him. He "hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation, as though He did beseech you by us;" our office is to "pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled." We invite you, therefore, to come to Him as your prevailing "Advocate with the Father," through whose atonement and intercession you can be received into favor, and admitted into glory. If you

ask how you are to come? I answer, it is by believing on Him, since He himself says, "He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst," where "coming to Him," and "believing on Him," evidently mean the same thing. Believe in Him, therefore, and ye shall be saved; trust in Him, and ye shall never be confounded; He himself invites you to "come and drink of the waters of life freely," promising that whosoever "cometh to Him He will in no wise cast out."

But it is the tendency of the deceitful heart of man to make him think that all is safe with him because *Christ offers* a free salvation; that he is quite secure because Christ died to save sinners; forgetful that His work and intention were to save us *from* our sins, not *in* our sins; and that none are delivered by Him from the *punishment* of sin, who are not made desirous of being delivered from the *power and dominion* of sin also. It is an easy thing for us to call ourselves by the name of Christians; we are, however, sadly loath to bear the mark of His people, which is that they "depart from iniquity." But that we have no reason to flatter ourselves that we have come to Christ in an acceptable way, so long as we have no desire to be partakers of His holiness, will, I trust, appear still more plainly when we consider,

II. *The description of persons to whom the invitation in the text is addressed.* They are described as those "who labour and are heavy laden." Let us, *then*, inquire who may be considered as coming under this character.

There are but few persons who do not "labor" more or less in their pilgrimage through life; "few and evil" are the days of man upon earth; "heavy laden" with sorrow and suffering are many of our race. We say, then, to such as groan beneath affliction and temporal calamities, "Come unto Christ, and He will give you rest." The knowledge of Him can alone make earthly trouble appear "light," and "but for a mo-

ment," because it directs the thoughts to "a far greater and more exceeding weight of glory" than this world, even when it smiles most favorably upon us, can open to our view.

But our Lord's hearers labored under a heavy burden in addition to that which *all* are liable to be forced to bear. They were Jews, and as such were bound to observe the ceremonial law given by Moses; which, by prescribing numerous and expensive sacrifices, and requiring the strictest observances of "meats and drinks, and divers washings and carnal ordinances," imposed upon them "a yoke which neither they nor their fathers could bear." To those who labored under this yoke, the addressing such an invitation as is contained in the text must have been most suitable and acceptable, since it invited them to a Saviour who was to "bring in a better hope," and who, "by one offering of Himself once offered, hath perfected forever them that are sanctified."

There is, however, a third class of persons to whom the invitation in the text is still more suitable, and for whom it was more immediately intended, namely, those whose consciences are oppressed with a weight of unpardoned or of indwelling sin. To such these words must prove words of comfort. Amongst this class of persons all who hope to enter into glory must be found, before the Gospel has any comfort for them. It is an easy matter to talk in a general way of the evil of sin; to exclaim against it as offensive to God and ruinous to man. It is comparatively easy to mourn over the ruin that *others* bring upon themselves by their neglect of spiritual things and their abuse of God's mercy; but to see *our own* sins in this light, to regard them as having "separated between us and our God," and exposed us most justly to his wrathful indignation; like David, to feel them "as a heavy burden, too heavy for us to bear;" to mourn because of the weight that is sinking our own souls into ruin; this is the difficulty;

this is what the *self-righteous*, the *ignorant*, and the *formal*, cannot be brought to feel, or even to comprehend, until the Spirit of God has convinced them of the extent and evil of sin; until they are "pricked to the heart," like Peter's hearers, so as to ask with all anxiety, "What shall we do?" Yet it is only to persons so convinced that we can hold out any encouragement to take comfort to themselves from the invitation of Christ; for He "came to seek and to save [only] that which was lost." Let none, therefore, presume to regard as their own, the promised blessings of the Gospel who are strangers to that "godly sorrow" which "worketh repentance unto salvation not to be repented of." Indeed, how can they who do not feel that they are hell-deserving sinners value a salvation which delivers from the torments of hell? To what avail is it to propose a means of recovery to those who do not feel themselves to be in danger; to comfort those who do not mourn? Let such persons either renounce the name of Christian, or their false, self-righteous confidence; and if they do feel sure of heaven, while they are not conscious of having forfeited it, let them not add the mockery of saying that they hope to reach it *through Christ*; for, if they deserve not hell, they need no Saviour, and therefore, so far as they are concerned, they would make it appear that He "died in vain."

But let such beware of the fearful consequences of renouncing Him whose name is "the only one under heaven given amongst men whereby they must be saved." Rather let them renounce their unscriptural self-confidence, and in the spirit of child-like simplicity and meekness receive the message of salvation, which is addressed only to the "weary and heavy laden;" who feel unable to rid themselves of the burden of their sins, except by laying it at the foot of the cross. Come to the Saviour who invites such; but come in his own appointed way, denying yourselves all merit, as well as all forbidden indulgence. Commit your-

selves into his hands, as the sick man would submit himself to the treatment of the physician, to be dealt with as He thinks fit, who knows the nature of that disease of sin which has infected the soul of every human being, the consequences of which are death eternal, and which He alone can cure.

And surely you are not without inducements to an acceptance of this invitation. He holds out for your encouragement a blessing which is suited "to revive the spirit of the contrite ones;" to "give them the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;" He offers *rest* to all who come to Him. "Come unto me," He saith, "all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." We are thus led to consider,

III. *The blessings held out for the acceptance of those who have been described under the second head.*

It is a blessing to obtain rest from the cares and anxieties of this life; it must have been a pleasing announcement to such of the Jews as were unable to view things in their proper light, to be told that Christ would relieve them from the observance of the burdensome ceremonies of their law; but, above all, it must prove "a saying worthy of all acceptance" to the awakened sinner, oppressed with the weight of a guilty conscience, to be promised a rest from all his terrors, all his doubts, if he but come to the Lord Jesus Christ to be relieved of his burden; he must partake of the feelings which gladdened the heart of the weeping penitent, when told by her Lord to "go in peace, that her sins were forgiven her."

The man who takes up his opinions as to the nature of sin from the sacred Word of God, and not from the fancies of his own or other men's imaginations, cannot but tremble at its consequences and groan beneath its dominion. From that unerring source he learns that "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish," are in store for "every soul that sinneth;" that the sentence incurred by all who "offend," even "in one

point," is, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." He also finds it declared, concerning himself and others, that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Can he then avoid trembling at the idea of "meeting his God," who must in that case be to him as a "consuming fire?"

Oh, my friends, if you have labored under the horrifying apprehension of incurring His everlasting wrath; if you have been aroused by the accusations of a guilty conscience, telling you that your sins have brought you under the curse of God's violated law; if you have trembled lest there should be no means open to you of escaping the wrath to come, hear the words of your all-sufficient Redeemer, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Come, lay your burden of guilt and terror at His feet; for He has borne that guilt in His body on the accursed tree, and, by suffering the penalty due to sin, has removed all occasion of terror from those who commit their souls into His hands.

We have, however, not only to labor under the burden which arises from our being conscious of guilt, but to struggle against that corruption which reigns within our hearts by nature, the infection of which, as the Ninth Article of our Church expresses it, "doth remain, yea even in them that are regenerate." The tendency of this corruption of our nature is to act as a continual drawback to our holiness, and oppose itself to the workings of Divine grace within us; "the flesh lusteth" against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh, so that we cannot do the things that we would."

Now they who have laid their burden of past guilt on a Saviour willing to ease them of it, and bear it for them, find that the power which this inherent corruption possesses over them is most oppressive; that they labor by reason of continual inward struggles; that they are harassed by a continual warfare between the contending powers of sin and holiness. I trust that I

speak to those who have experienced this; for theirs is a sad state indeed who have no convictions of sin—who experience no drawback in the way they tread; for, where grace is in the heart, the world, the flesh, and the devil are always sure to show their enmity and opposition by the force of their temptations, by which they seek to counteract its influence. If you do feel these struggles; if you are ready to say with Paul, "O wretched men that we are, who shall deliver us from the body of this death?" come, I beseech you, to Jesus, and He will give you rest, and enable you, like that apostle, to thank God "through Him." He will give you strength to resist; He will give the victory over your corruptions; and even though you may not be at once completely conquerors, yet, knowing that "His grace is sufficient," and that He "accepts the willing mind," you will find rest from the torturing reflection that your adversary is too powerful to be resisted, and that you must surely fall a victim to his devices, and so incur everlasting condemnation.

And yet, though it be glorious, and a cause for the warmest gratitude, to find rest from the terrors of a guilty conscience and the power of sin in the heart; what is this compared with the "rest that *remaineth* for the people of God?" Come to Me, says the Saviour, as He now stoops from the throne of His glory, come to Me, and find eternal rest in the mansions of endless bliss, where I now "prepare a place for you." Come from a world of toil and misery, temptation and suffering, to partake of joys which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Come to "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Come, and be "abundantly satisfied with the riches of My house, and taste of the rivers of [heavenly] pleasures for evermore."

Whatever peace, therefore, can be enjoyed in this world; whatever rest from anxious fears and chilling doubts can be

derived from the knowledge that "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit;" still bear it in mind that "ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance which the Lord your God giveth you." Let your thoughts and desires be directed to that period when that which is begun in grace shall be perfected in glory; when that Saviour, who now invites you to come to Him to find rest from the burden of your sins, shall welcome you, as the "blessed of His Father, into the kingdom prepared for His people from the foundation of the world."

But am I thus to encourage all whom I now address? do all here seek the rest which I have sought to describe? Let conscience answer the question. O beware, lest it be a rest from holiness that some of you are most desirous of; lest it be the burden of religion which you consider as most oppressive; since, alas! this is the case with multitudes who profess and call themselves Christians. If this be the burden you are wearied with; if a rest from it be what you desire; if you are ready to say in your hearts of the service of the Saviour, "What a weariness it is!" (as they certainly do who this day and at other times willingly absent themselves from the house of God); if you seek your rest in the things of this life; go to the world; set your hearts on what it can give; yield to the desires of the flesh; think no more of resisting the devil; and so run headlong to those realms of eternal darkness, where there will be no holiness, no sacred ordinances, no self-denying service of a Saviour to act as a restraint upon you and mar what you consider as your rest. But, before you do so, reflect whether you will thus find rest in the hour of death and in the day of judgment. Consider well, whether the accusations of a guilty conscience, the agonies of fruitless remorse and hopeless despondency throughout eternity, be a burden to be preferred to the yoke of that Saviour who invites the greatest sin-

ner here to turn to Him, and thus find rest to his soul; a Saviour whose yoke has always proved easy, and whose burden has ever been found light to those who have tried them. Choose you, then, the rest which you think preferable; and may the Spirit of God direct you to seek, as you value your everlasting happiness, the rest which "remaineth for the people of God." Attracted by the glare of worldly pleasure or gain, you, like the child who loiters on its way, beguiled by the objects which beset its path, feel no fatigue now; you neither "labor" nor feel yourselves "heavy laden;" but when the journey of life draws to an end; when the world is about to close on your view forever; O what a faintness! what an oppressive burden will then weigh upon your spirits! Where will your neglected souls then find rest, unless you come to the Saviour who can alone deliver from that weight of sin which you now bear; and which must otherwise sink you into the depths of eternal misery? Come to Him, then; trust in Him; dedicate yourselves to Him; lift up your hearts to Him in prayer for his converting grace; so shall you be enabled to find *rest* in time of trouble and difficulty, it being your privilege to "cast all your care on Him who careth for you;" *rest* from unsatisfied desires, being permitted to taste of that "peace which passeth all understanding;" *rest* in eternal glory, your guilt being removed through the atonement, and your persons justified through the righteousness of Christ, being thus "made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light."

O may all of you now, from Pisgah's height as it were, get such a view of the land of heavenly rest by faith, and be so attracted by the prospect, that you may continually "press forward" toward it with increasing ardor, until you reach it, and enjoy it forever, through the merits of Him who has opened "an abundant entrance" into it for as many as believe in His name!—*Amen.*

LIBERTY AND LAW IN THE CHURCH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE JARVIS GEER, D.D.

II.

SINCE the relations between things fixed and variable are not, as yet, clearly defined, and as a practical adjustment between Liberty and Law is yet to be fully made, it is evident that the true child of God will use with fidelity and diligence that which has been Divinely instituted, or set forth by properly-constituted authority.

The Church greatly needs the spirit of meekness and obedience in her children. Her temper, as shown in the large liberty which she accords, appeals to such a spirit. In practical life, where two rightly-disposed persons may not take the same view, and one considers that to be dangerous which the other deems harmless, authority is not interposed. The Church of Rome seems to us to relieve her members of their consciences, to put herself in the place of a conscience to them, and to direct where individual liberty is the natural right of man. In not a few Protestant bodies, fellow members are greatly occupied in watching each other. Certain amusements are specified in which their members may not participate, respecting which an apostle, we think, would only warn against excess. The hand of discipline falls rudely and suddenly. Excommunication becomes a familiar term, and of frequent occurrence. Whereas every Christian must learn within reasonable limits to take care of himself. Liberty and law, like mercy and truth, justice and love, are tempered together in a paternal government committed to one over us in the Lord. The layman is to look to his pastor for counsel and guidance, not to a board of lay officers; the pastor to his bishop, not to a synod of presbyters.

The Church recognizes the granting of practical liberty to her children as a necessity in the formation of a true character.

The personal exercise of principle, and a hearty love for the truth, insure not a servile but a willing and glad obedience, and a happy blending in the individual character of qualities seemingly opposite. Every Christian, for his own safety, must see that he has right principle and is controlled by it. The Church accords liberty as part of a system in which the correlative feature is that each one of her members is to guard his own spiritual life by conscientious watchfulness. He is carefully, religiously, and always to observe what hinders his prayers and weakens his spiritual life. What she grants is dangerous, if not complemented by a sense of personal responsibility. If there be little of this, better the specifying in detail of things forbidden, better the watching one another, with all its attendant evils. It is not loyal to choose one half the practical system of the Church and disregard the other. It is like having the impetus by which bodies are driven on, without the check by which the motion is regulated. We need both the impetus and the check, the centripetal and the centrifugal forces to keep the life in its true orbit.

The Church in her councils does not reaffirm the decalogue, does not legislate upon amusements, nor specify in what her members may or may not indulge. She keeps before them the ten commandments and all motives to devotion, to purity, and to heavenly mindedness. She adjures them from her pulpits and altars to watch unto prayer, to deny themselves for Christ's sake. She will not receive any to her membership by baptism until they renounce the devil and all his works. But, because she does not follow sharply with the rod of discipline (as if to take away position in the body were a power to be frivolously exercised), is it

loyal, is it generous, is it safe in her members so to use this liberty as to rush into the giddy follies and vanities of this wicked world, as do the children of the world? In the practical life this liberty is granted for one purpose. It may be perverted to another. So God gives life to men who may throw it away and perish. Liberty in practice is given to the members of the Church that they may develop and strengthen their consciences by a healthy use. There are some things which no one can do for another. This liberty, of necessity, makes license possible. It opens the door the other way, backward, through which we may, if we will, rush out into a career ending in the blackness of darkness forever. Each member takes the liberty which the Church grants him, with the attendant responsibility. He is safe only as long as he fears God and diligently uses the means of grace for the salvation of his soul. If he does not himself set the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus before him; if he will not heed the voice of warning—be influenced by the word of truth; if he will not survey and guard against the dangers to which he is exposed, then, under these circumstances, liberty proves to be no blessing to him, as life proves no blessing to one of whom it is said, “better were it for that man if he had never been born.” Any one may, if he choose, break laws of every kind. But this world was made for sane men. Those who have no sense of law, and so use their liberty as to disregard law, are counted unsafe, and are, by force, removed from the possibility of harming, not only others, but also themselves.

But are Church laws unchangeable?

I answer: Lawful modes for making coveted changes are provided. The way is clear, the field is open for discussion, for agitation, that any laws may be changed, any causes of grievance removed. No Churchman's liberty is interfered with in this respect. No canons or rubrics exist which

can deter him. No Episcopal authority can be invoked to suppress free discussion. Only convince the Church, or the majority in the Church, that something ought to be done which is not done, or omitted which is now done, and bring it to an issue in councils or conventions provided for this purpose, and the change is lawfully made. Then what is decreed through these efforts stands, and the respect for law of the aggrieved person, and his adoption of methods which are legitimate for changing the law, rule, or regulation, has helped to make the Church law-abiding.

But never can decrees or laws have any worth, if the temper of obedience to them, while they stand, be not in the children of the Church. They alone are wise who hasten slowly, who will not take the changing of the law into their own hands by breaking it. For what purpose have we legislative bodies provided for in the very constitution of the Church, if it be permitted to disregard their enactments? How empty of all dignity do these bodies become! How idle a performance to choose and send delegates to them! If the law-breaking spirit is to be tolerated, then united, corporate existence of any kind becomes impossible.

Liberty bestowed, or earned, is one of God's sweetest gifts. Liberty prematurely demanded and seized, through breaking the law, is a snare of the devil.

It is a foolish as well as a wicked act in a child to steal that which his parent purposes to give him, when it can be safely given.

He who after His death and resurrection said, “All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth,” had been taken by the tempter at the beginning of His ministry into an exceeding high mountain, that He might see all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, and was told by the devil, “All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.” The Son of God was the Great Ex-

emplar, in that He would take nothing before the time; nothing illegitimately and by anticipation, or by avoiding the conditions affixed thereto. "The heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all; but is under tutors and governors *until the time appointed of the Father.*" "Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered."

They who make haste to enjoy liberty, despising conditions and necessary restrictions, who disregard the necessity of a true and wholesome preparation, do not imitate the wisdom of Him who said unto His disciples, "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." True interests are put in peril by impatience, and in solving the problem of the true

relation of liberty and law, of things fixed and variable, healthful progress is rendered impossible.

No great movements in the Church, in either direction, are without the power of contributing to make her better adapted to her work at the present day and among those for whom she labors. There is something in each movement which can aid in making her broad without becoming latitudinarian, and Catholic without becoming Romish. Wisdom, caution, consideration, frankness, the spirit of obedience, Godly sincerity, and "always abounding in the work of the Lord," will disarm suspicion among brethren, and help true men to see eye to eye. "GREAT PEACE HAVE THEY WHICH LOVE THY LAW, AND NOTHING SHALL OFFEND THEM."

THE FIRST RECORDED BURIAL.

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

THE first mention, in the Hebrew Scriptures, of a burial, is that of Sarah, the wife of Abraham. Of each of the patriarchs, with one exception, whose names are recorded in the 5th of Genesis, it is briefly said, "and he died." It is not added, "and was buried." From the death of Abel, the first to die, to that of Sarah, a period of 2,000 years, in no instance are we told what disposition was made of the mortal remains. "All the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years; and he died." What was "the order for the burial of the dead" at the funeral of the first man? And where did they lay the dead body?

The first burial-place described in the sacred records is the cave which was selected as the burial-place of Sarah. Of this sepulchre we have, in the book of Genesis, a history of affecting simplicity and beauty. While Abraham was a stran-

ger and a sojourner at Hebron, his wife died, and he was obliged to seek for her a burial-place. The people of the land honored him as a mighty prince among them, and offered him his choice of their sepulchres. He must have appreciated the kindness of the offer, but he naturally preferred a family burial-place of his own, and he had set his heart on a cave in the field of Machpelah, which seemed fitted for the sad purpose. The field and cave therein belonged to Ephron the Hittite. For some reason, which does not appear, Abraham did not first apply to this man for the purchase of the cave, but he asked his friends and neighbors to apply for him. Ephron offered Abraham both the field and the cave as a gift. The bereaved patriarch was unwilling thus to receive them. He would not be dependent, so long as no necessity required it, on the generosity of others, nor would he bury his beloved dead in a sepulchre which

had cost him nothing. "I will give thee money for the field;" he said to Ephron; "take it of me, and I will bury my dead there." Ephron in reply named four hundred shekels of silver as the worth of the field. This sum Abraham paid by weight to Ephron, in the presence of the people of the land. The contract and payment having been publicly witnessed, the field, with the cave therein, "and all the trees that were in the field," became the property of Abraham and his heirs. This is the first recorded instance of a legal conveyance of real estate, and it is remarkable that it is the conveyance of a burial-place. All men cannot be landholders, but every man may reasonably expect to have, some day, as much land as may serve for a grave. In the cave of Machpelah Abraham buried his wife. Thirty-eight years passed away and his sons buried him in the same cave. One hundred and thirty-two years later, Jacob, dying in Egypt, remembered that family sepulchre, and charged his sons to bury him therein. Having described it as "the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, before Mamre, in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron the Hittite," he added the words so touchingly expressive of the natural wish to rest among one's kindred, "There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah." After these specific directions there could be no mistake as to the locality of the sepulchre to which Jacob's last thoughts and wishes were turned, and his sons accordingly carried him into Canaan and laid him with his fathers Abraham and Isaac.

With the burial of Jacob the record of burials in the cave of Machpelah closes. This cave is not now in the possession of its rightful owners, the heirs of Abraham. Little did the honored patriarch imagine, when he purchased it as a burial-place, that in distant ages it would lie within the walls of a mosque, while his descendants, whose

presence in the land should be its protection, would be scattered among the nations,—"an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word,"—because they would not hearken unto the voice of the Lord their God. And yet it is gratifying to know that the tomb of the patriarchs has been protected, though by the hands of Turks, infidels, and heretics. What countless multitudes of the wise and good have passed away of whose graves we know nothing!

"Dust long outlives the storied stone,
But 'they'—'their' very dust is gone."

The most remarkable burial mentioned in the New Testament, and the only one of which the particulars are given, is that of Him who took on himself our nature, and was born into the world for the express purpose of tasting death for every man. The unadorned narratives left on record by four of His disciples have made us familiar with the circumstances of that death and burial in which every man is interested. His burial took place on the day of his death; there was no necessity of delay, for life was known to be extinct. The body was laid in a rich man's tomb, according to the prediction of Isaiah made nearly seven hundred years before. The tomb was new, and "hewn out in the rock." It was closed by a great stone, which was sealed with the Roman seal, and a guard of Roman soldiers was stationed by it to gratify the Jews, who feared, or pretended to fear, that the body might be stolen away. But the sepulchre could not retain its voluntary victim longer than He saw fit to remain. He had said that He had power not only to lay down His life, but also to take it again. He had sublimely said, "I am the resurrection and the life," and He verified his words. On the morning of the third day He laid aside the linen clothes and the napkin, and came forth from the tomb never to enter it again. From that hour death had no more dominion over Him.

Jesus Christ is the representative of his people. His resurrection is the pledge of theirs. If we are His by adoption and grace, the thought of our death and burial need not disturb us. That thought is more than counterbalanced by the assurance, that

"the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in Him shall be changed, and made like unto His own glorious body; according to the mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself."

E. H. D.

POPULAR PREACHERS.—Strictly speaking, we have in our Church no popular preachers, and, looking at the world at large, perhaps it is a matter of congratulation that this is the case. To say that we have no powerful preachers would be quite another thing. But the public, that is, the religious public, are apt to be deluded into admiring brilliant metaphors and witty utterances, and through their admiration vitiate their tastes until they become a sort of opiate which, though they know them to be unsatisfying, yet draw them with a magic spell, which is nothing more than the power which superior intellect always obtains over weaker minds and heads.

This insidious poison seems more potent and wide-spread now than ever before.

Look around and point out the pulpits where the popular preachers are to be found. Are they not in the ranks of Unitarians and Free-Thinkers? And those who in more orthodox sects claim a like distinction, would surely be repudiated as unworthy descendants of the Puritan divines, whose pulpits they now occupy.

A popular sermon rarely has more of Christ in it than barely suffices to cement together the morals drawn from current events, political harangues, and a host of platitudes, which tinkle in the ears of the congregation like gold and silver, but which they soon find to be but sounding brass.

A Bishop of the Church, at one time outside its fold, first lost his popularity with the people then under his charge, because, they said, "he is always talking about the Incarnation." Happily, now, the ears of

his people are not offended at the preaching of Christ crucified.

Not only are current events pressed into service, but ill-timed jokes and irreverent witticisms are introduced "to point a moral and adorn a tale."

The most fruitful source of popularity is in the introduction of items of general news, such as the last defalcation or murder—and the local columns of the daily papers are decked out with rhetorical flourishes, and a spice of morality, which send a congregation away pleased and entertained.

But there comes a time when such sermonizing loses its relish. The popular preacher, unless his genius is of a very brilliant order, begins to decline; his style is old; unfortunately his sermons being based on the topics of the day cannot be repeated. A new star is in the ascendant. Happy for his memory if his search for things new wears him out while in the height of his popularity. If so he goes to his grave deplored—if not, forgotten.

Theodore Parker is a striking example of the popular preacher. During his life his sermons were listened to with breathless attention and read with admiration. How few years it is since his death, but at the present time there is no demand for his works, and his name reaches us seldom in public print.

Bible truths, and the teachings of the Church, afford a fruitful theme and an inexhaustible store, and a faithful, earnest exposition of these will give us better teaching and sounder Christianity than all the morals drawn from political corruption or the crimes of the town.

WOMAN, WHY WEEPEST THOU?—Woman was the first word uttered by our Lord after His resurrection. As connected with the question which follows, it is an expression of sympathy with the disconsolate Mary, who stayed, weeping at the sepulchre, after those who came with her had gone to their homes. But may we not, also, understand it as significant of the restoration of woman to the dignity lost in the first transgression? Jesus, taking our nature upon Him through His being born of a woman, was the regeneration of humanity. His resurrection was the complement and glorious crown of that regeneration; and this preëminent honor done to the sorrowing Magdalene—these first resurrection words spoken to a daughter of Eve, are a spring and fountain of blessedness for all the generations of daughters, sending forth streams of comfort and joy wherever the name of Christ is revered. Yes, the risen Jesus, opening his lips with “Woman!” may we not fancy it to shadow forth what His religion has done for woman? Compare her condition as wife, mother, sister, daughter, with what it is outside of Christendom, or with what it was under the old dispensation in its best estate. See her position in the Christian family and the Christian Church, and her means and opportunities of usefulness, and of those ministrations of love and pity which have become her especial province, and then read in these first accents of the Resurrection a message of gladness to every good woman who hears them: “Why weepest thou?” O woman, henceforth weep no more. I am risen. I am thy deliverer. I have broken thy bonds. I have lifted thy burdens from off thee. “I have set thee in a good place,” giving thee “beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.” Aspire, too, as thou mayst, to be among the missionaries of the Cross; for was not Mary the first missionary? Was she not an apostle to the apostles, when she hastened to them with the news of His rising?

In the services of Christian discipleship, in the most precious of which her nature fits her to excel, in elevating and sanctifying the relations in which God has placed her, not in violations of His order, see true woman's rights—her rights divine.

How poor and narrow a heart must that Christian have who confines his love to things present, sweating and toiling for a small part of the goods of this world which itself is so little! Why doth he content himself with some path of the earth, when he may be lord of the whole heavens? Let us not, therefore, who are to die to-morrow, afflict ourselves for that which may perish sooner than we. Let us not enjoy that which we leave; but let us lay up our treasures in heaven, that kingdom of the blessed, where the riches, joys, and comforts are eternal, and can never be taken from us. I will, therefore, study to use this world with indifferency, and shall not be puffed up when things succeed happily, nor dejected when they fall out crossly, but shall bless God in all conditions. Whether rich or poor, I will bless the Lord at all times. His praises shall be ever in my mouth; I shall never complain of the necessities of life, since, though all things fail me, the means of my salvation will not fail me; for even that want may be a means to obtain it.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

AT a recent Presbyterian ministers' meeting in Boston, a long discussion was held on requiring candidates for admission to the Church to assent to full creeds. Some thought that Congregational churches conferred such high duties on its members that strict qualifications should be demanded for admission. Prof. Porter, of New Haven, advocated admitting catechumens, who should come to the Lord's Supper, and receive the care of the Church, without participating in Church government. The new Congregational church at Lynn is organized on this plan.

TO A FRIEND IN AFFLICTION.

BY COL. WM. MUNFORD.

I KNOW in grief like yours how more than vain
All comfort to the stricken heart appears;
And as the bursting cloud must spend its rain,
So grief its tears.

I know that when your little darling's form
Had freed the angel spirit fettered there,
You could not pierce beyond the breaking storm
In your despair.

You could not see the tender hand that caught
Your little lamb, to shield him from all harm;
You missed him from your own, but never thought
Of Jesus' arm!

You only knew those precious eyes were dim;
You only felt those tiny lips were cold;
You only clung to what remained of him
Beneath the mould.

But oh! young mother, look! the gate unbars!
And through the darkness, smiling from the skies,
Are beaming on you, brighter than those stars,
Your darling's eyes.

'Tis said that when the pastures down among
The Alpine hills have ceased to feed the flocks,
And they must mount to where the grass is young—
Far up the rocks,

The shepherd takes a little lamb at play,
And lifts him gently to his careful breast,
And, with its tender bleating, leads the way
For all the rest;

That quick the mother follows in the path,
Then others go, like men whose faith gives hopes,
And soon the shepherd gathers all he hath—
Far up the slopes.

And on those everlasting hills He feeds
The trusting fold in green that never palls;
Look up! O see! your little darling leads,—
The Shepherd calls!

Church Work.

CHURCH GUILDS, OR LAY COÖPERATION IN CHURCH WORK.

BY THE REV. F. M. GREGG, M.A.

[Published by request.]

DEAR BRETHREN, members of the Church Guild of Cincinnati:

It affords me much pleasure to meet you on this occasion, as you are laboring to promote an interest of great concern to the Church, and one very dear to my own heart.

You were among the first, in the West, to organize strongly, and in a manner to be effective, a Church Guild, and in behalf of the Church Guild of Springfield, Ill., I congratulate you on your success.

You occupy an important field, Cincinnati having become a great centre of population, and you must attract attention in whatever you undertake.

Your reports of Church Guild work have been largely read, and with much interest and profit. You are endeavoring to place your laity in positions of usefulness and responsibility, having decided that every talent of the Church should be employed, and that there should be such organization as to secure combined and well-directed efforts, thereby making the ministrations of the clergy more general and effective, and building up and sustaining interests that would otherwise be neglected.

It is now well understood that we, as a Church, have failed to make use of many proper and valuable means and instrumentalities in doing our work. It is now apparent that there has not been a sufficient measure of lay coöperation; not, as we believe, from a want of disposition on the part of the laity to work, but in consequence of a failure on the part of the

Church to organize in such a manner as to give them employment.

They have been invited to the public services chiefly to hear sermons, but they have not been placed in such positions as would enable them to help on materially the great work of propagating the Gospel and extending the kingdom of Christ. Vast energies, great intelligence, and zeal capable of the most glowing ardor have been kept in a state of comparative indolence or repose, and thus their persuasive power has been lost to the Church. A great change, however, has taken place within the past few years. There has been a great revolution in public sentiment, and the existence of your Church Guild indicates that this revolution has reached Cincinnati, and that you are waking up with a resolution to take possession, if possible, of your inheritance, and to elevate to a higher position, in this community, our pure and true branch of the Church of God. It is not too late to achieve great results; but it *is* too late to reclaim ground now so strongly fortified by error,—it is too late to take every position where the standard of the Church might have been planted by timely organization, definite aims, and well-directed efforts.

Lay coöperation is a necessity growing out of the constitution of the Church and the needs and perils of mankind. The whole tenor of revelation shows that God intended and proposed to make the greatest possible use of human agencies in the work of evangelizing the world, not for the relief of Almighty power, but for the ben-

effit of the agencies themselves, since our coöperation with God as a means of purification, and the elevation and improvement of our fallen race, is next in importance to the remedial virtue of the Atonement supplemented by Divine grace.

If it is well and necessary for us to accept for ourselves the terms and conditions of salvation, then it is just as necessary for us to exercise our gifts and talents, not only for the maintenance of our own spiritual life, but for the propagation of the faith and the extension of the Church. "What must I do to be saved?" is the cry of the anxious soul, and its full and complete answer, if there are capabilities and opportunities for usefulness, embraces more than repentance, faith, and baptism: it embraces diligence and zeal in the work of extending the kingdom of Christ by the faithful use of all natural and acquired gifts, on the part of all who are capable of comprehending the laws of spiritual life and growth, the necessities of our condition, and the responsibilities of the renewed soul to God. There are certain offices to be performed only by the ministry of the Church, but there are many others of great importance which may and *should* be performed by the laity, they having all the requisite qualifications, and being in a position to perform them. They have the various talents and gifts of Christian manhood, and, with these, they have great personal influence and force. They are capable of producing deep and lasting impressions for good,—instructing the ignorant, succoring the needy, comforting the distressed, confirming the faithful by their religious example and experience, diffusing in various ways the light, and dispensing the blessings of the Gospel; going where the clergy cannot go, doing what they cannot do, either from want of time, means, or opportunity; thus increasing the number of willing and efficient laborers, and augmenting the aggregate of good done for and in the name of Christ.

But how shall this lay coöperation be secured? How shall it be made effective and most valuable? Is our present system the best for this purpose? Shall we continue to allow each one to do what he can, or may feel disposed to do, in his own sphere and in his own way? or shall the Church be organized in such a manner as to give position and incentives to diligence and faithfulness to the laity? Shall a little be done in confusion and disorder? or shall the Church go forward with the precision, unity, and strength of a thoroughly disciplined army, attacking the strongholds of evil with hand in hand, and heart beating in contact with heart?

Victory is achieved because every soldier in the long line of conflict does his duty in the hour of peril. Many a one engaged in the strife is wanting in courage and strength; or he may be even wanting in devotion to his prince and loyalty to his government, but he nevertheless does his duty; the clamor of arms hushes all murmurs of discontent, makes the weak valiant and strong, and throws all into a phrenzy of enthusiasm, causing all to strike the same blow at the same time.

Employment is often the result of position and circumstances over which the individual has no control. Necessity is created by the concurrence of time and place. The position held demands an effort, and the effort is made. The seeming impossibility is accomplished, and the world is enriched and advanced by it. It would be well if man in every position in life were moved by a sense of duty and responsibility. It would be well if he were less a machine and more a man in many positions in which he is placed and required to act; but is it not better that organization should supplement even manhood than that an important work should not be achieved? Is it not better that there should be an impressment by the circumstances of position than that a great interest, requiring a united effort, should perish?

We have the same need of organization in the Church as in the world. There are great things to be done, requiring unity of action; nor should we hesitate, when the interests of Christ's kingdom are at stake, to make use of such appliances and means as are necessary to enable men to work together in a common interest; and it becomes a more important consideration when we take into account the advantages of heavenly gifts in Christ Jesus, and the inspiration of a true love for Him and His cause, making us, not mechanical but intelligent and interested laborers: working, "not with eye service, as men pleasers, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart." With this love inspiring all hearts the Church organized and well directed is a living, irresistible power, overcoming the world, and establishing the truth even in the strongholds of error.

Lay coöperation is to be secured by the establishment of Church Guilds, brotherhoods, sisterhoods, and various associations, some parochial, others more general in their character, all working in harmony with the Church; thus giving position and work to a larger number of persons, employing more lay readers and colporteurs, more teachers, and more nurses for the sick and feeble-minded, drawing more largely on the liberality of Christian men and women of wealth in the erection of asylums, houses of mercy, hospitals, and orphan homes.

The Church of God must employ means and instrumentalities other than the public services and the preaching of the Word to carry on her work. There must be wheels within the great wheel of the Church to produce the desired results, and we have not to look very far to see what such internal organizations have accomplished, and how blind we have been to our interests and the interests of the Church.

The Church of Rome, with a policy which we cannot commend in all its details, teaches us, and to our sorrow too, many valuable lessons; showing us what the re-

sources of the Church of God are, and what she may accomplish by a diligent use of her gifts and endowments. With all our boasted intelligence, industry, and zeal, we have suffered the Church of Rome to encompass the land with a host of Christian women, united in the closest bonds, and sworn to spend their lives in the propagation of the faith. They have built up parochial schools, convents, houses of mercy, hospitals, and orphan homes in all our cities and towns; and they are now not only bidding, and successfully too, for the training of our children, but for the care and nursing of our sick. They are working so quietly and unobtrusively that many, even in our own communion, suppose them to be harmless; that they are laboring not for the extension of the Church, but for the cause of education, and that they are not, therefore, unworthy of our confidence and support. Deluded parents are led to believe that no efforts are made to proselyte their children by these Romish teachers, not knowing or remembering that insensible influences are the most potent in forming habits and character, and that personal influences and example, first engaging the attention, will then gain the affections, and finally control the judgment and the life. Shall we condemn this powerful system? Only wherein it is specious, unfair, and Romanizing. Its work is evil only because the power which directs it is corrupt. As an instrumentality of the Church it is legitimate and proper, and education, as a means of Church extension, is not to be disregarded. We ask not for temporal power, nor seek the control of the institutions of civil government, but we must not be slow to make a liberal use of what God has placed within our reach for the propagation of the faith. If we would deeply impress this age and keep pace with the institutions of social, scientific, and civil reform, we must be watchful and diligent. We must have places other than the Church edifice, and instrumentalities other than the public

worship, to inculcate the truths of the Gospel. Religion must make a free use of her own products to extend her dominion; and, if liberal and refined, education will follow in her train; let her use it as an instrument of righteousness, and thus show to the world that knowledge and godliness are not divorced, but that they go hand in hand in evangelizing the world.

From the annual statement made by the "Sisters of St. Mary," in New York, for the year 1871, we give an extract to show that the good work of providing for the churchly education of our girls in a churchly way has, at least, begun.

"In the year 1867, the principal and proprietor of a boarding and day school for young ladies, known as Hobart Hall, and which he had conducted some sixteen or seventeen years, turned it over entirely to the Sisters of St. Mary. The Sisters have carried it on with marked success; the number of pupils was at first eighteen, it is now eighty.

"The school has thus far outgrown the building; every room in the house is inconveniently crowded, and numbers of applicants have been turned away, because there was no place for them. To meet these difficulties, and to provide the means for a greater increase of their work, the Sisters have purchased and now own a valuable property on Forty-sixth street, near Fifth avenue, to which they will shortly remove. It is the Sisters in this branch of their work who furnish to young girls an education on terms as low as those of the Roman Catholic schools. Until this can be done, parents will not desist from placing their daughters in those institutions; the money question is found by experience to outweigh others of serious importance, and under the inexorable stricture of a limited income, persons are induced, if not compelled, to put their children under influences which they fear. We wish to see the occasion for such a sacrifice of inclination removed; the only way seems to be that

which the Sisters are pursuing; and the results thus far indicate success."

Instead of regarding the Romish educational system as only calculated to promote error, and as necessarily subversive of the truth, we should organize, and do, to a great extent, a similar work. Women have gifts of the highest order, with a zeal which knows no abatement, and they have those qualifications which make the most impressive and successful teachers of the young; and if the Church will not organize and employ them, they will be carried, many of them, into the eddying currents which sweep around the maelstrom of woman's rights and the popular excitements of the day. If the Church will not give them employment in schools, in houses of mercy, in orphan homes, thus giving those who, from choice, would do this work an opportunity to use in the interest of Christ and His Church their God-given faculties, they will either seek the communion of Rome, remain in idleness, or devote themselves to fashion and the follies of the world. We do not overrate the zeal of the Church, we believe, in saying there are hundreds of intelligent and zealous women now in our communion who would give their means, their personal services, yea their lives, to the Church, were our system such as to offer them work and positions of usefulness; and in time, through the instrumentality of sound teaching, the prayers of faithful mothers, and the grace of God, many who would otherwise be devoted to fashion and worldliness would become obedient, loving, and useful servants of the Church of God, instructing the ignorant, reclaiming the fallen, visiting the sick, and comforting the dying, as well as adding grace and dignity in the public services, and adorning still higher positions in the courts of grace.

Shall the Church have sisterhoods and brotherhoods? We know of no valid arguments against them. On the contrary, we find many in their favor. These arguments

have, within the past few years, produced a deep and lasting impression in the highest councils of the Church, giving new conceptions of mission work in all its varied and wide-spread interests, convincing all reasonable men that we have been slighting and wasting great talents, and giving up a vast and important field of Church work to those whose influence we dread as we dread disease and death.

By the help of organization the Church might be interwoven with the entire fabric of society, and from a thousand sources, now unknown to us, she would receive assistance and strength, and she would soon take the lead in all needed and substantial reforms, and her scholastic and eleemosynary institutions, from the increased offerings of her men and women of wealth, would become the pride and glory of our land. She would have *many* sons and daughters who would rather hush the pitiful cries of the poor and destitute with the garments of charity and the bread of mercy than to receive the applause of the conqueror; there would be more love for Christ expressed in material and visible forms, and less devotion to the things of the world, and to the establishment and maintenance of such institutions as injure instead of strengthening and conserving God's Church. We should have the sacrifice, not merely of a little time and attention to religious duties, and little gifts placed on God's altar, but we should have the nobler sacrifice of life sanctified and subdued to the will of Christ, presenting with it all its gifts and talents, both temporal and spiritual, and recognizing the Divine claim upon all that is needed in the work of human redemption.

With lay coöperation and organization there should be definite aims and a far-reaching observation of the future in all its interests and developments. Great energies, precious time, and talents, should not be wasted in doubtful experiments; nor should we be short-sighted in our concep-

tions of the growth and expansion of the Church.

There are men whose possibilities in business pursuits are far-reaching, and yet with their boundless aspirations they work from day to day with distinct plans and definite aims. They plan and execute on the scale of millions, and there are few things they will not attempt to grasp. In them the mind, in its application to temporal things, shows its greatest comprehension and power, and when many like minded unite in the interest of science or commerce, government or reform, they achieve gigantic results.

The aims and purposes of a day gather at last into a monument which attracts the attention and excites the admiration of the world. Shall we allow such men to surpass the Church, either in the definitiveness of her aims or the grandeur of her achievements? Shall she not perform more arduous labors and display greater zeal and devotion than they?

Shall we not learn, that if we would execute great things we must plan great things, remembering that God's work is of the greatest importance, and that the superstructure upon which we are engaged is "built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone." What is the building of cities, or the spreading of commerce in comparison with it? They shall wax old as doth a garment and perish, but it shall remain, extending and becoming more beautiful and pure in the far distant ages.

"A few years ago, an island sprang from the bed of the Mediterranean between Sicily and the ancient Carthage. Another more recently rose from the bottom of the Grecian Archipelago before the eyes of the American Consul." Deep in the ocean's bed the coral unobserved does her work, building strong foundations, to be carried by her own industry and skill, or forced by some convulsion of nature, above the surface, and to stand as an enduring monument of

industry, definitiveness, and skill, as well as the power and goodness of God.

So shall the Church emerge from the ocean-depths of moral pollution, through the virtue of the Atonement and the coöperative agency of man, bearing upon her bosom, not the debris of nations destroyed

in sin and wickedness, but all the buried pearls of the ages, God's purified and redeemed souls, dazzling in the light of Heaven, displaying in their beauty the love of Christ, the freedom of the Spirit, the wisdom of God the Father, and the glory of the Eternal Trinity.

MY PARISH AT STURBRIDGE.

BY THE REV. WALTER MITCHELL.

You will look in vain for it upon the map. Nor, when I tell you its name was, ecclesiastically, St. Paul's, will you be any the wiser. It is of "no consequence," because I do not now propose to describe any of its peculiarities—whether it was ritualistic or evangelical, to make comic sketches of its wardens, or highly colored ones of its Sunday school teachers. In fact, I have nothing to say about my stationary flock further than this, that they were a kind, loving, and faithful people; indulgent to their rector and united within themselves. I say my stationary flock, my proper cure over whom the bishop set me. There was another flock to whom I was called to minister, and it is of these I wish to speak. They were the poor. I have heard enthusiastic brethren speak of God's poor, as if poverty and godliness had a certain occult but necessary sympathy. Now, whenever by reason of caste or social institutions the rich mean those who have hereditary possessions jealously maintained, or who have invaded with the strong hand the rights of others, the poverty may represent the weak, the patient, and the unselfish. In lands where the great social strata represent successive deposits of the fiery lava-stream of conquest, to be undermost may mean to be also pure and unworldly—at least to be oppressed and evil entreated.

But this class of whom I am now speaking I should be tempted to call, if I had to give them an ownership, "the devil's poor."

They were of that order of men of whom St. Paul said, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." Their poverty was the direct consequence of vice, laziness, and evil habits. In the first place, there is always work to be found where a man's home is. That work is the stepping-stone to other work. If a man will better himself, and wishes to change his abode therefor, it is commonly with the idea that he is to get better pay for less toil. This is what is understood when a youth goes to the city from the country to seek his fortune. He goes at a risk. Two things he must provide beforehand: first, that the kind of work he can do is wanted; and secondly, that he can get it. No work that is worth doing but requires some guarantee of character and fitness. Employers have a right to demand this before they employ, and no one should go to a city to seek work unprepared to give this. Most men who are fit for anything, and are willing to be that for which they are fit, know this and act accordingly. If they can rise, they make one employment the stepping-place to another, and do not take their foot off one rung of the ladder till they see where the next is. There is always a suspicion about the migratory poor. They are either those who are fit for nothing useful—shiftless, slack, and weak; or they are morbidly sensitive to their social position, and are unwilling to come down in the world and do as their richer brethren and sisters have to do—re-

trench and economize. But they can be managed. If they will stay long enough in a place they can be helped and lifted up, if they will suffer it. I had such in my parish, but they were not the devil's poor. They only needed a little Christian sympathy and a good deal of Christian patience shown them.

But the "tramps" proper are not the migratory poor, they are tramps and nothing else. There is an upper crust of vagrancy, and an under crust of crime, and a thorough pervading viciousness. They will not work, but they do not recognize the apostolic corollary of the not eating. At least, it is very certain that they will drink. It is very certain that they will lie; almost certain that they will steal; very probable that they will do other mischief. Of course, they cannot easily get work, but they will not have it. For a breakfast they will set to labor for a little while, with ostentatious briskness; but turn your back, and they are off—perhaps your hoe, spade, or scythe with them, or, it may be, any stray garment drying on the lawn, or, in brief, whatever inconsidered trifles may be about. Yet, if they will not work, they toil weary, dusty, muddy miles, always at the one slouching, sullen pace, and over roads painfully familiar they drift to and fro. The same amount of marching would give them full rations and comfortable barracks if they would only enlist, not to mention whole clothes and money in their pockets. Now, to be sure, they are their own masters, and very bad masters too, and that may be a compensation; but it always seemed to me that they were enduring all of the fatigue and getting none of the comfort of honest and better men.

Sturbridge, my parish, lay in the track of these. By actual register, in six months' time, sixteen hundred of them passed through it. That is, on an average, nine *per diem*. But this represents only the number applying to the poormaster for a night's lodging. Probably quite as many more take up their quarters elsewhere, merely

stopping in Sturbridge to beg. By a very simple process I might have had the relieving of every one. If I had given ten cents (and you can hardly give a starving man less) to the first ten that came to my door, and let it be understood that this was my custom, I could have insured the regular calls of the whole fraternity. This, at the rate we have been computing, would give about sixty-four hundred for the year, or six hundred and forty dollars' worth of expected charity. It was pretty obvious that out of a salary of five hundred (this was years ago) some would come short. It was therefore needful to make some discrimination. If any were to be left out, it must be the least worthy. This involved the hearing, and also the sifting, of numberless stories, and the doubting, to say the least, of some. I do not mean that I heard them all, or anything like it; but only those whom I *had* to hear. There were enough of them, at that. There was a general, all-pervading sameness. After they began to frequent my door, and to ask for me by name, I found out that, however envious rivals might call the Protestant Episcopal Church aristocratic, it was really the Church of the lowly, the very lowly. Every dirty and disreputable scamp in the land seemed to belong to it. Not only did they claim to belong to my Church, but they gave confirmation strong, by telling the name of the parish from which they came and the name of the rector. Sometimes they added little touches of information about his family, personal appearance, and so forth, especially if I did not know him. At one season, just after the bishop of the diocese had finished building a church, all the workmen upon it appeared to have suddenly been turned loose upon the world penniless, and seeking passage to New York, it is presumed, to find other churches to build. At the same time, never a word of blame was bestowed upon the bishop for this non-payment. It was all due to (or rather from) a mythical person, vaguely known as "the contractor."

I afterward ascertained that the real workmen were worthy and sober stone-masons, who dwell to this day, as it were, under the shadow of the said church, and never had occasion to wander from it. These men probably never laid a stone in their lives, and if they did, took precious good care never to lay another.

Then there were the shipwrecked sailors. I was *not* charitable to them. A sailor has no business out of a seaport, and if he wants to go from one port to another, he knows how to get there without troubling the land much. So that, after a while, the stories ceased of "the brig Polly Ann, wrecked off Point Judith, from which me and six others only got ashore."

Then there were the women with children. These were very trying cases, especially when they asked for food. The feminine sympathies of the head of the household were often aroused, but at last gave way at the spectacle of the bread and butter, taken directly from our own table, strewn along the side of the street. So we adopted a compromise, requiring immediate consumption under our own eyes, and this had the effect of soon diminishing the number of our guests. It is a curious habit of these tramps—this demand for food when they do not want it. They ask it only to fling it away. One parishioner, who kept a lumber-yard down by the canal, told me that, one day in the week after Christmas, he took up to feed his chickens a bushel-basketful of good food, thrown down behind a pile of his boards. It was evidently, from its quality, the gift from some of the best tables in the town. Of course, this wanton wastefulness, when known, shuts up the hearts of the charitable; for no one willingly gives food to be trodden underfoot.

There was, however, one class to which I hardly ever refused *some* aid. This was the foreigner class. Some of them were undoubtedly professional beggars. They generally carried greasy papers, the certificates

of doubtful vice-consuls or charitably disposed shipmasters, stating that "the bearer, Antonio Sacchi, was reduced to poverty by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, in 1830," or the like. But still they were strangers in a strange land, often with scant knowledge of the language of the country, and, of course, far less able to obtain any employment. It was always a pleasant thing to see the lighting up of their brown faces at the sound of their own mother tongue, and I never grudged a trifle in return for the cheap Italian or German lesson which these peripatetic teachers could thus give. I have been a stranger in a strange land myself, without money (for the moment) in my purse, and having been freely trusted for my nation's sake, could do nought else than return the compliment. Once my foreign sympathies took me in thoroughly. It was one morning, just after family prayers, that the servant told me I was wanted at the door. I found on the front piazza an elderly, gray-haired, little man, with a fresh and wrinkled face, like a frost-bitten apple, very cleanly dressed. I remember his white shirt sleeves—for he had no coat—quite impressed me. He spoke in a Lancashire or Yorkshire brogue, so thick you could cut it with a knife, and told me his story. He was a woollen-worker by trade, and had just been to get employment at the mills in our town; but just then, he said, they were turning off hands and cutting down the work. This I happened to know *aliunde*. He then said that he had been induced to come to this country to work in a Massachusetts factory, and when he arrived, it had stopped. On the ship by which he came over he had struck up an intimacy with a fellow-countryman, who had borrowed of him thirty-five sovereigns in gold, and disappeared directly after landing. The whole appearance of the man, as he stood before me, bore witness to his truthfulness. He looked precisely like that helpless, credulous Englishman who would do just that thing. It was natural for him

to come to the parish clergyman, and I felt sure that for once I had a genuine case. He wanted to get home; he could take care of himself there; and it was patent to the eye that he was utterly unfitted for the land of sharp-witted Yankees. So I gave him good advice; told him where his consul in New York was to be found, and of the St. George's Society, and finally gave him the money to go to New York. This was an oversight. My usual plan, when I wished to send any one to the city, was to give a written order on the station ticket-master of Sturbridge, which I afterward cashed. If I bought them a ticket, they would possibly sell it at half price; but my orders would only avail in unmistakable cases of charity. The ticket-agent and I understood each other; in fact, he was a parishioner, and would not see me imposed upon.

But I gave my Yorkshire friend the money out and out. I felt really ashamed to appear to doubt his story. He was very respectfully grateful—just what he ought to be; took full heed of all my directions, and promised to go at once to New York, and to do as I told him. Once in the hands of the St. George's Society, he would be taken care of, I knew. It chanced that morning I was to go to the neighboring parish of Evesham, which lies *due east* of Sturbridge, there to assist at the funeral of a woman who had been a servant in my family, and, when married, had gone to live in Evesham. The accommodation train, which stopped at the little way-station near the rectory of Evesham, left at eleven. So when I reached it, at 11:15, I had an hour or so to wait with my neighbor, the rector of St. James's. I was sitting with him in his study, chatting as brethren do chat at such times, when he was called out. Presently he came back and said, "Calvert, can you lend me half a dollar? I am in a hurry, and cannot stop to hunt up the change." I do not know what made me follow him to the door; but, as I gave him the money, I did so, and there stood my Yorkshire friend,

five miles the wrong side of Sturbridge from New York. Of course I opened upon him sharply, asked him what he was doing there; and while Best stood astonished, on the one side, he, on the other, appeared "struck all of a heap" at my sudden apparition. He said not a word, but turned and made a bee-line for the rectory gate.

Two years after, I was no longer rector of Sturbridge, but in a city parish in Philadelphia. It was a daily service parish, and just before morning prayer I was sitting in my vestry room, waiting for the hour to arrive. My sexton came to me to say that a poor man would like to see me. John was a model sexton, old enough to be my father; and, having lived in a city most of his life, was thoroughly up to its rogueries. He watched over me most faithfully, lest I should be imposed upon; was always, in the most respectful way,—for he was very fond of me—most careful of my interests, and not overly inclined to trust the stories of the wandering poor. I often referred to him when in doubt; and I have reason to think that when he had much doubt, he would not let me be troubled with applications. So when he said, "The man, sir, I think, is a genuine case," I was inclined to believe him. "Very well," I said, "John, I can't attend to it now; it wants only five minutes of prayer-time, but after service I will; tell him to wait." After prayers, John was in the vestry, to see that I did not forget. As I was taking off my surplice, I said, "John, what was this man's story?" "He's an Englishman, sir, come to this country for work; has two daughters with him, he has left up in Market street, where he lodges. He says he lent thirty-five sovereigns to a man—" "Stop a minute," said I. "He is an old man?" "Yes, sir." "Short?" "Yes, sir." "Speaks with a regular brogue, like a Yorkshireman?" "Yes, sir." "Thin gray hair, and red cheeks, and a good deal wrinkled?" "Y-e-e-s, sir. Why, do you know him?" "Don't I; doesn't it look as though I did?" The

man sat, by the way, at the foot of the church, behind a pillar, where, from the chancel, I could not possibly have seen him. John's eyes were round with astonishment. "Well, sir, I'd never have said that man was an impostor." "We'll see him," said I, and I walked down the north aisle to where he sat. Sure enough, it was my old friend. Only the shirt sleeves were no longer immaculate. I put a few questions, more to hear his voice than for any other object, and then pointed to the door. Said I, "You don't seem to remember me; but I do you. I saw you in Sturbridge and in Evesham, two years ago. Now your road lies out that door, and that at once." So he fled *incontinenter*. He must have thought me a sort of wandering clerical detective. I still think that his story was originally true, but, having obtained help on the strength of it, he had drifted into beggary as the easier way of earning a livelihood.

One other time, however, I found a story to be true, in quite an unusual way. A young man called on me at night. He was evidently not a common beggar, but in rather a forlorn condition. He had fled to Canada to escape the draft (during the war), and now was working back to his home in a farming town. While I was catechizing him, he let drop incidentally that he had a brother, once a clergyman in our Church; "at least," he said, "he was studying to be a clergyman, but died." "What is your name?" He said, "Graves." (I do not give the real name for obvious reasons.) Then it came to me all at once that I had heard the name. One or two of my classmates in the Theological Seminary where I was educated had spoken, long years before, of a college classmate who had intended to take orders. He was poor, the son of a farmer, and had supported himself by hard work, and with great self-denial, and had ruined his health in consequence. He died before graduation. Now, I was not of that college. My acquaintance with

the fact was purely accidental; would never have happened but for a death which occurred in the school during my stay there. I doubt if, in this part of the country, there are four other clergymen who knew the name even, and there was no sort of reason for him to suppose that I should. So, of course, I helped him on his way, and I think I did right.

But such cases are few and far between. Generally the tramp fraternity have a complete freemasonry among themselves, according to which they share all information concerning the spots where charity may flourish. The houses where they are provided with a single night's lodging, according to the injudicious State law of Connecticut, are regular nests of mischief. In these they learn from one another all that can be used upon the road. Now and then, however, they get caught. My friend, the rector of Coaldale, who had recently removed from Peach Orchard, was confronted by a wandering object of charity, who used the aforesaid rector's own name as his voucher, and sturdily declared that he had been his parishioner in Peach Orchard.

But, whatever story they may tell, they are a serious nuisance. Necessity may drive some few to the wandering life, but the majority are simply lazy, drunken vagabonds, who ought to be compelled to work. Most of them are fully capable of doing enough to earn at least a living. I used to pity them as those who had fallen too low to rise without help; but I learned that they had simply lain down in the mire from natural swinishness. For their own sakes, one might let them go, to bear the burden they have chosen for themselves; but they stand in the way of the really deserving; they shut up the sources of charity, and compel us, from a sense of duty, to distrust and question where we would fain relieve. It is a serious question for legislators now; it will be a serious difficulty for legislators hereafter, if it be left to ripen into a chronic plague.

LEAVES FROM A DIARY

In the Hospitals during our late Civil War.

BY THE REV. M. SCHUYLER, D.D.

No. 2.

IN giving details of incidents I shall narrate them without particular reference to the order of time or place. There were two principal hospitals organized in St. Louis in the early autumn of 1861. The two were capable of accommodating nearly 1,000 patients. Both the buildings then occupied for this purpose were entirely new, and were arranged for ventilation and otherwise fitted so as to make them as comfortable as possible. These same buildings *now* form two of our prominent hotels, and strikingly illustrate the changes which characterize human life. Hardly in either of them is there a room whose walls have not been made vocal with the groans of the agony and bitter pain of the sick and wounded, and hallowed almost daily by the presence of death. The graves of more than five thousand (5,000), buried originally in the vicinity of the city, but now transferred to Jefferson Barracks, attest the harvest of death within the brief period of the war's duration. A visit to these spacious hotels now would suggest no such scenes. The hum of business and the noise of revelry tell only of the press of present care and pleasure, and save in the memory of some poor sufferer who may chance to revisit them, or of those of us whose duty and privilege it was to serve within them, they wake no reminder of those days of sadness.

In the early part of December, A.D. 1861, in a large room, now the dining hall of one of these hotels, some sixty patients were congregated, and among them were many in whom I soon became deeply interested. It was rarely the case that I did not find them ready to converse on religious topics, and anxious to have the Bible and Prayer Book, or other religious books, read

to them, and left for their own reading. Very much, of course, depended upon the manner they were approached. Sometimes, with the best intentions, a clergyman with sanctimonious face, solemn tone of voice, and stiff and stately manner, would approach the bed-side of some poor fellow racked with pain or restless with fever, and ask, "Are you a Christian?" "What is the state of your soul?" "Have you given your heart to God?" and thus startle or vex him so as effectually to bar the way to his confidence and his heart. Very much depends, in visiting the sick, upon a cheerful face, a sympathizing look, a kind, though not condescending manner, with a sufficient knowledge of men to know how to draw them out and engage their interest. Religious topics incidentally introduced are often seized upon with avidity by those from whom we would least expect it. Sick men, in the solitariness of their own thoughts, away from home, long for sympathy, and feel the need of a friend and adviser; and a desire to learn and to know the things which concern their soul's peace is evinced by many who would have shrunk from the precise and formal manner of the spiritual martinet.

Going into this ward one morning, I was directed by the nurse to a young man who had expressed great anxiety to see a clergyman. Though wasted by disease, there was something about his face and manner that at once enlisted my interest. He was from the western part of the State of New York, and had been a soldier before the war, having enlisted in the regular army. His mother was a widow, and he had a married sister in comfortable circumstances, to both of whom he seemed deeply attached. He had evidently been a wild and thoughtless boy, and like the prodigal,

had wandered from his father's house, wreckless of the ties of affection and madly bent upon the pursuit of his selfish gratification. Years had passed away since he had known the comforts of home, the hallowed influence of a mother's care and love, and a sister's devotion. He had sought in vain through the world, and among strangers, for the peace of mind and the contentment he had once enjoyed. Then he was comparatively innocent; but released from the restraints of home he had fallen into sin, and in the haunts of vice had learned that "the way of the transgressor is hard." His conscience, as he ingenuously confessed, had never been at ease; and wherever he went, in the moments of wildest dissipation, the mother who nursed him, and the sister who had been his dearest companion in childhood, would rise up before him with their gentle rebuke, and from that moment all relish for his depraved pleasures was gone. The few short years of his bitter experience had taught him the grievous error he had committed, and before his present sickness he had repented of his sin, and made up his mind that when honorably discharged he would return to the home of his childhood. When I first saw him his symptoms of a speedy recovery were favorable, and was particularly anxious to be well enough to visit his family upon a furlough, and he asked me to pray, and he prayed himself, that it might please God to spare him to see his mother once more. Never shall I forget how earnestly he prayed that he might enjoy the sacred privilege of once more "kissing the lips of my dear, dear mother." The artless and humble manner in which he had told me the story of his life, the frank confession of his fault, and the unequivocal evidence of genuine contrition, deeply interested me, and it was my anxious, earnest prayer, that the wish of his heart might be gratified. Every day, as I gathered from his conversation, I could see the influence of early religious train-

ing. A mother's words had found a lodgment in the deepest recesses of his heart as a little child, and the memories of her love, her counsel, and her prayers, would come up from the long-forgotten past with a freshness and vigor that seemed to give new life to every holy resolution of amendment. Could that mother have been seated at my side, and listened, while he recalled incidents in his childish history, of which, doubtless, she had thought but little, but which, trifling as they then seemed, were making impressions never to be effaced, and to be revived in an hour when they would tell with a salutary power, she would have gratefully confessed that God is true to His promise, and would have asked for no richer compensation for her years of unwearied watchfulness and anxious solicitude. Oh! there is ample encouragement in instances like this for parental care and faithfulness in the discipline of the family; and the only wonder is, that with the explicit promise, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," there should be such general negligence and carelessness on the part of Christian parents. And yet, despite such negligence, there is no doubt that, in the vast majority of cases, those who grow up Christians, and show by their lives the sincerity of their faith, are from among those who have had the benefit of early parental teaching and example.

"It used to be a common sneer among a certain class, that the children of pious people were always the worst. If there was any exception it was among the children of clergymen, who were the worst of this worst class." As an answer to this, we cut from one of our religious papers a few statistics: "Out of a class of twelve ordained one year at the Virginia Seminary, one fourth were sons of clergymen. And in the class below it, out of fourteen members, four were clergymen's sons. Out of our clergy list in Virginia twenty-five are

either the sons or the fathers of clergymen, or students of Divinity. Of all libels, the one we are speaking about is one of the greatest. Pious people, who are sensible, will have, in the main, good and pious children. The seed of the faithful shall be blessed. The Rev. Asa Bullard writes to the *Chicago Advance* that he has made statistical investigations regarding the average moral status of ministers' sons and deacons' daughters. Massachusetts and Connecticut furnished the field. In 448 ministers' and deacons' families there were 2,101 children over 15 years of age, of whom 1,414 were pious; 93 were in the ministry, or fitting for it; and only 34 dissipated; and all the remaining children, with very few exceptions, were respectable and useful citizens. Mr. Bullard challenges a comparison with these figures on the part of any other class or profession among parents."—*Southern Churchman*.

But, to return to the subject of our narration. We have said that it was the anxious prayer of our sick friend that he might live to meet his mother once more on earth. But it was not the will of God that it should be so. Day after day he continued to sink, until the conviction was forced upon him that this most cherished wish of his heart could not be gratified. He became perfectly resigned to the order-

ing of Providence, gave me a memorandum of his little property, which consisted of a watch, some money, and clothing, and directed that they should be sent to his mother, with the assurance of his undying love. The last morning I saw him, he was wandering in his mind; but as I knelt by his bed-side and offered a prayer he remained silent, as if there was a sacred charm in the voice of prayer to hush the tumult of ungovernable feeling; a fact which I have noticed in numerous cases, while in ordinary conversation there was little if any evidence of remaining intelligence. He was rapidly sinking as I sat beside him, and the last words I heard him utter as I rose to leave, and these were whispered in the feebleness of fast ebbing strength, were "MOTHER, MOTHER."

All that day these words were recurring to my mind, and in the quiet of my study they would be whispered, as from a voice in the spirit-land, and I thought of my own dear mother in Paradise, of her lessons in early childhood, her love and affection, which had never grown cold; and I blessed God that, kept by His grace, I had not forgotten the ties that bound the son to the mother, and for the hope that in Heaven there is a home where the family once reunited, should never be separated.

(To be continued.)

THE annexed epigram sets forth the motive of many modern church-goers very tersely:

In a church which is garnished with mullion and gable,

With altar and reredos, with gargoyle and groyne,
The penitents' dresses are seal-skin and sable,

The odor of sanctity's Eau-de-Cologne;

But surely, if Lucifer, flying from Hades,

Could gaze at this crowd, with its panniers and paints,

He would say, looking round at the lords and the ladies,

"Oh! where is All Sinners' if this is All Saints'!"

DR. ARNOLD, of Rugby School, England, made this reply to one who asked him why he continued to study his lessons over and over previous to going before his class to teach: "Because I prefer my students should be supplied from a running stream rather than a stagnant pool."

PROUD hearts and lofty mountains are always barren.

WHAT is woman's true sphere? The hemisphere.—*Punch*.

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

BELIEVE not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of hours as they go by.

For every man's weak self, alas!
Makes him see them as they pass
As through a dim or tinted glass.

But if, in earnest care, you would
Mete out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent
That leave your spirit bowed and bent
In sad unrest and ill-content.

And more, though free from seeming harm
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from Pleasure's charm,—

If then a painful sense comes on
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoyed or vainly done,—

Of something from your being's chain
Broke off, nor to be linked again
By all mere memory can retain,—

Upon your heart this truth may rise—
Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices man's just destinies.

So should we live that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower—
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy.

—*People's Magazine*, Jan. 1868.

SPEECH-MAKING IN PRAYER.—Should prayer offered in public be an oration? A few months ago we went to a church on a Sunday evening, in a large country town, and heard something which so greatly impressed us that we have since thought about it very often. It was not the sermon; there was nothing memorable in that. It was a prayer, or, at least, when the minister began he said, "Let us pray," and the people bowed their heads, as if in supplication.

Then we heard, first, a brief eulogy on human nature, setting forth its dignity and independence. Then there was a description of the horrible and enslaving effects of superstition and of false views of the character of God, which have always been entertained in the Christian Church. After this, the results of modern theological criticism were summed up, and the prayer concluded with a sketch in outline of the "good time coming, when man will be emancipated from the bondage of traditions, and rites, and superstitious usages, and will reverence and worship only the divine in his own nature." This is no caricature: it is an accurate report of what we heard on the occasion referred to, and in important respects it is much like what we have often heard in our own denomination and in others. There is a great deal of praying in public that closely resembles speech-making. Of course we intend no criticism of the obvious ideas and opinions of the minister whom we heard; we only ask whether such an oration can properly be termed a prayer?—*Liberal Christian*.

FRETFUL PEOPLE.—We know a man with a patient, good Christian wife, and we never heard him speak a kind word to her, and doubt if he ever did in the half century they have lived together. He is always in a fret. Everything goes wrong. You would think he was made of cross-grained timber and had always been trying to digest a cross-cut saw. He is eternally cross, and thinks that his wife and children, hired hands, and the domestic animals, have entered into a combination to worry him to death. He is not only rusty, fairly, but crusted over with it. Friction has literally worn him out, and he will soon worry himself to death. Of course, he has never worked to any advantage to himself or anybody else. With him everything goes wrong. He superstitiously believes it is because the devil has a spite against him, when, in truth, it is nothing but his own fretfulness.

Christian Education.

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH.

BY THE REV. M. A. TOLMAN.

As the growth and spiritual health of the Church depends largely upon the manner in which she discharges her obligation to care for the young, we propose to give this subject much prominence in the columns of *THE CHRISTIAN YEAR*.

The want of interest in this subject is truly alarming. It is felt more in new fields than in our older cities and parishes.

One of the greatest obstacles which the country clergy and the missionaries on our frontier find to contend with is the indifference of parents to the religious culture of their children, and the apathy of co-workers in the Church, when any plan looking to the interests of the children is proposed.

This evil may often be traced to a misunderstanding of the true position of children in the Church; but more generally to the prevalence of false views of the nature and process of spiritual development.

The remedy is found in a hearty acceptance of the truth taught on the very threshold of the Church, that by baptism we are made "members of Christ;" and then by a proper application of the means of spiritual culture which the Church proposes. Let children be trained up as members of Christ, and then we can drop the question now discussed at every Sunday school convention, "How shall we hold the young?"

Under the Patriarchal and Jewish stages of the Church's life, the children were not dealt with as reprobates; they were not denied their covenant blessings until of age to choose for themselves, nor was their spiritual food so given as to make them feel that they were charity paupers

rather than the children of affluence, living on the bounties of their Father's table.

The God who hears the young ravens when they cry for food, very early heard the cry of the young in His own family, and provided for all the cravings of their spiritual nature. He opened the covenant fold to receive them. He gave directions for their education and training. The law of Moses regarded their wants, and upon the command there given depends much of the strength of the Jewish religious and social system. In all of the dispersions and wanderings of the Jews this command has been heeded; and even though they have no place for the soles of their feet, the bands of their nationality are as strong, after the lapse of centuries, as when the charge was first given, "These words shall be in thy heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children."

In the matter of training the young, the Jews have remained faithful. If the prophecies referring to their future greatness and glory are to have a literal fulfillment, the purposes of God will be largely accomplished without a miraculous intervention. With the certainty of the laws of cause and effect, ultimate spiritual prosperity must be reached.

The law which will surely work out the result is thus given by the Psalmist: "I will declare hard sentences of old, which we have heard and known, and such as our fathers have told us; that we should not hide them from the generations to come. . . . He commanded our forefathers to teach their children, that their posterity might know it, and the children which

were yet unborn; to the intent that, when they came up, they might show their children the same."

A wise and far-reaching policy! The foundation of all religious growth, Jewish or Christian, is thus set forth; and history and prophecy, precept and example, are interwoven in the words of song, to be handed down for the guidance of generations yet to come.

When the Church passed to the Christian stage of its development, the same provision was made for the spiritual care of the young.

They were still to be regarded as a part of the family. Covenant blessings still were theirs. The whole truth relating to their status and their privileges was symbolized when Jesus took them into His arms, and put His hands upon them and blessed them.

By this "outward gesture and deed He declared His good-will toward them," and said in act what afterward He said in word to St. Peter, "Feed My lambs." The lambs are as truly a part of the flock as are the sheep, and require even more of the Shepherd's care.

The Apostles heeded this double teaching. They went out and baptized whole households. When, in the execution of their pastoral office, it became necessary to send letters to the various Churches, the children were not forgotten in the word of admonition or instruction.

True to our Lord's charge, and true to apostolic example, the Prayer Book sets forth a system by which the lambs may be fed.

The system meets all the wants of our spiritual nature. It is in harmony with that which God set forth in early ages, yet expanded to correspond with the fuller development of Christianity.

By rubric, parents are enjoined not to delay the baptism of their children, "unless upon a great and reasonable cause." Another rubric provides for the "instruc-

tion of the people in the grounds of infant baptism," so that there may be the less danger of neglect.

After the lamb is thus brought into the fold, full directions for its nurture are given. Sponsors are charged to see that this new member of Christ be taught at a very early age—"so soon as he shall be able to learn"—all the responsibilities of his position as a "child of God, and inheritor of the kingdom of Heaven." He is to be taught these things in the Church's way, through her channels, and, to a certain extent, in her words. The directions are full; nothing is left to chance.

The child is to be called upon to "hear sermons." This involves a charge to the minister to remember, when preparing his sermons, that he is to have some little hearers; as well as a charge to the sponsors to see that a habit of church-going be early implanted. But sermons are not to be overrated. They unfold and expand certain truths which are otherwise concisely set forth in a form of sound words. Hence the direction continues, "Chiefly he shall provide that he may learn the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments."

Thus is laid the foundation of all religious knowledge. The child has learned to pray, to believe, and to do God's will. Here are the elements of true religion.

But the duties of the sponsors do not end here. They are to see that the child learns "all other things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health." These "other things" are summed up in the Catechism. The minister is directed to instruct or examine the youthful Christians in this Catechism, and "all fathers, mothers, masters, and mistresses, shall cause their children, servants, and apprentices, who have not learned their Catechism, to come to the church at the time appointed, and obediently to hear," etc.

To this knowledge there must be added

Godly training; so the sponsors are further charged to see that "the child be brought up to lead a Godly and a Christian life."

When thus instructed and trained through the combined influence of pastor and sponsor—neither alone to the exclusion of the other—the child is supposed to be ready for Confirmation. The Church presumes that the training has been thorough, and so she expresses no doubt in regard to the fitness of the child to receive Confirmation "so soon as he shall come to a competent age."

If ready for Confirmation, the child is also ready for the Holy Communion: the spiritual requisites are the same.

If thus the Prayer Book system of training were in all cases followed, the words in the Preface of the Confirmation Office would no longer appear as a witness to sponsorial and parental unfaithfulness. There would then be no desire for a change in the sentence, "To the end that children," etc. The offices are all consistent with each other; if inconsistency appear, it is because the system has been marred by neglect of duty.

The system of moral training which the Church thus sets forth is a harmonious whole. It is natural and scriptural, therefore it is right. If followed, it would be found effectual.

In reducing this theory of the Church to practice, the first responsibility rests with the parents and sponsors.

Nothing can take the place of faithful home culture. Household religion is one of the pressing needs of the day. This should be not only a religion which regulates and gives tone to the whole household economy, but which orders all things with special reference to the work of training the members of the household in the ways of godliness.

There must be time allotted not only for family devotions, but for family instruction. A heavy responsibility rests upon every parent who has brought a child to baptism.

To the private training of the family must be added the public instruction of the Church. Parental and pastoral care go hand in hand. They are both recognized agencies of the Church, and both must be employed. Both will be blessed when used as supplemental to each other.

Any system of training the young which separates that which God has joined together, or which takes the work out of the hands of either parent or pastor, must be defective, and must fail just in the degree in which it departs from the Church's plan and order. This has led to the adopting of the Sunday school system.

However important the Sunday school may be in certain fields, and however much spiritual good may be traced to this agency, even in our older and best regulated parishes, we must all admit that it does not produce results equal to the efforts which it calls forth. The Sunday school costs the pastor many hours of toil and anxiety. Its machinery, usually clogged with many useless wheels, needs constant repairs and a constant flow of vital force to keep it in motion.

In no department of Church work is there so small a result for so much care. It fails chiefly because it is used as a substitute for the proper agencies.

It is claimed, however, that some such substitute for parental and sponsorial training is necessary, otherwise many of the children would receive no instruction. In the present condition of things the Sunday school is thus regarded as a necessity. If such be the case—and we must admit that but very few parents and sponsors are doing their duty,—then let the substitute depart as little as possible from the plan of training set forth by the Church. It should be regarded more as one branch of the Church's work, and not, as is too often the case, as a work in opposition to, or, at least, independent of, the Church.

That this may be done effectually, many and radical changes in the present Sunday

school system are needed. The name "*school*" is open to objections. It at once suggests and invites comparison with the day school.

The qualifications of teachers and superintendent, the lesson and the results of perfect or imperfect recitation, the order, the discipline, the thoroughness and general effectiveness of the Sunday school, are arrayed side by side in the minds of the scholars with the same adjuncts of the day school, and the relative value of religious and secular instruction rated accordingly. In all such comparisons the Sunday school must be the loser.*

There are also many objections to the system of class instruction. But very few parishes can furnish good teachers. It takes some rare qualities to make a successful teacher of children in any department of education: the higher in the scale of importance the branches taught, the more difficult the task of finding the proper teacher. The highest of all branches—religion—must be taught for the most part by teachers who have had no special training for their work, and who need instruction themselves in the very elements of theology. The consequence is, that many of the scholars go away with no more ideas than they brought, and often with much less respect for the school, the Church, and for religion. The lambs know when they are fed.

There are also objections to a separate Sunday school building. It is often put in some out-of-the-way place, or under ground, and made as cheerless and uncomfortable as a dungeon. It symbolizes a falsehood. It proclaims a divorce between the children and the Church. It virtually declares that children have no rights in their Father's house. They soon learn to receive this teaching, and to act upon the

theory that, having no rights, they have no obligations to fulfil.

Such a building may be necessary for the day school and many other purposes connected with efficient parish work; but for the regular Sunday instruction of the children in Divine things, it may prove of more hindrance than help. It is a symbol of the very error we wish to correct.

The reader will ask, Is not this simply to abolish the Sunday school? We answer, No. These things are the accidents, not the essentials, in a system of Christian instruction and nurture. The end in view is to train up the children to be intelligent and useful Christians. We aim at results; we should be ready to remove everything which impedes the work, and willing to retain everything which helps it forward. But we claim that the system employed, and all the adjuncts of the system, should be in perfect harmony with the demands of the baptismal office. There should be more parental instruction at home and more pastoral instruction "openly in the church."

If the Sunday school is made a substitute for either of these, the sooner abolished the better.

Where the Sunday school, according to the usual plan, is already in operation, it may not be safe or expedient to attempt a correction of all its faults. In many places the needed reformation would do more harm than good. There should, however, be frequent and regular services in the church, specially adapted to the wants of the children. The teachers should encourage, and put forth every effort to secure an attendance at the regular services. Children not connected with our own families should be provided with seats in the most pleasant part of the church, furnished with Prayer Books, and taught to use them. Parents and sponsors should be frequently reminded that the Baptismal Office enjoins them to see that the child be a regular church-goer. The result may not appear

* See "Christian Education the Remedy of the Growing Ungodliness of the Times," by the Rev. Morgan Dix, D.D.

now, but it will hereafter. The child may not appear to be greatly profited by either the service or the sermon; but a habit will be formed and the seed will be sown which in after years will yield a rich harvest.

In new fields, where the Sunday school has not yet been organized, cannot a plan be introduced which will give all the good results of the school without its evils? Would not a Church service adapted to the children, with all the instruction given from the chancel, secure this end?

Let the service be held in the church on the afternoon of each Sunday. Let it be short, spirited, to a great extent musical, in the words of the Prayer Book, and, as far as possible, following its order. The children should be trained carefully in the service. They should be taught to make it the channel of their childlike devotions. It should be the aim to make them feel that ours is a praying Church, and that children's prayers are as much the "delight of the Lord" as are the prayers of the saint grown old in His service.

Let all be trained to sing, and, where possible, let the organist for this service be selected from the children. One or two opening sentences, the Lord's Prayer, one or two Psalms from the Psalter for the day, a lesson from Scripture, one of the Canticles from Evening Prayer, the Creed, the Collect for the day, the Collect for aid against perils, a selected Collect, and the Prayer of St. Chrysostom, would make a short and lively service, following strictly the order of the Prayer Book. This could be varied occasionally, if found necessary.

A short portion of the Catechism should be recited at each service, and a general lesson in harmony, with the teachings of the day drawn from it, and illustrated by a simple story or some fact from the pastor's experience.

Maps, pictures, the black-board, and many other things regarded now as essential to thorough Sunday school teaching, could be used, as in the general lesson

given by the superintendent under the old system.

This plan would show the children that the Church is not one thing for them and another for their parents. They would feel its care over them; they would learn to love it; they would grow up familiar with her ways, and well grounded in her faith. The instruction which they would receive would be more varied and far more sound and thorough than if they were distributed into classes and taught in the usual way.

That this plan is open to objections none can deny; but there are objections to every plan.

It may be said that those who would be appointed Sunday-school teachers need the employment for their own good. True; but they may be employed in other ways.

There will be the same streets and alleys to visit, the same children to bring together and to look after through the week. These persons could each have a certain number of children assigned as a special charge, sit with them in the service, help to find their places in the Prayer Books, and thus be as busy, and even more useful, than under the school system.

The library presents another objection; but there will be trouble with the library under any system. There would not be much harm done if Sunday-school libraries were discarded forever. There is too much mental and spiritual dyspepsia among the younger as well as older members of our flocks; the Sunday-school books are a fruitful cause.

For the smaller children, papers are better than books, and are usually preferred. They can be distributed without delay, while passing out. The older children could be supplied from the parish library, which might be open for a half an hour before and after each service. The library does not present an insuperable objection.

The objection to the introduction of a service into the Church other than the

"Order of Daily Morning and Evening Prayer," can have no weight if the full service is used at other hours. We do not scruple to use Sunday-school liturgies that have not even been licensed by the bishop. In the proposed service, the substance and the order are authorized; the only change is in omission.

The objection to teaching the older and younger children in one lesson, or grouping all together into one large class, is no greater than the objection to addressing old and young, learned and unlearned, in the same sermon. If the young and ignorant be instructed, the old and more learned will be profited.

The most serious objection is the labor which this plan would impose upon an already overworked clergy. But cannot the work be diminished in some less important field? Where will the same amount of toil yield a richer harvest? Where there is an assistant the work can easily be done; where there can be no clerical assistant, let a layman be licensed to aid in this special work. The person who would otherwise

act as superintendent, if qualified for that office, could take much of the general oversight of these services, and, when necessary, could read and give the instruction for the day.

Let the objections be more or less, great or small, a remedy for existing evils must be devised. Children must be made more interested in the Church and better trained in her doctrines and her practices. They must be recognized in their true relation to the Church; they must have their rights; they must be trained in the way which the Church prescribes.

Parents and sponsors must be aroused to a sense of their responsibility, or in the Judgment many straying lambs will be required at their hands.

The Church must lay broad and deep her foundations. She must guard against the inflowing tide of superstition, infidelity, and religious indifference. She must prepare herself for mighty struggles in the future; and to cope with present and coming evils, she must begin to do justice to the children whom Eve has given her.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AT WORK.

THE THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Collect.—What are the people of God called in this Collect? "A faithful people."

What is the nature of their service? "It is a true and laudable service."

Do they render it of themselves? "No: of His only gift it cometh."

What do we beseech Him to grant? "That we may faithfully serve Him in this life."

What shall we then, without fail, finally attain? "His heavenly promises."

Through whose merits? "The merits of our Lord Jesus Christ."—II. Cor. iii. 5; Matt. xxv. 23.

What is the meaning of the word "laudable"? "Praiseworthy: whatever God commands in His word."

The Gospel.—Luke, x. 23-37.—How did Jesus refer to the prophecies concerning Himself, and to the blessedness of those who recognize their fulfil-

ment? "He turned him unto his disciples, and said privately, Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see; for I tell you, that many prophets and kings have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them."

How did our Lord meet the question of the Lawyer who "tempted Him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life"? "He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou?"

What did the Lawyer answer? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself."

Repeat our Lord's reply? "He said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live."

What was the Lawyer's next question? "He, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbour?"

When our Lord had replied to this by the parable of the good Samaritan, what was His closing admonition? "Go, and do thou likewise."

THE FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Collect.—What do we pray that God would give us? "The increase of faith, hope, and charity."

What do we pray that He would make us to love? "That which He commands."

What shall we then obtain? "That which He promises."

Through whom? "Jesus Christ our Lord."—I. Thess. i. 3; I. Thess. iii. 12, 13.

What do you understand by "faith"? "Believing from the heart the word of God."

What do you understand by "hope"? "Expecting what God promises."

What do you understand by "charity"? "Love to God and our neighbour."

What do Christians need? "The increase of faith, hope, and charity."

The Gospel.—Luke, xvii. 11–19.—As Jesus passed through the midst of Samaria and Galilee, who supplicated His mercy? "There met Him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off; and they lifted up their voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us."

How did Jesus heal them? "When He saw them, He said unto them, Go show yourselves unto the priests. And it came to pass, that, as they went, they were cleansed."

Who of them returned to give thanks unto Jesus? "One of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God, and fell down on his face at His feet, giving Him thanks; and he was a Samaritan."

What did our Lord say to this? "Jesus answering, said, Were there not ten men cleansed? but where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger. And He said unto him, Arise, go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole."

Samaria being a city and province of Israel, why is the Samaritan here called a "stranger"? (II. Kings, xvii. 24.) "The king of Assyria brought men from Babylon, and from Cuthah, and from Ava, and from Hamath, and from Sepharvaim, and placed them in the cities of Samaria instead of the children of Israel: and they possessed Samaria, and dwelt in the cities thereof."

By what means did these people obtain any knowledge of the true God? (II. Kings, xvii. 27.) "The

king of Assyria commanded, saying, Carry thither one of the priests whom ye brought from thence; and let him go and dwell there, and let him teach them the manner of the God of the land."

What was the result of this teaching, in conjunction with their own national observances? "They feared the Lord and served their own gods."

What observation of St. Peter agrees with our Lord's address to the obedient and thankful Samaritan? (Acts, x. 34, 35.) "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him."

THE FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Collect.—For what do we pray in this Collect?

"That the Lord will keep His Church."

How? "With His perpetual mercy."

Will man fall without God? "Yes: he cannot but fall."

Why will he fall? "Because of his frailty."

What then should we pray for? "That God would keep us by His help."

From what? "From all things hurtful."

What do we pray for besides? "That he would lead us to all things profitable."

Profitable to what? "To our salvation."

Through whom? "Jesus Christ our Lord."—Isaiah, xxiii. 3; Ps. lxxiii. 24,

What is the meaning of the word "perpetual"? "Never ceasing."

Explain the meaning of the word "frailty"? Sinfulness and weakness.

The Gospel.—Matt. vi. 24–34.—How does our Lord here assure us that in spiritual matters we can adopt no middle course? "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

How is this confirmed in another place? (Chap. xii. 30.) "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad."

How does our Lord encourage us to devote ourselves entirely to Him, and to trust in Him for all things? "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

How are we also referred to the lilies of the field for an evidence of God's all-pervading providence? "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow;

they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

What is the application? "Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (for all these things do the Gentiles seek;) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

How does our Lord then instruct us in our first and best pursuit? "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

THE SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Collect.—What do we pray that the continual pity of the Lord may do? "Cleanse and defend His Church."

What cannot the Church do without His succor? "It cannot continue in safety."

What, then, do we pray for? "That He would preserve it evermore."

How? "By His help and goodness."

Through whom? "Jesus Christ our Lord."—Ps. ciii. 13, 17.

For whom do we pray in this Collect? "For the Church."

What does the Church need? "To be cleansed and defended."

What may lead God to do this? "His continual pity."

To continue in safety, what does the Church require? "His succor."

What is the meaning of the word "succor"? "Help."

The Gospel.—Luke, vii. 11–17.—What procession did Jesus meet as He entered into the city of Nain? "Behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and much people of the city was with her."

Relate the miracle that followed? "When the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And He came and touched the bier; and they that bare him stood still. And He said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And He delivered him to his mother."

What effect had this upon those who witnessed it? "There came a fear on all, and they glorified God, saying, That a great prophet is risen up among us; and, That God hath visited his people."

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S MONTHLY LECTURE ON THE CATECHISM.

LECTURE II.

Christian Baptism and Sponsors. (Rubric.)

To baptize is to wash with water. Christian baptism is the mystical washing away of sin. Christ ordained baptism, by which we are made members of his body. To be baptized into Christ's name, is to be solemnly set apart to His service. The Church is Christ's body, of which He is the head, and Christians are His members. As no member of our bodies, as, *e.g.*, the hand or the foot, can live without the head, so the soul cannot live without being baptized into Christ, and having a lively faith in Him. The soul can receive spiritual nourishment from Christ only. Spiritual belongs to the soul or spirit. Nourishment means the influence of God's spirit in our hearts, which makes us holy; all holy desires, and good counsels, and all just works come from the Holy Spirit. By holy baptism we are made children of God, as we are made children of our parents by natural birth. To be baptized is to be born again, to be born of God, to be born of the spirit, *i.e.*, to be regenerated. Baptism is a covenant, *i.e.*, an agreement, or compact, made between God on the one side, and the grown person or the child baptized on the other.

Godfathers and godmothers are persons who answer before God for a young Christian at his baptism. They are also called sponsors or witnesses. Their use is very ancient. They were in the Jewish Church in the time of Isaiah, John the Baptist, and Jesus Christ. God made covenants in the Jewish Church with fathers and godfathers for little children. Jesus also says, Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. It is the duty, then, of parents to give their little children to God in holy baptism. To do so with their proper sponsors, that in case their parents should neglect them, or die,

their godparents should see their children educated in the Christian religion. It is very wrong in parents not to have their infants baptized; but let them grow up pretending it is better for them to choose for themselves. Sponsors should be pious people and communicants of the Church. They should be faithful in their duty, often seeing their godchildren, and talking to them about the condition of their souls.

What is baptism?
 What does baptism do for us?
 Who ordained it?
 What is it to be baptized in one's name?
 What is Christ's body?
 From whom does all spiritual nourishment come?
 What does it mean?
 What is a covenant?
 Who are the parties in baptism?
 What are godfathers?

How many for each child?
 Were they in the Jewish Church? Proof—Isa. viii. 1, 2; Luke, i. 58, 59; ii. 28, 36.
 How did God make covenants with little children? Proof—Jos. viii. 35; Deut. xxxi. 12.
 What did Jesus say about little children? Where? —Mark, x. 13.
 What sort of persons should godparents be?
 How should they do their duty?
 Is it right for parents to neglect their children in baptism?
 Should you be baptized who are not so?
 What happened to the Jewish child who was not circumcised?—Gen. 17, 14.

WORD STUDY FOR THE MONTH.

Explain the words: Absolution; Abstain; Administer; Advocate; Adoration; Advent; Alien; Antediluvian; Sponsor; Covenant; Disciple; Conscience; Corporeal; Counsel; Council; Conversion; Divine; Consecration; Eucharist; Episcopal; Evidence.

TRUTH, BEAUTY, AND LOVE.

BY THE REV. F. WESTON BARTLETT.

O WHEN shall we rise from the shadows that hover
 O'er life's checkered pathway, where'er we may turn?
 O when shall we sinners the true Light discover,
 And Truth without error in confidence learn?

O when shall true Beauty, unmarred by transgression,
 Rejoice ev'ry spirit that dwells in her light,
 Reflecting her image, where Faith and Confession
 Have humbled and taught him the Right?

O when shall the Love, that is holy, unending,
 And casting out fear, is delightful and pure,—
 Nor jealousy cruel or doubts with it blending,—
 Dwell guest of our hearts and forever endure?

There cometh a day, and we wait its appearing,
 As Simeon watched for the Day-Star of old,
 When Truth in its Beauty, and Love without fearing,
 Shall bless with the richest of blessings foretold.

The Sun in His glory shall shine forth forever,
 No cloud shall be seen and no darkness deceive!
 Truth, Beauty, and Love shall be one not to sever,
 And Mercy and Peace reward those who believe.

THE PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE SEA.—Every one recognizes the beauty of the singular phenomenon that we call the phosphorescence of the sea, and has watched the track of foam and diamond points of light left behind as the steamer cuts the wave. For a long time the cause of the shining appearance was a puzzle to philosophers. But the naturalists finally came to the conclusion that it is produced by animalculæ which are excited to luminosity when the water is agitated. It was also shown that the phosphorescence is brightest and the sparks most numerous immediately preceding an atmospheric disturbance. Thus, the little animalculæ must be included in the long list of delicate organisms that feel the approach of bad weather. Professor Decharme observed this coincidence and has been diligently studying the habits of the tiny creatures and their shining propensities. He tells us, as the result of his observations, that they are visible in the daylight with a glass magnifying about forty times. They are, under this magnifying power, of a lens-shaped form, and from seven to fifteen hundredths of an inch in diameter. They are of a transparent nature, more diaphanous in the centre than around the periphery of their little bodies. The specimens experimented on by the Professor lived in a bottle for several weeks, and became very brilliant when the water was shaken or stirred, or whenever a small quantity of exciting fluid, alcoholic or acid, was introduced into it. We shall look hereafter with increased respect upon these infinitesimal barometers, which, when fully developed, attain the size of from two to four thousandths of an inch! We wonder how many of them it takes to make the track of sparkling foam so often watched upon the ocean.

BRAIN WEIGHT.—An eminent German Professor once assumed that, as a certain size and mass of brain is essential for the exercise of the mental faculties, therefore,

all the human race must be furnished with an equal amount of brains. This truly Teutonic theory has since, however, been effectually dissipated. An elaborate paper was read, not very long ago, before the Royal Society, in which the existing evidence as to the weight of brain among different nations was analyzed. The average brain-weight for the English is stated to be 47.50 ounces; for the French, 44.58; for the Germans, 42.83; but there are discrepancies in the results of different observers, some giving a greater average than this to the Germans. The Italians, Lapps, Swedes, Frisians, and Dutch, come into the same category with the English. Among the Asiatic races, the Vedahs of Ceylon and the Hindoos give a mean of over 42.11 ounces. The skulls of Mussulmans afford a slightly increased average of brain-weight over those of the Hindoos. Two skulls of male Khonds—one of the unquestioned aboriginal races of India—show a brain-weight of only 37.87 ounces. The general average of the Asiatic table shows a diminution of more than two ounces when compared with the Europeans. The general mean of African races is less than that of European races, although there are great differences; the Caffre rising high, and the Bushman sinking low, in the scale. The average of the whole of the aboriginal American races reaches 44.73 ounces, which is 2.14 ounces less than that of the European races. The Australian races show a brain-weight one ninth less than that of the general average of Europeans. The Malays and others of the Oceanic races, who migrated boldly, for commercial purposes, over the North and South Pacific Ocean, and occupy the islands, show a tolerably high average of brain-weight; and, on arriving at this section, we return in some measure to the large brain-weight of Europeans.—*Once a Week.*

SPEAK as you mean, do as you profess, and perform what you promise.

Yontys' Department.

DAYS AND NIGHTS WITH LIVINGSTONE.

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURES WITH THE GREAT TRAVELLER ON HIS LATEST DISCOVERIES. BY THE ASSISTANT SURGEON OF H. M. S. GORGON, ATTACHED TO LIVINGSTONE'S EXPEDITION, 1860-1863.

CHAPTER I.

At last, after a weary sojourn of several months at the naval station of the Cape of Good Hope, the welcome news was transmitted from the admiral to our captain, from him to the first lieutenant, the ward-room officers, the gun-room, the engineers' berth, the fore-castle, that we were to proceed at once to sea; not, like other ships, merely to cruise over so many miles of desert coast in search for what might never appear, but to be attached to the expedition of Dr. Livingstone, then H. M. consul at the river Zambesi. We were also to aid the Central African Mission, then being organized under Bishop Mackenzie, to convey to the scene of his labors the Rev. E. Bunip, one of the missionaries, as also the bishop's sister, Miss Mackenzie, so well known in connection with "Mission Life," and last, by no means least, Mrs. Livingstone, who was about to join her husband on his new field of discovery. Our programme included a visit to rivers and inland towns seldom, if ever, seen by white men. We should have frequent opportunities of shopping in Zanzibar, the great Arab metropolis of the east coast, and were also intended to visit Madagascar on the occasion of the solemn coronation of the new king, to whom we were to present, on behalf of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, an autograph letter, a splendidly-bound Bible, a full set of field marshal's uniform, a brass band's musical instruments complete, and other tokens of amity. As to the lesser kings and queens of the African coast and

islands, our acquaintance with royalty and monarchical institutions was likely to be much more numerous than select.

We were not sorry to leave the Cape; for ships-of-war are not stationed at the pleasant town of Capetown, but at Simon's Bay, thirty miles distant, a lonely spot, surrounded by moor and desolate hills. At Simon's Bay we speedily agreed with our friends, the officers of the U. S. corvette *Vandalia*, that there was no such thing as "having a good time." In the first place, nothing could be more unlike all our preconceived ideas of African scenery. Those bold masses of cliff and headland had nothing peculiar to the southern continent: not a tree was in sight; the hills covered with a scant growth of dwarf myrtle and heather; the village, which had grown up about the admiral's house, a purely naval collection of ship chandlers, grog shops, groceries, naval tailors, and one hotel, in whose veranda, those who did not seek relaxation in perpetual billiards, were wont to lounge, watching the wagons of the passing Boor, drawn by its team of a dozen huge-horned oxen, and driven by its inevitable Malay, with his red jacket and large straw hat, like a flattened bee-hive. There was no society, there was nothing to do, save for a few enthusiastic botanists who collected specimens of the two hundred varieties of heath, said to be found on the Simonsberg hills. We were heartily glad to get away.

Our first week at sea was spent in the wild weather that generally prevails outside

the "Cape of Storms," and novices in sea-life felt it more severely, as our ship—being heavily laden with stores, including a small steamer intended for lake navigation, which we were to convey to Dr. Livingstone—rolled very considerably. One passenger, Mr. Bunip, however, soon "got his sea-legs." He was a young man, fresh from Oxford, where he had just taken his degree; he had enjoyed all the advantages of the highest form of English university culture, and might have looked forward to a prosperous, or at least comfortable, career in England; but he preferred to seek his Master's work in regions and under circumstances where it could hardly be said, "Thou hast thy reward—a barren swamp, an audience of debased heathen, an alien language, and speedy death." He and his young wife—she was but sixteen when they married—had made up their minds never to see home again, and but seldom, if ever, the friendly face of a European.

Yet nothing could be more cheerful than the missionary and his wife, who were for some time the life of the ship. Still more so when, soon afterward, at an intermediate port, Mrs. Livingstone and Miss Mackenzie joined our party. We had now got into calmer weather; the storm-birds were no longer scudding down the steep declivity of the wave in the ship's wake; the sky began to wear on the horizon that peculiar soft color indicative of the tropics. During the day, "the little parson" would be seen mixing among the seamen as they sat mending sails, beneath the awning on deck; he soon gained their confidence, and was initiated into many a secret of knotting, splicing, and sail-making, likely to be of

use in a region where St. Paul's knowledge of tent-constructing would not be the least of his qualifications for a missionary life. At night the ladies would gather round the binnacle, when Mrs. Livingstone used to encourage those who could sing to organize glees and catches. Miss Mackenzie sang well, Mrs. Bunip had a sweet voice, and these hours under the Southern Cross were long cherished as a remembrance of home life by some who were never destined to see home again. Mrs. Livingstone was a general favorite. She was a gentle, motherly woman, most helpful, and anxious to make the best of everything and every one. Most of the readers of *THE CHRISTIAN YEAR* will remember that this lady was the daughter of Mr. Moffat, the patriarch of Christian missionary labor in South Africa. She had the best training for the wife of a man like Livingstone, in her long experience of mission work in the Kaffir wilderness with her father. The children of the Livingstone family were now all safely placed at school in England, and she was proceeding to join her husband in his new post, the consulate of the Zambesi. It is of this and of the other more recent fields of discovery opened by Livingstone, that the present series of papers will treat. They are the result of personal observation during several years; and as the lately ascertained safety of the most successful of discoverers of modern times adds to the public interest in all that concerns him, it is hoped that these notes of the adventures and experiences of a companion of Dr. Livingstone, in the years 1860-1863, will not be without interest for readers of *THE CHRISTIAN YEAR*.

(To be continued.)

SCIENTIFIC experiment shows the following number of beats a second for the wings of each insect: the common fly, three hundred and thirty; the drone, two hundred and forty; the bee, one hundred and nine-

ty; the wasp, one hundred and ten; the hawk-moth, seventy-two; the dragon-fly, twenty-eight; and that of the cabbage butterfly, which is inaudible, only nine beats a second.

WHEN Dr. Lyman Beecher was found fiddling in his garret in Boston, and dancing to his own music, some of his flock were very much scandalized, but the more sensible of them said, *Fiddle, D.D.*

"MR. T.," said Mrs. S. to a neighboring Congregational minister, who, according to the good old custom, was taking his turn in "supplying the pulpit" of her late husband, "they say in Nottingham that you are a Hopkinsian, but the people here say it's a slander. How is it?" "Madam," said he, "I am a great Conformalist."

PARSON WELCH was the Congregational minister at Amesbury, Mass., some two or three generations ago. On one occasion he was called on to marry a rustic couple. According to his custom, he began with, "Please join your right hands!" Thereupon the groom with his right hand takes the bride's left. "Please join your *right* hands!" The groom, a little confused, lets go his grasp, and with his left hand takes the bride's right. "Your *right* hands! please join your *right* hands!" The groom thinks a moment, lets go his grasp again, and turning round, seizes the bride with *both* hands, her right with his left, her left with his right, and exclaims, "*Now I've got her!*"

A BAPTIST preacher, some years ago, was holding forth to his congregation, in Suffolk Va., on the mode of baptism, and seeing among them, near the lower end of the edifice, a gentleman of another "persuasion," who had been a captain's clerk in the navy during a cruise in the Mediterranean, and who, he was told, had witnessed a baptism in the Greek Church, thought the opportunity too good to be lost. So, stopping short in his argument, he says, "Brethren, I see in the congregation our respected townsman, Mr. A., who, I think, can give us some information on this subject. Mr. A., I have been informed that when you were in Constantinople you were once present at a bap-

tism in the Greek Church. Is that so?" Mr. A., thus appealed to, rises and answers, "It is." "Be good enough to tell the congregation how it was performed." "It was performed by *immersion*." "There, brethren, you hear the testimony of our townsman, who is so well known to you all. He himself, as you are aware, holds to baptism by affusion; but, as an honest man, he tells you that the baptism which he witnessed in the Greek Church was by immersion." The preacher then went on to expatiate on the value of the testimony; reminding his congregation that the Greek Church was the most ancient of all the Churches; *how tenacious it had always been of primitive customs and usages*; and how it had kept itself free from so many of the corruptions of the Roman Church; and then wound up his discourse. Thereupon, Mr. A. rose, and begged to make one additional remark. "It is true, as I stated, that I saw a baptism in the Greek Church, and that it was by immersion; I should have added that the subject of it was *an infant!*"

SOME five and twenty years ago, a simple-minded Methodist dropped in on Mr. Brunner, Church bookseller in Baltimore, to make a purchase. Mr. B. being engaged for the moment with another customer, our Methodist friend took up a book to while away the time. It proved to be a Prayer Book, and he opened it, as it happened, at the Communion office. He was evidently regarding it with unfeigned astonishment. "Why," said he, "*this is taken from the Discipline!*"

MILNER, in his *End of Controversy*, Letter XX., has a similar anachronism of fact. "We continually hear," says he, "the advocates of the Establishment crying up the beauty and perfection of their liturgy; but they have not the candor to inform the public that it is all, in a manner, borrowed from the Catholic (meaning Roman) Missal and Ritual. Of this any one may satisfy himself who will compare the prayers, les-

sons, and Gospels in these Catholic (Roman) books with those in the *Book of Common Prayer*." Why did not Milner "have the candor to inform the public" in what manner it was "borrowed." Had he "informed the public" that "the prayers, lessons, and Gospels" of the New Testament, and of the liturgies of St. James, and St. Mark, and St. Basil, and St. Chrysostom were "all, in a manner, borrowed from" the Roman "Missal and Ritual," the "information" would have been every whit as valuable, and no whit wider from the fact.

WHEN Brother Smith was rector of the church in Suffolk, Va., he had an engagement, one week-day evening, to preach for a brother rector some miles off. Arriving at the church a little behind time, and perceiving that the rector had begun the service, he went in, and took a seat in one of the front seats. An old gentleman, who was seated on the same seat, taking him for a stranger, handed him a Prayer Book, at the same time pointing out the place, and at every change in the service exchanged Prayer Books with him, each time pointing out the place. After the giving out of the Psalm, Mr. S. went out, and passing around to the vestry-room, robed, and went into the pulpit. Whereupon the old gentleman aforesaid lifted up both hands in blank amazement, aghast at finding that he had been teaching a clergyman the *geography* of the Prayer Book. It is to be hoped that this adventure did not deter him from offering pilotage to others in need of a pilot. It would be well for the Church if her laity generally were more mindful to show hospitality, in this and other kindred ways, to strangers, even at the risk of thereby sometimes *entertaining* a clergyman unawares.

For the phrase "geography of the Prayer Book" I am indebted to an engineer; an ex-professor of Harvard College, whom I fell in with while going in the omnibus from Boston to Cambridge. He had

been spending some weeks in the interior of Vermont, superintending some work in the line of his profession, and finding no services of his own, had become for the time being an attendant upon ours; he had got pretty familiar, he said, with "the *geography* of the Prayer Book." I am afraid he never attained to its *astronomy*, the embodiment of those "celestial observations," by which alone, as Coleridge says, "can even terrestrial charts be constructed."

SOON after an inauguration of governor in Maryland, Pat, who had voted on the winning side, went down to Annapolis, and going up to the State House, made straight for the Governor's apartments. Nodding to Tim, the porter, an old acquaintance of his, he entered the ante-room. The Secretary of State was seated at his desk; but instead of addressing himself to him, Pat turned round, and, facing northerly, began: "Howly Martin John, intersayde for me with the Secretary, and get him to intersayde for me with the Governor, that he may give me the Inspictorship of Potatoes!" "Why, Pat!" said Tim, "there is the Secretary himself; why don't you spake to *him*? He's an owld acquaintance of yours." "Yes, he's an owld acquaintance o' mine; but he's too busy wid his duties to remember the likes o' me; so I'm spakin' to the Archbishop." "But, Pat, the Archbishop's in Baltimore, he can't hayre you!" "Niver you mind! The Governor can hayre me; he's in the nixt room, and the door is open; he can hayre what I say, and he'll tilegraph it to the Archbishop; and thin the Archbishop 'll tilegraph it to the Scretary; and thin the Scretary 'll spake to the Governor; and the Governor 'll make me Inspictor of Potatoes!"

If any one doubts the authenticity of this last anecdote, let him write to Pat; it couldn't have a better endorser. Pat was showing his faith (and the faith of the majority of his countrymen) by his works.

That faith, thus illustrated, Milner (*End of Controversy*, Letter XXXIII), following the Council of Trent, declares to be "that the saints reigning with Christ offer up their prayers to God for men;" and "that it is good and useful suppliantly to invoke them," etc. And in reply to the Bishop of Durham's allegation that "it is blasphemy to ascribe to angels and saints, by praying to them, the Divine attribute of universal presence," he asks, "How does his lordship know that one part of the saints' felicity may not consist in contemplating the wonderful ways of God's providence with all his creatures here on earth? But without recurring," says he, "to this supposition, it is sufficient for dissipating the bishop's uncharitable phantom of *blasphemy*, and Calvin's profane jest about the length of the saints' ears, that *God is able to reveal to them the prayers of Christians who address them here on earth!*"

ST. CHRYSOSTOM did not believe in this roundabout way of approach: the "Circumlocution Office" had not been established in his day. Commenting on the Fourth Psalm, he writes thus: "There is no need of porters to introduce you; nor stewards, nor comptrollers, nor guards, nor friends; but when you by yourself approach, then He will most of all listen to you; then, I say, when you ask no one. We do not so much prevail with Him when we ask by others as when we ask by ourselves; for since it is our own friendship He loves, He takes every means of fixing our confidence in Him. When He sees us doing this by ourselves, then He especially grants our request." And in his Homily on the Woman of Canaan: "Though she were thus a sinner and a transgressor, she is bold enough to approach. And see the wisdom of the woman! She calls not on James; she does not supplicate John; she approaches not Peter; she does not force her way through their company. 'I have no need of a mediator [she was in the presence of *the* Mediator]; but taking repentance

to plead with me, I approach the Fountain itself. For this cause He came down, for this cause He became incarnate, that I might converse with Him.' The cherubim tremble at Him above, and here below a harlot converses with Him. 'Have mercy on me.' It is a simple word, and yet it finds a fathomless sea of salvation. 'Have mercy on me. For this cause Thou didst come; for this cause Thou tookedst upon Thee flesh; for this cause Thou becamest what I am.' Above is trembling; below is confidence. 'Have mercy on me. I have no need of a mediator. Have mercy on me!'" And, commenting on the Apostolic benediction (Rom. xvi. 24): "Who then will pray for us, now that Paul has gone away? Those who are imitators of Paul."

FOR the authenticity of the foregoing anecdotes, except the first and the last, I will vouch. I am not aware that any of them has ever appeared in print. The first, so far as the fact of the fiddling and the dancing is concerned, was current in Boston forty years ago. The responsibility for the last I have already shouldered upon Pat. He has borne heavier burdens in his day.

E. J. S.

IN a certain town not more than fifty miles from Boston, as the clergyman was holding forth one Sunday in his usual drowsy manner, one of the deacons, influenced probably by the narcotic qualities of the discourse, fell into a doze. In connection with the train of thought characterizing his sermon, the preacher happened to use the words, "What is the price of all earthly pleasures?" The money-getting deacon (he kept a small store, and had a lively eye to the main chance), half consciously thinking the inquiry was respecting some kind of merchandise, immediately answered, "Seven and sixpence a dozen."

MEN are like wagons, they rattle most when there is nothing in them.

OLD TUNES.

THE good old tunes of other days,
In which we sang our Maker's praise,
When life with us was young,
When music flowed from heart and tongue,
Oh! how to memory now they rise,
Like angel notes from yonder skies;
For oft we sang them with the blest
Who now in heavenly mansions rest.

My father sang them; when a boy
I heard their notes with glowing joy;
And round his dying bed we raised
The words and notes in which he praised
The name of God, and sang of bliss
In purer, brighter worlds than this.

My mother sang them soft and sweet,
And oft their tones my spirit greet,
When dreams, beyond the upper air,
My soul on wings of fancy bear,
To that bright world to which she rose,
When, leaving life with all its woes,
Oppressed with grief, of joy bereft,
An orphan I was early left.

I sang them with a brother flown
Where sin and sorrow are unknown,
And with a sister, oh, how dear!
Whose notes now greet the mother's ear.
I sang them with a youthful bride,
Who early withered by my side;
They cheered her when life's setting sun
Shone on her heaven on earth begun,
And only ceased her soul to cheer
When heavenly music met her ear.
I sang them with a manly son,
Whose race on earth was early run,
And with a daughter, bright and fair,
Who knows in heaven a mother's care.

I've sung them in the forest wild,
Where nature lovely towered and smiled;
I've sung them on the rolling sea,
Whose deep-toned surges joined with me
In sounding forth their Maker's praise,
Whose words can check, or wildly raise
The surging billows to the skies,
Or still them when to heaven they rise.
I've sung them in far distant lands,
Where roll the waves on classic strands;
And tears of grief would quickly come
At thoughts of distant friends and home,
With whom, and where I sang these lays,
The good old tunes of other days.

I've sung them with the wise and good,
As by Death's stream they joyful stood,

And saw beyond the walls that rise,
Where peaceful mansions greet the eyes.

How dear to me these noble lays,
The good old tunes of other days!
On earth I've sung them with the blest;
And when I reach the heavenly rest,
I hope to sing them there with those
Who know no more life's cares or woes,
Where golden harps the notes shall raise
That fill all heaven with endless praise.

LAY OF THE PEWHOLDER.

WHAT! is this, then, your petition?
Keep off from my fast-closed door!
Don't you know your real condition?
I am rich and you are poor.
I am rich, and a pewholder,
Nor intend that such as you
Should repose—with lazy shoulder—
In my comfortable pew.

Do you know the worth of money—
How it everything pervades?
I am seated where the sunny
Warmth dispels the wintry shades.
You—with poverty your teacher—
Shivering near the half-shut door,
Scarce can hear the listless preacher
On the duties of the poor.

"Are not rich and poor together
Equal in the house of prayer?"
Look around, and tell me whether
Any hold that doctrine here.
See our seats—we are deserving,
And have bought our rights to pews;
You should thank us for reserving
You the sittings we refuse.

Be content with what we leave you,
Or at once from church depart.
If our privileges grieve you,
And you take your wrongs to heart,
None will miss you, none will wonder:
Crowds have done the same before;
No one will suspect a blunder
In our treatment of the poor.

Live in your own wretched station,
Careless of all means of grace;
Let a godless education
Rear a still more worthless race.
Die with or without repentance,
And when this world has its close,
Do not blame us, should your sentence
Doom you to unending woes.

—*Church Herald.*

ATHANASIUS AND MIRAMEH.*

A Tale of Oriental Life.

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND HORATIO SOUTHGATE, D.D.

CHAPTER X.

LET us return to the boy upon whose fate the main interest of our story hangs. We have traced him to his entrance into the city mansion of Selim Effendi. He was still of an age when he could be admitted freely into the Harem, that sacred place, as its name implies: "forbidden:" closed against all intrusion of males beyond the age of childhood, unless they be of the family of its mistress, her sons, or nearly as close of kin.

To Athanasius, it was a place of wonders; an earthly Paradise, prohibited, like the first, to the gaze of common mortals. The abode was much more elaborate, in beauty and decoration, than that which he had visited in Kadi Keuî. Its ceilings were much more gorgeous; its divans, more richly spread; its pipes and coffee-service, more splendid; the servants, more numerous and more richly dressed; its maidens, more highly adorned with silks and diamonds.

Pembeh Khaneum, having disposed of her ferejee, taken off her *yashmak*,* and let down the long flowing skirts of her entereh, took her seat in the corner of the divan, by the window, through which breathed the fresh airs of the garden.

One of her maidens stood before her. The others were engaged in adjoining apartments, putting to rights the wardrobes of the Harem.

"Atié," she said to the maiden in attendance, "Bring me the tchibouk."

Atié was a Circassian, of about seventeen; radiant with the beauty of that remarkable race.

*The veil worn by Turkish women abroad. It consists of three pieces, so arranged as to leave only the eyes and brow uncovered.

She wore a long robe of figured silk, bound close to her person by a small girdle of cashmere. Her slippers were of white satin, beautifully embroidered. Her hair, of the richest black, fell in streaming tresses behind her, reaching nearly to her feet. She had upon her head a kerchief of gay colors, so disposed that some of her dark locks, intertwined with it, set off her simple head-dress to great advantage. Her robe, open at the top, disclosed her chemise, of the finest gauze, which revealed, rather than concealed, the pearly whiteness of her bosom. This was secured, at the throat, by a single brooch of small diamonds; the only jewel which she wore. Her shalwars were of pink-colored silk, gathered at the ankles, where appeared a glimpse of her delicate stockings of open network. She wore no ornament but the brooch we have mentioned, and the rich embroidery of her slippers and her robe, the latter being exquisitely wrought upon the breast and the long tapering sleeves.

Her form was of that agile, lithe description which marks the daughters of her favored nation; distinguished, as they are, by the smallness of their waists, contrasted with the delicate, yet rounded, fulness of their busts, and the ever-swaying gracefulness of their motions.

Her face we will not attempt to describe;—that transparent clearness of complexion, on which the slightest emotion spread a blush of the most subtle and evanescent tinge; those eyebrows, drawn with such nicety of outline that you would hardly believe them the work of nature; that perfect nose, looking like the most delicate carving of the chisel; that fair rounded neck, sitting so easily upon the sloping shoulders; those lips, full, yet so free from

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by PLINY F. SMITH, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

grossness; the dimpled chin, so purely white; and, above all, the eyes, so gentle, and yet so bright; full of lustre, yet languishing in softness; innocent and guileless, yet bewitching from the very simplicity of their gaze; large, the lids tapering outward like an almond; black, yet with the softest effect of the blue.

Atié was the favorite maiden of her mistress; and, therefore, we have bestowed some minuteness upon the description of her person. She was, also, more than the others, the appointed attendant of Athanasius; and, therefore, she mingles more directly in our story.

The boy was sitting upon the divan, amusing himself with some trinkets which Pembeh Khaneum had placed before him.

The maiden obeyed the order of her lady, by going to the door of the room, raising the heavy damask curtain which covered it, and communicating the command to a young eunuch, who stood in waiting without. After a time, he appeared at the lower end of the room, bearing a tchibouk of jessamine, crowned with an amber mouthpiece, encircled with a row of diamonds, and tipped with a bowl of dark red clay, highly polished and gilded. The maiden advanced; took from him the pipe, and from his other hand, a small brazen saucer; returned toward her mistress; and, when within the required distance, dropped on one knee, placed the saucer on the floor, and then, rising, rested the bowl of the pipe upon it, and brought round the stem, with a graceful sweep, and with such accuracy of measurement that, when the lady received it, the amber mouthpiece was close to her lips.

The eunuch presently reappeared, bearing a richly japanned tray, on which stood the coffee-vessels. Atié again met him; and, taking from the tray a small silver waiter, she placed upon it a little cup of china, adorned with minute flowers, and, by its side, a cup-holder of filigreed silver. Then, filling the cup from a small brazen vessel which stood on the tray, she ap-

proached her mistress, and, dropping again on her knee, placed the cup in the holder, and handed it to the lady. She then retired a few paces, and stood, with the silver waiter in her hand, ready to receive the cup when it was empty. Pembeh Khaneum sipped the coffee at her leisure; exhaling, between whiles, a little cloud of smoke from her tchibouk.

This ceremony was followed by the entrance of the slave, bearing an elegant silver waiter, on which stood a goblet of crystal, surmounted by a gilded cover, and containing a confection of rose-leaves. This also Atié took to her mistress, who served herself from it with a spoon, and administered a bountiful mouthful of the delicacy to the expectant Athanasius.

Presently, one of the maidens entered with a silver censer, and perfumed the room with the delicious odors which steamed from it.

Breakfast was soon afterward served; it being now high noon, and somewhat past the usual hour of the Turkish morning meal. This consisted of a variety of dishes, placed, one at a time, upon a resplendent brass waiter, of circular form, resting upon a stool which stood on the floor. Pembeh Khaneum sat upon the edge of the divan, and Athanasius, as if he were her son, on a cushion on the floor, opposite to her. She regaled him with the choicest bits from each dish, taking them in her fingers, and putting them into his mouth, with the look and word of maternal tenderness. The act is a symbol of affection and friendship; and so it was meant by the Lord of mankind, when He took from the dish a morsel, and presented it to the man who had betrayed Him: it was a token of His love for His deadly enemy.

We will not tarry amidst the ceremonial of Turkish life; or linger upon the minor circumstances which attended the great events of our history. It is enough to say, that Athanasius was made to forget, for the moment, his humble home, amidst the

delights of his new and sumptuous residence. When evening came, he was beguiled with the same story, and the same promise, which had deceived him before. The next morning, he was arrayed in a new suit, which had been procured for him; a rich exchange for the coarse and homely garments which he discarded. He was now, in outward adorning at least, a Turkish boy; and, all that could help to make him forget that he was, in reality, anything else, was gathered around him.

It was on this day that Pembeh Khaneum began to open to him the attractions of a new career. She talked with him, artfully, of becoming her son: and, Athanasius, little suspecting the change of religion which it would involve, professed himself quite content to live with her, if his father and mother would consent. She told him of the advantages that would accrue to him, if he became her son; how, under the Turkish law, adoption had the same force with birthright; that he would be heir to all his father's wealth, and would live in ease and comfort all his days; that he would be taught in all the learning of the *Medressehs*;* and, would have influence and power among the greatest.

He was flattered and dazzled by the display; and, instantly accepted the invitation, with the filial reservation which we have stated. He would go home, and see his parents, and they would certainly consent. Athanasius was sure, that the very love they bore him, would make them eager to embrace an offer which promised him so much of happiness; and, he was, therefore, more earnest than ever to return without delay. But, Pembeh Khaneum knew full well, that these would be no attractions to his parents; and, she had the difficult task of concealing her real purpose, and keeping him in his new home. But, she succeeded; and, by means of fabricated stories,

hid from him the fact, that he was a stolen boy, and was never more to return to his father's house.

If she could once prevail on him to acknowledge the faith of Mohammed, the parental claim on him would be lost, and she would be empowered, by the Mussulman law, to retain him. The stratagem by which she succeeded in doing this, was worthy of the ingenuity of a Turkish woman; for, the skill in intrigue of the Constantinopolitan dames is, at least, equal to that of their sisters in more civilized lands. She taught him to repeat the Mohammedan formula which is the symbol of the Faith of Islam, *La Ilahi ill' Allah, vé Mohammed Resoul Oullah*: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Apostle of God." This she taught him as an exercise in Arabic, of the meaning of which he knew not a word.

In the meantime, he was made to believe, that his parents had been induced to consent to his protracted and indefinite stay in the house of Selim Effendi; and, although he often requested, that he might be permitted to go home to see them, it was easy, and becoming easier every day, to divert his attention, by plausible excuses, and by some new pleasures which were offered to his senses.

At length, all things being prepared, he was conducted, one day, to the Porte. Selim Effendi, who had hitherto left the conduct of the affair to his wife, and who, indeed, seemed to have acquiesced in it chiefly for her gratification, now appeared in the apartment of the Reïs Effendi, whose duty it is to take cognizance of such cases, and was already seated on the divan, at no great distance from that powerful Minister of State, when Pembeh Khaneum, attended by Athanasius, whom she led by the hand, and followed by a man-servant, the steward of her household, entered the room.

Selim Effendi had, however, in a manner which we shall presently relate, prepossessed the Minister with the story, told after his

* Colleges, connected with several of the Imperial Mosques.

own fashion, yet not far from the truth; for, the Minister himself was true Mussulman enough to esteem the rescue of the child from the hands of unbelievers, a meritorious act. Athanasius had, also, been foretaught. He was made to believe, that the repetition of the lesson which he had learned, before the Reïs Effendi, was necessary, (as, in truth, it was,) to his becoming the heir of Selim Effendi.

The party stood before the Reïs Effendi. The lady advanced to the middle of the apartment, and gave the ordinary salutation, by raising her hand to her head, and saying, "Peace be to you:" to which the Minister replied, by partly rising, raising his hand in return, and saying, "To you be Peace:" while Selim Effendi acknowledged her presence by the salutation of the hand alone. Athanasius, before instructed, approached, and, dropping on one knee, took the hem of the Minister's robe, and pressed it to his lips. Then, retiring, he stood at a little distance, with his hands folded before him. The ease and gracefulness with which he performed this ceremony, brought out from the Minister an expression of pleased surprise.

"Bravo, my child; thou art a little Mussulman."

Pembek Khaneum, in consideration of her age and high social position, was invited to sit upon the divan; which she did, at a respectful distance from the Minister, and on the opposite side of him from her husband; while Athanasius, with many complimentary words upon his beauty and grace, was bidden to kneel at his feet. He was already, so great was his natural aptitude for every form of politeness, becoming a proficient in Turkish manners.

After the prelude of coffee, there entered the *Imam** of a neighboring Mosque, who,

* Minister of religion; literally, *Leader*. He is Curate, or Sub-curate, of a Mosque, or Mesjid; conducts the public Prayers; and ministers at Circumcision, Marriage, and Burial; but, has no ordination, nor priestly character.

also, was bidden to be seated. All things being now ready, the Reïs Effendi, who had been regaling himself with the wit and sprightliness of the boy, said to him,

"Come, my son; say the lesson which Pembek Khaneum has taught thee."

Athanasius instantly rose, retreated backward a few steps, and, placing the palms of his hands together, repeated, in his clear, silvery tones, the words which we have given. The Minister then beckoned to the Imam, who immediately went to the boy, and stooping his head to his ear, whispered into it the *Ezan*, or Call to Prayer, the same which, five times a day, is heard from the minaret of every Mosque and *Mesjid** in the kingdom.

"God Most High. God Most High. God Most High. God Most High. I attest, that there is no God but God. I attest, that there is no God but God. I attest, that Mohammed is the Apostle of God. I attest, that Mohammed is the Apostle of God. Come to Prayer. Come to Prayer. Come to the Temple of Salvation. Come to the Temple of Salvation. God Most High. God Most High. There is no God but God."

He then repeated the whole form in the other ear, with a slight variation; adding, after the words, "Come to the Temple of Salvation," "All is ready for Prayer." Then he rose, and, standing before Athanasius, said to him, in Arabic, "Mohammed Riza is thy name;" and, the unconscious boy, pleased with the ceremony, stood before the Minister of State and the Minister of Religion, an acknowledged Mussulman.

For obvious reasons, the Rite of Circumcision, which has no age fixed by positive law, was postponed. Enough had been done to satisfy the requirements of Religion. Athanasius was a Mohammedan; and no power could wrest him from the obligations of his new Faith. Henceforth, his Baptism was null; Christianity was a strange re-

* Small Mosque, or Chapel.

ligion to him; and, even the ties of filial duty were forever ruptured. So speaks the Law which now claimed him for its own. But, he knew it not. He was as innocent of the change as the mother who bore him; and whose days and nights were filled with sorrow for his absence.

CHAPTER XI.

IT was not many days after this strange scene at the Porte, that the father of Athanasius presented himself at the same place, and sought admission to the Reîs Effendi.

This officer, who is charged with the seal of the Department of Foreign Affairs, is, also, Head Constable of the Rayahs, those subjects of the Sultan who are not Moham-medans, the relics of conquered nations and religions, now tributary, and, in the eye of the law, strangers, rather than children of the Kingdom. They are tolerated, not recognized. By the fundamental law of the Empire, the Koran and its Commentaries, they have, and can have, no rights as citizens. All the legal protection vouchsafed to them is the care extended to subjugated enemies on parole.

The fact proves the utter worthlessness of all those edicts in favor of the Rayahs extorted by Western Diplomacy; and for which the Sultan has, from time to time, received the laudations of the Western Powers. Not one of them is worth the paper on which it is written. They have been, and will be, observed so far as those who have exacted them compel their observance; no farther: and, this will be, in the few individual cases which are brought to the notice of foreign ambassadors, and in which they think it politic to interfere. But every Rayah knows, that, by the law of Islâm, his life is forfeited; and, that the tribute which he pays, is a commutation for the penalty which would terminate his existence. He knows, that he has no privilege, but that of being allowed to live, and practice his infidel worship in obscurity.

The Christians of the East have, there-

fore, never been deluded by these Tanzimats, Khatti Sherifs and Royal Acts of Grace. They read well to Western ears: but, the Rayah knows enough of the authority under which he lives, to understand, that they are illegal, unconstitutional, and can never be generally enforced. In every instance, they have gradually sunk out of sight; and, the condition of the Rayah, throughout the Empire, is, at this moment, as miserable as it was fifty years ago.

The Sultan cannot, if he would, subvert the institutions under which he holds his throne. The law of religion is independent of him. To gratify or propitiate a Western Power on whose good-will he depends, he may, as he often has done, grant a Paper which awards equal rights to his Christian subjects; and, for a time, there may be the appearance of enforcing it. But, as it has uniformly been in the past, so it must, of necessity, be in the future; the fundamental law of the Empire, which is the law of Religion, must regain its sway, and prevail over these irregular and abnormal exceptions. *That* abides; *these* are accidents, which have only the force of a transient spasm. There is no hope, absolutely no hope, for our Christian brothers in the East, but in the overthrow of the dominion which holds them in bondage. By its essential nature, it must degrade and oppress them.

It is not easy for a poor Rayah to get access to the Minister for Foreign Affairs: and, in this instance, the Minister knew wherefore the applicant had come. Yani was aware, that, if the Sultan had listened to his plea, he would give his order on the subject to the Reîs Effendi; and it was, therefore, from that dignitary that he must learn the result. The Sultan *had* given his order. On his return from the Mosque of Sultan Achmet, sitting in state in his great Hall of Reception, the Royal Divan, he had not forgotten the tall, strange man who met him in the Atmeidan. On the contrary, his fierce, though suppliant, eye, his

look of resolute misery, had haunted his noonday prayers, in the Royal closet of the Imperial Temple. And now he demanded to see the petition. It was produced, and read to him by a Scribe. The Reïs Effendi, with other high officers, stood before him.

"Mohammed Riza," said His Majesty, "you hear this complaint of one of our Rayahs. He asserts, that his son has been taken from him, by fraud, or violence, and is now in the house of Selim Effendi. Let justice be done. We will protect the meanest of our subjects. We have given our promise to the Great Powers, that no injustice shall be practised upon the Christians under our Royal rule; and, it becomes us, that we do not appear to them to have violated our word. You will take this petition. Call Selim Effendi, whom we know to be a just and holy man, before you, and inquire of him concerning this matter. Then let report thereof be made to our Royal ear."

"*Bash ustunch*," * replied Mohammed Riza Pasha, with a lowly obeisance.

"It may be," he added, "that the boy has accepted the faith of Islam, and is a willing inmate of the house of Selim Effendi. In that case, what is your Majesty's desire?"

"We cannot interfere," said the Sultan, "with the law of Religion. If he is, indeed, a Mussulman, his choice is free. We have promised that no one shall be compelled to deny his religion: and, this is our supreme will, and true mind thereon. But, if the lad wishes to acknowledge the Prophet of God, and enter the ranks of the faithful believers, we may not hinder his purpose. Our Royal word, which forbids compulsion, protects freedom."

"And, in that case, may it please your Majesty, the boy is at liberty to abide in the house of a Mussulman?"

"We cannot drive him from those of his own faith," replied the liberal Sultan. "But,

you will learn the truth; and, we will see that justice is done."

The Pasha answered, only, by repeating the sign of his profound homage. But, in his inner mind, he suspected the truth, and had already measured his course. He would only know, beforehand, that it might be followed without any peril to himself: and, on this point, His Majesty had, unwittingly, satisfied him.

It was an easy matter, a few days later, to call Selim Effendi to the Porte; to tell him of the petition to the Sultan, and of the royal order concerning it; and, to ask the Effendi about the boy. He told a story which contained no great departure from the truth. He insisted, that the lad was happy and contented under his roof, and wished to remain there: which was true, as the lad understood it: and, he expatiated on the great merit of rescuing so bright a youth from the snares of infidelity, and bringing him into the company of the Faithful. He, also, intimated what he was ready to do for the boy, in case he adopted the faith of the Koran.

"Very well," said the Pasha, "let him come here, and profess the faith; and, we will give him his name. On so goodly a youth I shall be pleased to confer my own."

The Effendi thanked him, with unfeigned sincerity, for this eminent token of his friendship, and pledge of his protection for the boy.

Pembeh Khaneum, when she heard of it, was doubly grateful, as it afforded her an opportunity for the early execution of her own preconceived plot. And, in due time, about a week later, Athanasius, who, in the meanwhile, had been taught to play his unconscious part in the solemn farce, appeared at the Porte, and, as we have seen, underwent this ingenious process of proselytism.

Mohammed Riza Pasha was now ready for all claimants. He could give a true and conscientious answer to his Master; and, he could repel, with an authoritative

* "Upon my head be it."

and final reply, the intrusive pleas of the Giaours, the Christian kindred and friends of the lad, who might seek to assail his ears with their importunate demands and complaints. He had accomplished a safe stroke of business; upon which he looked back with equal satisfaction to his ingenuity and his piety. He did not fear, or tremble, therefore, when the father of Athanasius was announced, as a suppliant for admission to his presence. He rather desired to see him; that he might settle his business at once, and have an end of it. He had taken precaution to learn, from his secretary, who was in waiting, and wherefore he had come.

"Let him enter," said Mohammed Riza.

We remember well the look and tone of the father, when, years afterward, he related to us the particulars of this painful interview.

Yani had counted days as ages, since he had seen Athanasius; though, in truth, hardly three weeks had elapsed. He had resumed his labor in his garden; for, the wants of his family compelled him to work. If one was lost, the others must live.

The only tidings which had come to the family concerning the boy, had been received from a man-servant of Selim Effendi, who had come over to the country-house, on an errand. Yani had met, and accosted him, and asked him of the welfare of Athanasius. The servant, who had been instructed for the purpose, told him of his happiness and contentment, of his new clothes and his amusements, as one might tell of the pastimes of a boy on a visit to his friends. Yani heard it without incredulity; for, he knew how likely it was, that they would endeavor to solace and beguile the child by such treatment as this; and, he could easily imagine how they would deceive him with stories of his father's acquiescence in his absence. He sent his love to his son. *That*, he thought, might be delivered: but, he knew, it was useless to add more. The love was delivered, that

same evening; with some glowing additions, of the joy of his father at hearing of his good fortune and his brilliant prospects. Athanasius was too guileless himself to suspect deceit in others; and, of too joyous a nature to be easily saddened when all things smiled around him. The message made him, more than ever, contented.

Yani entered the apartment of the Reïs Effendi with a resolute, yet despondent, heart; resolute in his purpose of saving his boy; almost hopeless of any good to result from an interview with Mohammed Riza Pasha. He was a strict Mussulman; and, therefore, no friend to the Christians. If the design was, (and who could doubt it?) to change the religion of Athanasius, the Pasha would only be too glad to aid in so pious an undertaking.

And, in general, Yani knew, that it was next to impossible for a Christian to obtain justice against a Turk: and the impossibility was made total and complete, by the fact, that, in this case, the Christian was poor and unbefriended, while the Turk was rich and powerful. Yet, Yani felt, that no stone must be left unturned, no device untried, which might help in the rescue of his boy; and, he had some lingering, faint, and struggling hope, that the Padishah, after reading his heart-broken petition, might give such orders to the Reïs Effendi as he would not dare to contravene, or evade.

There was, surely, small ground for hope in this; for, he must be more ignorant than is the lowest subject, who does not know, that all matters of state policy in Turkey are managed by craft and guile; that he who seeks favor, or even justice, without a bribe, is destitute of every influential argument; and that the amiable Sultan, whatever were his good wishes for his people, had no power to execute them, but through agents whose views were opposed to his own, and who could, at any time, with almost certain impunity, hoodwink and deceive him, in his seclusion from active

personal government, and in his want of all accurate and reliable information from uncorrupted sources.

In all monarchical countries, somewhat, but in none so absolutely as in Turkey, does the system of government exclude the chief ruler from the well of truth. He drinks of the water which gives light to the eyes, as it is passed to him by the hands of favorites and satraps, who adulterate and discolor it at their pleasure.

And, so it proved in the present instance. For, a day or two after Yani stood in the presence of Mohammed Riza Pasha, that dignitary, whose first purpose had been never to recall to the Sultan the Christian boy whose father had appealed to him; hoping, that His Majesty, in the multiplicity of his pleasures and of more important cares, might never again think of him; found himself obliged to report upon the case, by an untimely question from the Sultan; who had not forgotten it, partly because his really benevolent and impressible nature had been moved by the mournful plea of the father, and, perhaps still more, because he was fearful lest the story might get abroad, come to the ear of some foreign Ambassador, and so cause a diplomatic muss.

He, therefore, asked Mohammed Riza, at his next levee, of the state of the case: and, that politic Mussulman replied, in terms which satisfied His Majesty, that the boy was already, by his own free act, (and, was it not so?) of the household of the Faithful. The Sultan ordered, that a present should be made to the father, of five hundred piastres from his privy purse; meaning, thereby, to console him for the loss of his offspring. If it had been presented, it would not have been received, in that view of the case: but, though it was, doubtless, charged to the purse as having been paid, Yani never saw a para of it.

But, of all this the father, could, as yet, know nothing. He appeared in the presence of Mohammed Riza Pasha, with a

fluttering hope of some good result from the humanity of the youthful sovereign. Having made his obeisance, by falling upon his knees, and kissing the hem of the Pasha's frock-coat, (the modern substitute for the ancient robe,) he rose, withdrew to the middle of the room, and stood, after the manner of those of his degree when in the presence of power, with his feet close together, and his hands meekly folded on his breast.

The Pasha, shaking his head, as if denying his request before he heard it, and with an ominous severity of countenance, asked, "What is the matter? What dost thou want?"

"My child," answered the sorrowing father.

"Thy child! what of him? What has become of him?"

"He is stolen, Effendi."

"Where livest thou? What is thy name?"

"I live in Kadi Keuî. My name is Yani Stamatiades."

"Art thou Greek?"

"Yes, Effendi."

"Thy child is stolen, thou sayest. Who stole him?"

"He is in the house of Selim Effendi, in the quarter of Sulimaniëh."

"Selim Effendi stole him, dost thou say?"

"He went there, with the Effendi's Harem, three weeks ago. They took him from Kadi Keuî."

"What dost thou know about it? Perhaps he went of his own accord. Children love to travel about."

"But, he has not stayed away so long, of his own accord. He would never do that. They will not let him come home."

"That thou dost not know. Perhaps he wishes to stay. Selim Effendi has a fine house, servants many, money much, pleasure abundant. Doubtless, the boy lives like a prince."

"He loves his father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters, more than all such things," said the incredulous Yani.

"How many children hast thou?" asked the Pasha.

"There are eight. Three boys. Five girls."

"They are many," said the Pasha. "How many wantest thou? Are not seven enough? Thou art poor."

"I love my children better than my life," replied the distressed father.

"The boy is better off where he is," retorted the Pasha. "Let him stay there. Selim Effendi will take good care of him, and bring him up, and make a rich man of him."

"He is my son," said Yani. "I want him. I cannot leave him there. His mother cries, day and night. The other children play no more. They think of their lost brother. My heart is broken with grief."

The Pasha saw that it was useless to prevaricate. The Giaour would not be persuaded. The blow must fall. He dealt it with an unsparing hand.

"Look at me, my friend. Thy son is a Mussulman. They brought him here, the other day. In my presence he said the Creed. He acknowledged himself a son of Islam. They gave him a name. He became a Mussulman. It is finished. To thee he is nothing."

The father fell on his knees, where he stood. Again the arrow pierced his heart. His stern self-control gave way. He stretched forth his clasped hands to the Minister, and cried aloud, while the tears coursed down his cheeks, in his agony:

"My son! My son! Mercy! Mercy! He is my child. He is no Mussulman. He is a Christian. They have deceived him. He knew not what he did. Bring him to me. Let him say, before me, that he is a Mussulman, and I will leave him."

"What matters it?" said the relentless Pasha. "He has made confession. The business is ended. Rise."

Yani did rise. Himself had come back again. He stood, untrembling, before the

Minister; and spoke, with measured calmness, and with an air, not of defiance, but of intense energy, which made every word distinct, clear, and sibilant, and carved deeper every line of his strong features, and shot, with a lurid glare, from his gleaming eye, which he fixed, with such fearless directness, upon the Pasha, that his guileful, and, therefore, weaker nature quailed before its burning, searching ray:

"Pardon me, Pasha Effendi. It is a lie. I know my boy. They may deceive him; for, his soul is frank and open. He believes no fraud; for, he has none. But, his heart is as steady as truth, stainless as the flowers of my garden. Bring him hither. Your command can do it. Let me ask him the question, 'Art thou a Mussulman?' and, I will abide by the answer. If he says, 'Yes,' he is no son of mine; I will see his face no more."

The Pasha was cowed by the boldness of the speech, and the fierce steadiness of the look. Such a nature covers its cowardice with anger. His eye wandering unsteadily about, not venturing to meet the still, fixed gaze of the poor Rayah, and, his body crouching together under the influence of his inward fear, he exclaimed, with a heightened and boisterous tone, "Villain, what dost thou want of me? The business is ended. Go. If thou give me any more trouble with thy affair, I will shut thee up, and give thee a taste of the stick."

Yani replied, with the same calm and dauntless tone as before, "Effendi, the business is *not* ended. I will have my boy, if it cost me my life. I am not a man who fears human power more than I fear God. My son is God's child, by his baptism. He wears the sign of the Cross. He who bore the Cross, will deliver him. And, look you to it, that, when my Greek brothers hear of this wrong, they do not give you more of trouble than I have done."

So saying, with a moderate *selam*, he turned, and walked steadily out of the room.

The Pasha clapped his hands, and a servant appeared.

"See, that that Giaour does not enter my presence again."

"Upon my head be it," said the servant, and retired.

CHAPTER XII.

OUR readers will not have forgotten the conspiracy in the wine-shop. They have heard the beginning of it. We now approach its consummation. During the three weeks that had intervened since the abduction of Athanasius, the plot, which was, at first, the vague, shifting and excited suggestions of heated passion, many of them absurd and extravagant, and most of them impracticable, had begun to take definite shape and consistency. All felt, that it was a hazardous and doubtful undertaking, at the best; an enterprise which might cost them their lives, without accomplishing their object.

By means of spies, they had ascertained, that Athanasius never appeared abroad: so that their first idea of seizing him in the street, had to be abandoned. Perhaps, after some months of waiting, the vigilance which was guarding him might be relaxed. But, there was little hope from that quarter, at present.

They had kept themselves in communication with the green-grocer; who, at some risk to himself, promised them all the aid in his power; for, his national and religious feeling was stronger than his interest. On him, especially, they relied for information of what transpired in the house of Selim Effendi: for, though he could gain no entrance there, he sometimes went to the house with vegetables, and sometimes had a chance to converse with a servant of the family, at his shop. But, he had to be careful, even in this petty perquisition. It is seldom that a Mussulman will converse freely with a Rayah, even upon ordinary topics; and, still more seldom that the latter will dare to show curiosity concern-

ing the internal affairs of a Turkish household.

The grocer, could, indeed, do little more than discover the general movements of the family. He had learned, that they were at home for the winter; that Pembeh Khanum went sometimes abroad to the bazars; but, that Athanasius did not accompany her. This last he learned from his own eyes; for, he several times saw the araba passing his shop. Even then, he could not venture a protracted gaze; for, a Rayah runs some risk, if he fixes his eyes, with any steadiness, on a Mussulman woman. He could but glance, for a moment, at the passers-by, as he moved about the shop on his business. The servants from the house, who came thither to purchase, gave him no information, but the unimportant shreds which he gleaned from a few harmless questions. The street by which Athanasius was conveyed to the Porte, lay in another direction; so that of that important journey he knew nothing.

Yani himself was the first to tell of it, on his return from the Reïs Effendi: nor did he hesitate to reveal to his compatriots the issue of that visit. They had learned of his petition to the Sultan, and of his intention to apply to the Minister for Foreign Affairs; and, they had waited for the result before starting the execution of their own scheme. Of that scheme Yani knew nothing. They had kept it, on the contrary, carefully concealed from him; because they knew, that, after its explosion, he would be the first to be suspected, and it was important, for his own safety, that he should be able to plead entire ignorance of the project.

They did not even intend, that the father should see Athanasius after his rescue. It was a part of their plan to engage a passage for the boy in a Greek brig, bound to the Archipelago; and they had actually entered into negotiations with a captain, whom they admitted to their confidence, who promised to land the boy, with

his destined companion, on the island of Tinos, which belongs to the kingdom of Greece. For this, he refused all recompense; and, entered into the project with all the zeal of the original conspirators. He was to clear from the Custom House, and, on the appointed night, was to lie to, off the *Seven Towers*,* with his sails unfurled, and ready to start on his voyage the moment the boy set foot on his deck.

One of the chief difficulties was to get the lad out of the city. Those who have visited Stamboul, or studied its topography, will remember, that its form is that of a triangle, having, on one side, the Golden Horn, on another, the Sea of Marmora, and on the third, the open country to the West. On all sides, it is protected by a wall, the gates of which are shut and guarded by night. On the land side, the wall, everywhere in a ruinous condition, is fallen in some parts; leaving yawning gaps, through which an active climber can make his way, without any great hazard to neck or limb. Through one of these, it was proposed to convey Athanasius, and then to skirt the wall to the sea-side, where, at a solitary wharf, one of the Kadi Keuî boats, with two strong rowers, was to be in waiting to take him on board the brig.

All this was easy, if no obstacle arose. But there was danger, at every point, of some intercepting accident. The way was long. They might encounter patrols. Pursuit might be started before they were far enough in advance to elude it. The different parts of their plot, though dovetailed perfectly in their scheme, might not come together at the right moment, so as to insure a perfect execution. But, they were content to run the risks, trusting in a good

Providence, and the righteousness of their cause. They knew now, that Athanasius was to be reared as a Mussulman; and, to rescue him from that fate was an exploit as sacred as it was heroic. When the passion for adventure and the stimulus of religion combine in a Greek's heart, he is ready for the greatest achievements of which he is capable.

They intended to take the blessed Sacrament together, on the day when their enterprise was to be undertaken. And, they did so: each disclosing to the priest beforehand, the intent with which he took it, and receiving his sincere and earnest blessing in return. The Church would not refuse her sanction to so holy an endeavor; justifiable, as she believed, by the law of God, for an object which could not be attained by any law of man.

Nay, some of these men had gone to the Patriarch, and revealed to him the plot, and sought his counsel: and, even this venerable dignity, the head of their Church and of their nation, had approved their design, and bestowed upon it his paternal benediction. At first, he considered whether the same end might not be gained by rousing some of the foreign ambassadors to interfere in behalf of the boy. But, the certainty was, that, while the Porte would timidly promise, it would painfully procrastinate; and, in the meantime, through its connivance, the boy would be spirited away beyond the reach of his friends; the Porte keeping itself scrupulously ignorant of his whereabouts.

Therefore, the Patriarch approved: and, these hardy men, in all twelve in number, knelt before him, while he solemnly blessed them, in these touching words of faith and prayer, "My children! may He who led His chosen people through the wilderness, go before you, and be your rearward! May He guide you safely through the perils which beset your path! May your eyes not blench, nor your hands tremble, nor your hearts shake! And, may He, by your aid,

* The southern extremity of the sea-wall of Stamboul, where it is joined by the land-wall; the harbor-wall forming the other side. In the angle, are seven towers, which have been, at different periods, a prison for refractory ambassadors and a menagerie for wild animals.

rescue the soul which is ready to perish, preserve this lamb of His own Flock, and bring him, in peace, again, within the keeping of His sacred Fold! The blessing of God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be upon you, now and forevermore!"

As he uttered these last words, he made, over them, the sign of the Cross; and they, with heads prostrated to the earth, responded, at the close, with one, clear, firm voice, AMEN.

All things were now ready. The day selected for their enterprise, was the eighteenth of October, which is, in the Eastern as in the Western Church, the Feast of St. Luke, that "Star of the Church,"* whose light, reflected from the great Sun of Righteousness, shines upon all nations, in his record of the Gospel and of the Acts of the Apostles. They were to assemble in the rear of the garden of Selim Effendi, which lay behind the house, stretching down the hill-side, and terminating in a wall, which separated it from a narrow and lonely street, seldom disturbed by the tread of passengers.

A Turkish quarter, at night, lies as in the sleep of death. No sound is heard; no light is seen; all is hushed, in the silence of profound repose. Eight men were to gather here, reaching the point by different routes. Four others were on duty, elsewhere. Of the eight, two were secreted, by the green-grocer, in his shop; two were with friends in the Greek quarter of the Fanar; and, the others were scattered, in hiding-places, as near as was possible to the scene of action. They bore no arms; for, they intended no violence; and their Patriarch had required from them a promise, that they would shed no blood.

Midnight was the hour of meeting. They were true to their appointment.

*The *Menaia*: the Service-Book, or Calendar, of the Greek Church, for the Months; as the name denotes.

Punctually, at the moment, there were collected, before the little gate which opened from the garden into the retired street, eight men, dressed in the garb of Greek sailors, each one worthy to be a pattern for the statue of an ancient athlete. All were in the full vigor of youthful manhood; their ages ranging from twenty-five to thirty-five years; each one marked by that erectness of figure, that bold, sinewy neck and shoulder, that broad, free expansion of the chest, and those long limbs, (combining agility and strength so wonderfully that there is, in them, neither clumsiness nor puniness, but a certain springy, powerful movement of arm and leg which is the very ideal of activity and of force,) which mark the finer types of the Greek physique. For these traits they were selected, from some twenty who knew of the intended exploit.

Their dependence, under Providence, rested upon the three qualities, courage, alertness, and strength, with an infusion of readiness of wit, which a Greek seldom wants. One was to raise the alarm; all were to enter the house; six were to secure the servants; and, two were specially deputed to hunt after and seize Athanasius. For the women of the household, they relied upon terror, as a champion of sufficient power to conquer them. They expected screams and shrieks; but, their purpose was, to add nothing to the tumult by any outcry of their own. Once in the house, all was to be executed, as far as possible, in perfect silence.

The part of the house to be invaded was the harem; for, they knew the boy whom they sought would be kept there; and, they had some hope of making considerable progress in their work, before the men-servants intruded into the sacred place; it had no sanctity to *them*. The plan was, for one to surmount the wall, which was about ten feet high, by the aid of the others: he was then to open the gate, and admit the party: one was to advance to

the harem door, opening upon the garden, and seek admission, in a preconcerted way; while the rest lay in ambush, among the shrubbery of the garden, ready to rush in at the heels of their companion, as soon as the door was ajar.

All things went well at the first. No greeting, beyond a silent recognition, was exchanged as they met. The time for words had passed: the time for action had come. These men, whose nature ordinarily flowed so freely out, at the tongue, in voluble talk, were now as if bereft of the organs of speech. But, the quick, bright glance of the eye told all. There was no hurry, no confusion. Nor was there any shrinking, pallidness, or fear. Their Patriarch had promised to keep the midnight vigil for them; and, they knew, that, even now, his holy prayers were ascending before the altar of the Cathedral Church of St. George. There was no anger in their looks, nor in their hearts: but a cheerful, earnest, buoyant feeling of hope and zeal.

The one appointed for the purpose, or, rather, who had successfully striven for the honor, made upon himself the sign of the Cross, moved his lips in some petition unheard by man, and placed himself against the wall. In a moment, his legs were seized by two of his comrades; he was lifted up; and, in less time than we can write it, he was shot over the wall, and alighted in the garden. A few minutes of suspense, and the fastenings were undone, the gate was opened, and the party, each making the sign of the Cross, and murmuring, "*Κύριε, ἐλέησον, Κύριε, ἐλέησον,*" ("*Lord, have mercy, Lord, have mercy,*") moved silently, in.

Instantly, they rushed to cover: all but one; who, gliding swiftly among the fig-trees, the pomegranates, and the orange-trees of the garden, and, reckless of the sweet odors which burdened the still midnight air, and wafted themselves to his senses from every side, approached the door of the house whence Pembeh Kha-

neum was wont to issue, with her maidens, to regale herself in the pretty Kieushk which crowned a little mound in the centre of her paradise. The door was suddenly smitten with one rude blow, and then violently shaken. Presently, voices were heard within. Then a casement was opened above, and a cry came forth, "*Kim dir. Neh war.*" ("Who is it? What is the matter?") "*Yangeun,*" was the ready reply. "*Ghel ashayah. Kapou atch.*" ("Fire. Come down. Open the door.") Instantly, screams arose, mingled with cries of "*Aman, Aman:*" ("Mercy! Mercy!") and, in a trice, the door was thrown open, by the young eunuch, whom we have before seen. The stalwart Greek rushed in, overthrowing the terrified negro in his passage; his companions sprung from their lurking places; and, with a few rapid bounds, were in the house.

The scene which followed hardly admits description. The invaders rushed up the stairs, and stood in the hall of the Harem, where Pembeh Khaneum ordinarily sat in state, and whither Selim Effendi would come, when graver cares permitted, to unbend his seriousness, and listen to the songs, and look upon the somewhat voluptuous dances, of the merry girls. Merry no more, they were now clustered around their lady, like frightened sheep, as they had rushed from their beds in the neighboring rooms, and stood panting and breathless, hiding their faces in each other's bosoms, and shrinking away from the rude men who had entered the apartment.

From that group one advanced, and, with respectful mien, said, in a calm, firm voice, "We will not harm you. Fear not. We want the Greek boy. Bring him forth, surrender him, and we will retire." He spoke in Turkish; but the lordly matron knew the tone and accent to be that of a Giaour, and the demand itself made it manifest. She was not wont to quail before such, no more than a master before his slave. "Dogs," she cried, "sons of

dogs, what do you here? Fear you not to enter the house of a Mussulman? Escape, while there is time! Call the Effendi!" she cried out to the girls.

There was no farther pause. The Greeks, without a word in reply, rushed into the bedrooms, to hunt for their prey. But, no Athanasius was there. He was nowhere in the Harem or its precincts.

By this time the house was thoroughly alarmed; and the conspirators, as they returned to the saloon from their fruitless search, encountered the servants of the establishment, who had entered by the same door with themselves, and now confronted them, with Selim Effendi at their head. He was a man of graver temper than his wife. He spoke soberly and sternly to them; and demanded to know the cause of their uproar. They replied as before, and concluded with demanding the boy. Selim Effendi looked round, as if expecting that his eye would light upon the lad. "*Wallah*,"* he said, "I know not where he is." The matron reiterated the answer. She had not seen the boy since he went to sleep; and all the maidens averred they knew not where he was.

The delay was becoming dangerous. Tidings had, doubtless, been sent to the nearest guard-house, and presently a platoon of soldiers might be expected on the premises. There was no time to lose. The Greeks had gathered themselves into a knot, facing the servants of the house, who were too few in number, and too inferior in strength, to venture an attack upon them. A parley was necessary. It was agreed that two of the Greeks should go through the house, accompanied by a servant, and make search, in every room, for the boy. If found, he should retire with them. Otherwise, they would leave without farther disturbance.

The search was made; Athanasius was called in every part of the house; but, no

answer came to the summons. The two messengers returned to their companions, and reported their want of success. Selim Effendi, his wife, and each servant were put under oath, that they did not know what had become of the boy; and, the Greeks withdrew, damped and saddened, yet with spirits unintimidated by the dangers which surrounded them.

Pembek Khaneum followed them with some of those savory compliments in which excited Turkish dames abound: but, her husband checked her, knowing well, that the fiery nature of a Greek does not brook an insult; and that it was, therefore, the part of wisdom to let them go in peace.

They had hardly departed before the question was renewed among those who remained behind, what had become of the boy. Pembek Khaneum herself had some apprehension lest he might have escaped in the confusion. She had not seen him since he was put to bed in one of the rooms of the Harem; where he slept by himself, the maidens occupying the rooms adjoining. He must have been fast in slumber when the disturbance came; and, how he was hurried away, no one could testify. But, the discussion of the subject had barely commenced before it was discovered, that one of the maidens, (there were eight in all,) had also disappeared. Atié was wanting. Her absence had not been noted, in the excitement and turmoil which had prevailed: but, now, every one remembered, that she had not been seen since the disturbance arose. The maidens who slept with her, averred, that she had risen with themselves at the first alarm; and, they supposed, that she entered the hall with them. But, no one was certain, that she had seen her there. Search was now commenced anew; which ended in the conclusion, that neither she nor Athanasius, (or Mohammed, as they now called him,) was within the house.

From the house they proceeded to the garden; and, there the mystery was soon

* A solemn oath, in the name of Deity."

solved. The lost pair were found in the Kieushk, crouched together upon the ground; Atié holding her young charge in her arms, as if she would protect him from some imminent danger. They had been so thoroughly frightened that they had not yet ventured from their concealment, or changed their posture. Their story was soon told. Atié, on the first alarm, had thought of the boy who, by day, was the chief object of her care; and, entering his room, roused him from his peaceful slumbers, and hurried with him, through the passage leading to the Selamleuk, or men's apartments, and thence into the garden, before those in that part of the house had been roused. There she sought the Kieushk; and, hiding herself with Athanasius, who little dreamed that the inroad had any reference to himself, but supposed, with Atié, that the house was invaded by robbers, awaited the result of the disturbance. They had heard the noises in the house, and the footsteps of the men retreating; and, expected, every moment, to see them enter their place of concealment. But, though they passed quite near them, they did not discover the Kieushk, embowered, as it was, in vines, and screened by the

darkness of the night; the season of the new moon having been, purposely, chosen, for the exploit.

For one moment, let us follow the adventurers. They retired as they came, and reached the city wall in safety, over which they clambered, and, pursuing their course along the road by which they had hoped to conduct Athanasius, reached the sea, where they found the boat in waiting, in which they embarked for the brig. Once on its deck, a hurried consultation was held, and it was thought best, that the whole party should accompany the vessel to Tinos, and regale themselves with a short visit to the island, until the excitement which would certainly arise among the Turks when their adventure was known, had passed away. They might be recognized, and suffer for their misdoings. The captain of the brig acquiesced in their decision, gladly welcomed them to his vessel, and, at once, a north wind favoring, started on his voyage down the Sea of Marmora. Their work being done, they disappear from our story. In due time, they returned, and resumed their employments in the city; but, not in the village of Kadi Keuî.

(To be continued.)

G U S H I N G.

TO A FRIEND, WHO PROPOSED IT AS A THEME FOR A SONNET.

GUSHING,—Oh! may it still be ever gushing
 Into our breasts, the spirit Jesus sent
 (Spirit of love) when He, ascending, went
 ("Gifts to give men") from heaven!—With genial flushing,
 May it incline us ne'er to cease from crushing
 The germs of "hatred, malice," too oft pent
 In hearts by nature evil;—if we 're bent
 To foster them, fill us with shame and blushing!
 With gushing love may our breasts overflow
 To Him, who died for us, and who now, lo!
 At God's right hand, unceasing for us pleads!
 And when a brother our forgiveness needs,
 Or charity,—Oh may we eager show,
 With gushings free, what heavenly mind Christ's Spirit in us breeds!

J. J. R.

OUR FIRST MISSIONARY BISHOP.

WE have cast about wistfully to find a suitable memoir of the truly great and good Bishop Kemper, whose venerable face adorns this number of *THE CHRISTIAN YEAR*. We have none more suitable for our purpose than that which was given in the columns of *The American Churchman*, at the time when the whole Church was called upon to mourn his loss by death. We give it as we find it.—ED.

OBITUARY OF BISHOP KEMPER.

WE are to-day called upon to perform the most painful duty which has ever come to us as a Church journalist. He whose dear and venerable hands commissioned us, unworthy, deacon and priest, has gone to his blessed rest. The loving face, which was a perpetual benediction, the good, gray head, which old men and little children loved and blessed, the beaming smile that spake of peace and holiness, shall greet the eyes of living men no more.

The true bishop, the true father in God, has gone to join the blessed dead in the Paradise of God, and a widowed diocese and a weeping Church stand about the coffin that contains the hallowed dust of Jackson Kemper. God hath taken away our father from our head to-day, but, blessed be His name! shall we begrudge the grand old man his rest? After over eighty years of this world's weariness, after nearly sixty of incessant toil for his Saviour's sake and the sake of those his Saviour died for, shall we be envious because Paradise has claimed its own?

He was spared pain and the weariness of age. Eight weeks ago he was, apparently, hale and vigorous. His eighty years lay lightly on a strong frame and a tireless energy. Only last New Year's day we accompanied him on an official visit to Mineral Point. The return made necessary a drive of thirty miles in an open sleigh, over the bare prairie, in a driving snow. We wondered then at the elastic strength of his splendid old age. He chatted merrily, shaking the snowflakes out of his eyes and hair, and seemed to enjoy it like a school-boy on a holiday. We hoped reasonably, though against all reason, as all hoped,

that the dear bishop would still go in and out among us for many years to come.

But God had use for him in other fields than these, and gently called him—very gently. He died as such a man should die, all his faculties his own; through his short sickness, which was not so much a sickness as a passing into light, his memory, his judgment, his interest in all his work and duty, in all that concerns the Church and her advancement, just what they always were. "My work is done," said he, when we called upon him for his last blessing, "and God's will be done. It is best to go when that is over."

He faced death fearlessly, though with a deep sense of his unworthiness, and with expressions of humility and earnest repentance, which were so natural in him whose life was "hid with Christ in God." His religion was so much his life, and his life so thoroughly religion, that sickness and death were robbed of every terror. The solid theological literature of the day—The "Bampton Lectures" last published, the "Oxford Sermons," Dr. Pusey's "Lectures on Daniel," and his "Introduction to the Minor Prophets," Bishop Wordsworth's "Introductions" to the various books of the Old and New Testaments—were all read by him or to him during the last few months of his life; Bishop Jackson's "Sermons on Repentance" especially affected him, and he spoke of them most warmly.

From the first slight attack there was really no hope. "The work was done." And yet, against hope, we of his people hoped (though his children, who watched every change of the changing hours, knew better) that he might rally yet.

When we went to press last Tuesday morning he was living still. At twenty minutes past two he fell asleep. While this is in press, his funeral is taking place at Nashotah. He is buried among his own people, the people and the clergy he lived for, and who loved him. They have gathered from all parts of his wide charge, with tender hands, and loving hearts, and tearful eyes, about his grave.

Bishop Kemper was not a man who courted or cared for publicity. He lived in the eyes of all men. Possibly no face and figure were as widely known in the great Northwest as his. But he was a *bishop*. That title summed and rounded his ideas of his business in this world. For reputation, for honor, for influence, for wealth, for anything this earth contained, except as it helped to fulfil that office, he cared absolutely nothing. He swerved neither to the right hand nor to the left. He was utterly single-minded and single-purposed. Everywhere and alway he was the same—the bishop. He cared to be nothing else. He cared to be known for nothing else. He walked under the awful burden of that high office humbly and prayerfully, kindly and lovingly, and cared not whether he was known or unknown beyond it.

Two years ago we were in a railroad carriage, when the bishop came in. A number of gentlemen were conversing, and the conversation turned on success in life. One of them (not a Churchman), known all over the West as one of its largest capitalists and most successful business men, remarked, "Gentlemen, there is a man (pointing to Bishop Kemper) who is the most successful man I know, as well as the most devoted to his business. When I look at *him* I consider myself an entire failure. *He* is the richest man in the Northwest."

A rather obtuse personage in the company said, "Why, I did not know the bishop was *rich*." "Rich," was the answer,

"why, he is so rich that he doesn't think as much of a million dollars as you or I would of a hundred, and we are not paupers. Why, he'd give away a million on sight, and never miss it. What grubbing fellows he must consider such as we! Yes, the bishop is rich. He's the only man I could envy. The look on half the faces in this car when he came in is something all the money in the country couldn't buy."

Yes, the bishop was rich—rich in the love, and honor, and reverent observance of all men, high and low, rich in a life so far above the world that the world's wealth and glory were nothing to his grand simplicity and single-heartedness.

We must give here an outline of his honored life. It will be but a bare and bald outline; but some hand must give it in this shape for the present, until some worthy and permanent memorial of him is added to the Church's treasured lives of her great and good children. We do it the more readily because, if such an outline is given (and it is sure to be), it should be at least correct in facts and dates, and we, at all events, can make it that.

Bishop Kemper came of a stalwart race, of high-principled, strong-bodied, strong-hearted, and strong-brained men.

His grandfather, Jacob Kemper, was born at Caub, on the Rhine, the son of an officer in the Prince Palatine's army. He emigrated to America in 1741. The bishop's father, Daniel Kemper, was born at New Brunswick, eight years after the immigration in 1749.

Daniel Kemper was a colonel in the Revolutionary army. He had sacrificed his means, which were not narrow, freely in the struggle for national independence, and after the war, through General Washington's influence, held for some time an office in the custom-house at New York.

Colonel Kemper was one of the original members of the Order of the Cincinnati; and among the bishop's heirlooms is his

father's cross and jewel of the order, made in France, under the direction of Lafayette, just after the Revolution.

It was to a sister of Colonel Kemper, an aunt of the bishop, who afterward married John Morton, whom the English called "the rebel banker," that an incident happened which has been often told in prose and poetry.

Jacob Kemper, with his young family, had settled, two years after coming to the country, on a farm at Beekman, in Dutchess county. While living there, the little Maria Sophia, about six years of age, was in the habit of eating her bowl of rice and milk after dinner, seated on the door-sill, and used to tell of "die schöne Schlange" (the beautiful snake) that came and ate her rice. Her mother watched to see what the child's strange words could mean, and, to her horror, saw a large rattlesnake, with its head in the bowl, eating with the child, who, when her visitor took more than its share, slapped it on the head with her spoon. When the meal was finished the snake went quietly away. The intimacy was too dangerous to be allowed to continue, and Mr. Kemper killed the snake. The rattle, with eleven or twelve rings, was long preserved in the family.

This child was the mother of Mrs. Josiah Quincy, of Quincy, Mass., by whose daughter it is related, among other family reminiscences, in a memoir, printed but not published.

Colonel Kemper married for his second wife Elizabeth Marius. The bishop was the third child of this marriage, in a family altogether of thirteen. His father, like his grandfather and great-grandfather, lived to a great age. Colonel Daniel Kemper died as late as 1847, at the age of ninety-eight. His father, Jacob Kemper, the bishop's grandfather, lived to see eighty-eight.

The bishop was born at Pleasant Valley, in Dutchess county, where the family were temporarily residing, on Christmas Eve, December 24, 1789. On Colonel Kemper's

receiving the appointment mentioned above, he removed to New York city, which was shortly after the bishop's birth, and it occurred in that way that the child was baptized by Bishop Moore.

His full baptismal name was David Jackson, being so named after his uncle, Dr. Jackson, of Philadelphia. In after years the bishop dropped the first name altogether, and his signature was simply Jackson Kemper.

When about twelve years of age the future bishop was sent to the Episcopal Academy at Cheshire, Conn., of which the Rev. Dr. William Smith had just taken charge. Here he remained two years. He was then brought back to New York and put under the charge of the Rev. Dr. Barry, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and at that time one of the most distinguished classical teachers, as he was one of the most finished scholars, in the country. Under his able care young Kemper was prepared for college, having as school-mates, among others, Bishop Onderdonk, of New York, and the Rev. Dr. Wyatt, of Baltimore.

He entered Columbia College in 1805, and graduated in 1809, as the valedictorian of his class. Among his classmates were Bishop Onderdonk, the Rev. Dr. Wyatt, the Rev. Mr. Duffie, and the venerable Murray Hoffman, who still lives.

The bishop's mind had been fixed all along upon the sacred ministry. He had a vocation to preach the Gospel. From boyhood his purpose was settled, and the sweetness of his temper, his natural and unaffected piety, his purity of mind and character, marked him for the altar and the pulpit.

Immediately upon his graduation he began the study of theology under the care of Bishop Moore and the clergy of Trinity parish. There were no theological seminaries in those days, and candidates for Orders were under the private tuition of the best-learned clergy.

Young Kemper was ready for ordination as soon as he had reached the canonical age of twenty-one years. Providence ordered it that he should receive his commission from the hands of that venerable bishop with whom so much of his after life was associated, and whom he so much resembled.

His own bishop, Moore, of New York, was suddenly stricken with paralysis and incapacitated from duty, and permission was given the candidate by the Standing Committee of New York to apply to Bishop White for Orders.

On the second Sunday in Lent, 1811, he was ordained deacon by Bishop White, in St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia, and that afternoon preached his first sermon in St. James's.

He was immediately called to the assistantship, under Bishop White, of the united parishes of Christ Church, St. Peter's, and St. James's, made vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Blackwell. In May he removed to Philadelphia and entered on the duties of this position, which he held till June of 1831—twenty years.

During this time the young clergyman had two vacations. They used to have "vacations" in those days, and the Rev. Mr. Kemper had his. It is as well we should know exactly what those old time ministerial vacations were, that we may compare them with modern ones.

In 1812 and in 1814 he was granted leave of absence from the parishes to perform missionary tours in the West. In Western Pennsylvania, Western Virginia, and Eastern Ohio, he took his first lessons in the work to which God was soon to call him for life. In those, at that time, wild regions of the Far West, he travelled far and wide, and, in many places, was the first to hold Divine service, and to read Common Prayer. The full reports of these missionary journeys are in the records of the Advancement Society of Pennsylvania, under whose auspices they were under-

taken, and whose agent and first missionary the zealous young Kemper was.

In 1819 and 1820 he also labored, as travelling agent, in the matter of raising means to establish the General Theological Seminary.

These were *his* "vacations," the only ones he ever took in his life. He needed them because his general health, and especially his voice, had failed seriously under the strain of devotion to his parish duties, and so to rest himself, he turned border missionary, or undertook the thankless task of begging for a Church institution!

He had been ordered priest in June, 1814, in Christ Church, Philadelphia, by Bishop White, and, at about the same time, had been unanimously elected assistant at St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, of which Bishop Kemp was rector, which election he declined. This was not, as we shall see, the only time that Baltimore asked for him.

Bishop Kemper had been twice married, in 1816 to Miss Jerusha Lyman, of Philadelphia, who lived but two years. In October, 1821, he was married to Miss Ann Relf, of Philadelphia, the mother of the daughter and the two sons who survive him, and for whose consolation in their sacred grief their venerated father's spiritual family ask God's pitiful grace.

In June, 1831, the Rev. Jackson Kemper accepted the rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Norwalk, Conn. His residence here was to be short, although marked all his days, to him, by the sorest sorrow of his life—the early loss of his tenderly-beloved wife, who died at Norwalk in 1832, and who rests, all that is mortal of her, in the churchyard of St. Paul's.

At the General Convention of 1835, the Rev. Jackson Kemper, D.D., was elected the first missionary bishop of the American Church. The Church had just begun to awaken to her duty of evangelizing the land, had begun to rise to the meaning of her mission, had solemnly resolved in this convention to devote herself to the work

of missions—an awakening and a resolve which no man in the Church had done more to bring to pass than the newly-elected bishop. Heart and soul he had thrown himself into the work, and heart and soul he now offered himself, a living sacrifice, to the work of missions on the border.

Sanctified by his sore bereavement, he consecrated himself anew to his high calling. God had quenched the happy light of his home, and from his darkened hearth he was ready to go where the Master called.

In St. Peter's Church, Pennsylvania, at the altar where twenty-four years before he had knelt to take upon him the order of a deacon, he knelt again to receive the plenary Apostolic commission, a man who had purchased to himself as deacon and priest, if any man had, this highest and last degree. And there the same venerable hands were, for the third time, laid upon his head, and the saintly White sent forth his young assistant, now in the full vigor of his manhood, with the old Apostolic commission in the old Apostolic line. It was the last consecration at which Bishop White officiated, September 25, 1835.

The missionary bishop left his three motherless little ones under the loving care of their mother's mother, at her home in Philadelphia, and went forth into the wild West to his appointed work. For eleven years he was literally a homeless man. The fire that had died out into cold ashes in '32, in Norwalk, was never rekindled, all those years, even in semblance. Bishop Kemper was a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth. During those eleven years his books even were never unpacked. He had not even a study. He travelled on horseback and on foot, he went over rough roads and untrodden paths, he swam rivers, in his many journeyings. He preached in wayside cabins, in taverns, school-houses, and upper rooms. His saddle-bags contained his worldly goods—his robes and his Communion Service, his Bible and his Prayer Book.

In his first journey to the West he was accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Roosevelt Johnson, late professor in the General Seminary, a man of like spirit with himself, who, from that time forth, has been his loving and most beloved friend, and who, among the many, far and wide, who grieve to-day for his loss, will miss him sorely till the day he joins his dear old friend and bishop in the Paradise of God.

In 1835, early in the winter, the bishop reached St. Louis, where he took up his residence, as far as he might be said to have a residence, until he removed to Wisconsin, in the fall of 1844.

His jurisdiction comprised "the Northwest." Out of it has been formed the dioceses of Missouri, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska. Over all those regions the bishop was expected to travel, to watch their development, to seek out the scattered families of Church people, to found parishes in the growing towns, to establish Church institutions. He was set as the watchman on the border, and was to move on as the border receded, leaving organized dioceses behind him, for diocesan bishops to occupy.

It came to him in 1837-8, at the request of Bishop Otey, who was suddenly disabled by sickness, to take care also for the Southwest. He visited the Southern States, from Louisiana to Florida, devoting several months to the work—confirming, ordaining, and consecrating many churches which had been used, sometimes for years, but had never before been visited by a bishop.

It was at this time that he was recalled to the East, by being elected to the bishopric of Maryland. This he declined. He was a missionary bishop, and a missionary bishop he would remain. His prompt declination was a cause of regret to many, but duty seemed clear to his single eye and heart. Bishop Whittingham was elected to fill the vacancy, and that he may long fill it is the

prayer of all who love a piety, devotion, and learning, which are a blessing and an honor to the American Church.

While at St. Louis, Bishop Kemper for some time held a sort of nominal rectorship of the mother parish, Christ Church.

In 1844 Missouri, as a diocese, elected a bishop of its own, the late Bishop Hawks.

Shortly after the bishop removed to Wisconsin, and in the summer of 1846 purchased land adjoining the newly founded institution at Nashotah, and in the fall of that year took up his residence thereupon in the humble cottage ("the Bishop's Palace," as it was pleasantly called) which old settlers so well remember, and which still stands beside the family residence; and there, with his children about him, for the first time since the breaking up at Norwalk, he might be said to have a home.

There still remained all his vast charge except Missouri. Indiana had been an organized diocese since 1838, but had elected no bishop. She was the next to relieve the burdened missionary bishop by the election of Bishop Upfold, who was consecrated in 1849.

Iowa was organized under Bishop Kemper in 1853, and he was relieved by the consecration of Bishop Lee in the year after.

Four years after he organized Minnesota, though it still continued in his care until 1857, when Bishop Whipple was consecrated.

In 1847 Wisconsin had been organized into a diocese, and the Primary Convention had elected Bishop Kemper diocesan. This he had declined. He could not see his way to settling down to the charge of a diocese, so strongly did he feel his duty to be missionary bishop to the end. It was not till seven years after, when he was again unanimously elected in 1854, that he accepted, and that only when it had so been arranged by the General Convention that his acceptance would allow him to remain missionary bishop still.

He travelled extensively thereafter in the then Indian Territory and Kansas, and during a part of the time in the latter territory when the border troubles were at their worst. He had some severe experiences during the disturbed times, experiences which his happy temper always turned into amusing adventures afterward. It is only fair to say that personally he never met with anything but respect and kindness from men of any party at that time. All recognized the good man on his mission of love and peace, and the rudest "border-ruffian" bade Bishop Kemper God-speed.

In 1859 he organized the Diocese of Kansas, and was relieved of the charge of that part of his missionary jurisdiction thereafter, Bishop Lee, of Iowa, acting as provisional bishop until the election of Bishop Vail, or, at least, for a part of the period.

At the General Convention of that year Bishop Kemper resigned his office as missionary bishop in the following touching words.

After mentioning his travels in Minnesota, Kansas, and Nebraska, and the organization of dioceses in the two first, he says:

"I now, with deep emotion, tender to the Church my resignation of the office of a missionary bishop, which, unsought for, and unexpected, was conferred upon me twenty-four years ago. Blessed with health, and cheered by the conviction of duty, I have been enabled to travel at all seasons through Indiana, Missouri, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota, and partly through Kansas and Nebraska.

"My days must soon be numbered, for in less than three months I will be seventy years old. As age advances, I trust I have an increasing love for our Divine Master and that Church for which He shed His most precious blood."

We wish we could print it all, this address or report of his, to be found in the Journal of the Convention of 1859. Turn to it and see how foresighted was the wise old man; how he urged the appointment of more missionary bishops;

how he pointed to the crowding advance of immigration into the plains, and begged the Church to rouse herself to her bounden duty; how he was, at threescore and ten, alive to all the land's advance, and abreast with the youngest in his knowledge and understanding of the time!

From 1859 he was *our own*. He belonged to Wisconsin, and how Wisconsin loved him! How all those years, no jar, no discord, was ever heard or known in the diocese over which our golden bishop ruled! How his clergy were all like sons about their father! How many a struggling parish he aided! How he contrived, though poor as the world counts wealth, to be a prince-bishop in munificence—open-hand and open-heart!

He was a tower of strength to us. His grand simplicity, his utter unworldliness, his purity, his saintliness, ah! they preached better than all our sermons! His face in the chancel was eloquent beyond words. And as the years passed we loved him more. So hale and strong and clear of eye and speech he was, we forgot he was an old man. We could not think he would ever leave us. How few of us can think he has left us now! How will we miss him as the years go by! How slowly into our hearts will it grow that Bishop Kemper is gone!

Shall we try to estimate him here? We cannot do that to-day, nor yet to-morrow. We cannot do it at all. Let those who know him less than his own clergy or his own people know him do that. By the grave of a father, children cannot enter into cold, critical judgment of a father's powers, intellectual or otherwise. And Bishop Kemper was a father, simply and solely a bishop and a father to the whole flock over which God set him.

To us he was good, and grand, and great, true as steel and faithful as the sun. "A prince and a great man has fallen this day in Israel," a bishop who was a bishop of the elder type, a bishop whom to call a successor of the Apostles was not to start,

to any man in Wisconsin, a theological question, but to state an acknowledged fact.

We will keep his memory green. It will be a blessing to our children's children. We will hallow his sacred resting-place for all generations. We will pray that his dear example may stimulate us all to follow in that blessed way he trod so steadfastly and so beautifully, that we may meet him in the dear land of rest.

"For the good examples of all those Thy servants, who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors," and especially for his—our bishop and our father—we thank thee, O God!

The bishop's last official act, memorable hereafter, and especially to them, was the confirmation, on the Fifth Sunday in Lent, of seven young persons, in the Chapel of the Holy Innocents, at Nashotah Station.

FUNERAL OF BISHOP KEMPER.

An immense concourse of people participated in the last solemn services over the remains of the venerable Bishop of Wisconsin, on Tuesday afternoon, May 31st, at Nashotah Theological Seminary.

The body was borne from the bishop's residence, on the evening before, by a procession of the students and clergy; and lay in state in the chapel of the institution, which was draped in violet and white. During that night and the following day a constant procession of the people passed in at the west door, and out through the vestry-room, to take a last look at the mortal remains of the father whom they so loved, and who so loved them.

By all the trains on Monday and Tuesday, clergymen and laymen were arriving from all parts of the Northwest. There were delegations from various parishes and dioceses—that from Missouri being headed by their young bishop, the second successor of the venerable Kemper.

A special train arrived from Milwaukee

at half past two P.M., and at four o'clock the funeral services began, in the presence of a vast assembly which filled the chapel and the grounds around it.

The procession was formed in the old chapel, and entered the west door, the choir in the van, chanting as they moved.

The pall was borne by the Rev. Drs. Ashley, Keene, DeKoven, and Thompson, and the Rev. Messrs. McNamara, Beers, Haff, Wheeler, Armstrong, Spalding, and Wilkinson, of the Diocese of Wisconsin; the Rev. Dr. Schuyler, and the Rev. Mr. Ingraham, of Missouri; the Rev. Mr. Watson, of Iowa; and the Rev. Dr. McMasters, and the Rev. Mr. Whipple, from Minnesota.

The bearers were Messrs. Helfenstein, Ferguson, Hoes, Ryan, Doe, Hinsdale, Weaver, Ellis, Suydam, Spalding, Worthington, Buck, Guernsey, Meacham, and Cornelius, of the laity.

The Bishops of Kentucky, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and Missouri were present in the chancel; Bishop Armitage taking his place among the mourners.

The Sentences were read by Bishop Lee, of Iowa; the Anthem was chanted by the choir and congregation. Bishop Robertson, of Missouri, read the Lesson; after which appropriate Collects were said by the venerable Bishop Smith.

The services in the chapel were concluded by singing the 139th Hymn, the whole vast congregation within and without the chapel joining.

The procession then took up the line of march to the cemetery, the choir of students going before and chanting at intervals the Penitential Psalms.

At the grave, Bishop Clarkson repeated

the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," after which the choir sung the solemn sentences, "Man that is born of a woman," etc., etc. The body was committed to the grave by the Bishop of Illinois, the Bishop of Missouri casting the dust upon the coffin. After the committal, the anthem, "I heard a voice," was sung by the choir and clergy; the concluding Collects were read by the Bishop of Kansas, and the Benediction pronounced by the venerable Bishop of Kentucky. The bishops and other clergy, and some of the laity, also those in procession, reverently cast a little earth into the grave, and flowers were thrown upon the coffin by loving hands, and then great, good Bishop Kemper was left to his peaceful repose.

After the interment the clergy assembled in the parlor of the refectory, and passed a minute of love and respect, which was prepared and read by the Rev. Warden of Racine College, and will be given to the public hereafter.

OBIT. MAY 24, 1870.

Ripe for the grave; crowned with his fourscore years,
 With earthly honors, and his people's love;
 Laden with fruit and sheaves and ripened years
 Of work well done, his harvest stored above;
 Enshrined in a thousand hearts which he
 To better thoughts and aspirations moved;
 His memory a precious legacy
 Left to the Church he labored for and loved;
 His monument th' unnumbered spires which rise
 Where erst a howling wilderness outspread;
 His history the saintly life that lies
 Embalmed in hearts which sadly mourn him dead;
 He rests the rest of one who walked with God;
 He sleeps the sleep He giveth His beloved.

L. C. E.

OUR HOME IS BEYOND.

"For I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were."—Ps. xxxix. 12.

Inscribed to the Rev. Dr. A. B. Bailey.

BY THE REV. HOMER WHITE.

ON this little ball of earth, as it rolls in boundless space,
We are strangers and sojourners—it is not our dwelling place;
As our fathers did before us, we but tarry in the land
For a brief, uncertain season, ere we seek another strand.

We but rest here for the moment, with our journey scarce begun,
And uncounted leagues before us is the port to which we run;
Our barks will soon be sailing—o'er the trackless ether roam,
And the winds of God will waft us to our own eternal home.

Though our fancy may beguile us with the thought that we shall stay
'Mid the scenes of beauty 'round us—with the friends that throng our way—
'Tis a dream that soon will vanish, for we find no lasting rest
Till we gain the distant city whose foundations are the best.

We may build us pleasant shelters, pitch our tents upon the shore;
We may plant, and reap, and gather, and collect abundant store;
We may strive to win the plaudits of the multitude around,
And forget our onward journey as their welcome praises sound;

But there comes a swift awaking from forgetful dreams of bliss,
At the signal flag of sailing for another land than this;
Half our projects are unfinished, half our hopes no fruitage know,
And we feel that disappointment is the rule of life below.

As the things we thought substantial fade away like light of day;
As we feel our grasp to loosen—hold our treasures as we may—
Then we know that we are strangers and sojourners on the earth,
And the things we hold the dearest are of very little worth.

There's a heavenly land beyond us—there's another country still,
And its golden streets have mansions all prepared for us to fill.
We shall leave our pleasant moorings, howsoever calm and fair,
And, our voyage safely ended, we shall cast our anchor there.

Reviews and Essays.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

BY EDWARD H. SMYTHE, ESQ., BARRISTER AT LAW.

THE love of the marvellous is inherent in man. Prodigies new or old are a pleasing relief to the mind amidst the every-day pursuits of the routine of life. This dominant passion, born with us, grows and expands as the life and tastes of men develop themselves. The same law of life is manifest from our childhood to manhood, and thence accompanies us to mature age. In the dayspring of our being, the marvellous stories of Little Red Riding Hood and Jack the Giant Killer delighted and excited our wonderment as much as the stories of the Arabian Nights or as Don Quixote charmed and tickled our fancy in the hey-day of youth; the oddness of the characters, the amazing feats they achieved, or the calamities they endured, evoked our sympathy, which showed itself alternately in boisterous mirth or in sentimental sorrow, without ever pausing to inquire into the facts which, no doubt, would have broken the charm. As the nature of man hardens and matures, the same love of the wonderful accompanies him; but the material differs in kind and in quality. The old wife's nursery tale, and the fancy sketch of youth, give place to the more solid realities of matter-of-fact life, such as the hero of a thousand fights, or the eloquent orator of the forum or the bar, or the prodigy who has wormed his way, in his aim at eminence, under difficulties from the πολλοί to the alumni, and has succeeded. The feats of such heroes yield to the love of the wonderful a sumptuous feast, luxuriant with delight, relief, and satisfaction.

Nor is this love of the marvellous confined to any particular department of

thought. It is spread over all nature; it pervades both science and art, literature and learning, and over every branch of human action. The discoveries of Newton, the inventions of Arkwright, the creations of Shakespeare, and the personifications of Homer, Dante, and Milton, call forth in us intellectual, moral, and emotional delight and gratitude, creating images that never fade, and playful fancies that never tire. Thus we conceive that the halo of the wonderful, inexplicable, and the mysterious, throws itself around the subject of our essay, *Thomas Chatterton*, whose life and character will remain an unravelled marvel to our race as long as our language and literature exist, and as widely as they are known.

The name of Thomas Chatterton has stirred the pens of poets and philosophers, statesmen and divines, who have dispatched their thoughts, by reviews and serials of every name and kind, to every corner of the world, wherever there is a man to read and a feeling to be charmed and pleased. But while so much has been written and uttered by himself, and about him by others, yet the materials are but few, when gathered from all sources, to form more than a creditable essay on this wonderful youth. I say wonderful, because our great moralist, Dr. Johnson, no mean judge, says of him: "This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge. It is wonderful how he has written such things. The merit of his poems, admitted on all hands in the controversy, is very great. It is a sword that cuts both ways. It is wonderful that a boy of six-

teen years old should have stored his mind with such a train of ideas and images as to suppose that such ease of versification and elegance of language were produced by 'Rowley,' in the time of Edward the Fourth."

But we are anticipating our subject. Thomas Chatterton was a posthumous child, being born three months after his father's death, at Bristol, England, on the 20th of November, 1752. His father was master of the free school in Pyle street of that city. His mother was a plain, modest, worthy woman, of a gentle but melancholy turn. When, at five years of age, he was sent to school, he evinced, at this infantile age, no marks of that genius which afterward so astonished mankind; but, on the contrary, he was remarkably dull, stupid, and was returned home as an incorrigible dunce, without sufficient capacity to learn; and, it is said, even his mother, when correcting his faults, in moments of maternal excitement, pronounced him a fool.

"This inaptitude for early learning has been no unfrequent occurrence in the annals of literary men." Some of the greatest ornaments which adorn the world were boy dunces. Even Newton, when at school, stood at the bottom of the lowermost form but one. Dr. Isaac Barrow, Newton's preceptor when at the Charter House School, was notorious chiefly for his strong self-will, pugnacious habits, and proverbial idleness as a scholar, by which he caused his father so much grief that he used to say, if God was pleased to take away any of his children, he hoped it would be Isaac. The brilliant Sheridan showed so little capacity when a boy, that over his first efforts at school he was pronounced a dunce. Sir Walter Scott was pronounced to be, by Professor Dalzell, "a dunce, and dunce he would remain." Apropos, poor Chatterton, when six years and a half old, was returned to his widowed mother's hands "as a fool, of whom nothing could be made."

But the seeds of energy and greatness, genius and power, were not dead: they were only waiting their opportunity, in the dust, to quicken and work to the surface. A change soon came over him, and the spirit of his dream presents an entirely new picture. "For there chanced to be," says his biographer, "in his mother's possession, an old musical manuscript, adorned with illuminated capitals, that arrested the boy's attention," in which he became so absorbed that, to use his mother's words, "he fell in love with it." This early love for the curious was still further developed by the zest with which he read and would pore over an old English Bible, in black letter, which his indulgent mother gave him as a toy to play with. This completed the charm that was already working in his mind, and Thomas Chatterton was no longer a dunce.

This, doubtless, was the starting-point that gave the first early bent to his antiquarian tastes, for which he afterward became so notorious. This taste was still further fed and his curiosity was tickled on by ancient monuments and antique inscriptions—to which he had easy access—in the parish Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, among which he often wandered, wondered, and feasted his love for the marvellous and curious. It is said of him, that at eight years of age he would read from early dawn till dewy eve, gathering material and imagery to strengthen the wing of his yet unfledged ambition. We see, even thus young, his antiquarian loves, his incipient ambition, and his inkling for fame began to bud and bring forth; for a Bristol manufacturer of earthenware had promised to make for a number of children a present of his wares—of a pitcher, cup, or bowl, which might gratify and please them. On each present was to be inscribed a device. On asking Thomas what should be inscribed on his, the reply of the future creator of "Rowley" was this: "Paint me an angel, with wings and a trumpet, to trumpet my name

all over the world." Oh! how one wishes that, just at this juncture of his life, there had been some gentle hand of paternal kindness, of generous benevolence, and of mellow wisdom, to teach his young, joyous wing how to fly, by easy and short flights, well directed! There was no pinnacle of human eminence which this unhappy youth might not have attained. Such a one would have been an angel of mercy—a guardian angel; he would have become a man around whose name would have shone a brilliant halo of loving, admiring, and joyous reminiscence, which the world would have told for generations to come; instead of its now telling of the shadows of a dark and stormy time—of *one* whom we have, perhaps, only associated with a clouded pathway and an untimely grave. But some extenuations may be urged for the failings of one who died so young, and yet did so much. If we can, however, awaken the interest of any in exploring the mysteries of the human heart, in tracing the scintillations of genius, and draw a moral from its career and a lesson from its errors, some good purpose may be answered.

At eight years old he was sent to Colston's school, where all his pocket-money went toward the purchase of a circulating library. At this time his reading, outside his school exercises, was promiscuous, but enormous. He read ponderous tomes, not merely the ordinary books of children, but learned and abstruse works on religion, history, biography, poetry, and heraldry, but above all, he displayed a passionate fondness for antiquities. He wrote a catalogue of works he read from this time to his tenth year of age, amounting to seventy in number, among which he records the works of Bingham, Hooker, Stillingfleet, Young, and, in fact, the best works of our best authors on all the above-named subjects, and many others neither time nor space will allow us to name.

Nor did he read without suitable reflec-

tions and notes on what he read; for we find among his notes frequent records of such thoughts as this: "God hath sent His creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach anything, if they choose to be at the trouble."

His manners, however, even at this early age, gave occasional indications of that fatal malady which, perhaps more than any other, contributed to precipitate him into an early grave. He often became very taciturn, morose, and thoughtful; at times weeping without any apparent cause, and would frequently absent himself from home for a long period; and, after being chastised for it, would say, "It was hard to be whipped for reading." He was noted for his reserve and unconquerable haughtiness. He would shut himself up for hours in a little room at home, which he called his "sanctum," and would come out begrimed with red ochre and black lead; while his friends imagined he was about staining himself for a gipsy, and that he would be off some day with that vagrant tribe—so little did they think that his brain was already fermenting with the poems of "Rowley," the monk of the fifteenth century.

If we are deemed too particular in thus dwelling so minutely upon the circumstances of his early life, we admonish our readers that it should not be forgotten that, after all, the whole biography of Chatterton is but that of a boy, and that he died before many have acquired the habit of entering a room with grace and propriety.

From the notes of his able but adverse critics, Tyrwitt, Warton, and Malone, we learn that his favorite haunts were the aisles and tower of St. Mary's Church, Redcliffe. Beautiful indeed—exceedingly beautiful—is that sacred old sanctuary of God, probably unsurpassed by any in England as a parish church. The dim religious light stealing through its darkened windows, the gorgeous grandeur of its

architecture, its sculptured monuments, and its artistic tracery, sent a thrilling impress through the wondrous boy, and awakening susceptibilities of this ardent youth. All around him inspired that devotion which he breathed from within, with a subdued and chastened piety.

The earliest effusion of this "*boy poet*" was written at ten years of age, though, as it were, the first feeble flutterings of an unfledged genius; it was on the "Epiphany, or the Second Coming of Christ to Judgment," from which we quote the following:

"Behold, just coming from above,
The Judge with majesty and love!
The sky divides and rolls away
To admit Him through the realms of day;
The sun, astonished, hides his face
At Jesu's bright superior rays;
Dread lightnings flash, and thunders roar,
And shake the earth and briny shore;
The trumpet sounds at Heaven's command,
And pierceth through the sea and land;
The dead in each now fear the voice,
The sinners fear, and saints rejoice;
For now the awful hour is come,
When every tenant of the tomb
Must rise and take his final doom."

From the earliest dawn of his intellects, he had been silent, gloomy, and melancholy, all of which, however, were greatly relieved when he began to write poetry. This mental effort shook off the incubus that clouded his mind. Writing poetry seemed to him what it was to Lord Byron: it relieved his *ennui*, "burst his bonds, and prepared him for higher flights. It was pleasant even to feel his liberty. He could behold the heaven toward which his thoughts tended, and from which his inspiration came. The living fire that had tipped his tongue had kindled. His belief, his expectations, and his ardent yearnings, burning, struggling to be uttered, might be uttered now!" From among the poetic effusions of his eleventh year, I select the following poem, which he wrote on an unprincipled man who changed his religion

from one phase to another without compunction and without honor. It is called "*Apostate Will*."

"In days of old, when Wesley's power
Gathered new strength by every hour,
Apostate Will, just sunk in trade,
Resolved his bargain should be made.
Then straight to Wesley he repairs,
And puts on grave and solemn airs,
Then thus the pious man addressed:
'Good sir, I think your doctrine best:
Your servant will a Wesleyan be,
Therefore the principles teach me.'
The preacher then instruction gave,
How he in this world should behave;
He hears, repeats, and gives a nod,
Says, '*Every word's the word of God*;'
Then, lifting his dissembling eyes,
'How blessed is the sect!' he cries,
'Nor Bingham, Young, nor Stillingfleet,
Shall make me from this sect retreat.'
He then his circumstance declared,
How *hardly* with him matters fared;
Begged him 'next morning FOR to make
A small collection for his sake.'
The preacher said, 'Do not repine,
The *whole* collection shall be thine.'
Will looks demure, and cringing bows,
About his business straight he goes;
His outward acts were grave and prim,
The Methodist appeared in him;
But be his *outward* what it will,
His heart was an apostate's still;
He'd oft profess a hallowed flame,
And everywhere preach Wesley's name;
He was a preacher and what not,
So *long* as *money* could be got;
He'd oft profess, with holy fire,
'The laborer's worthy of his hire.'
It happened, *once* upon a time,
When all his works were in their prime,
A *nobler place* appeared in view;
Then Will bid Methodists adieu—
A Methodist no more he'll be,
The Protestants served best for *he*.
Then to the curate straight he ran,
And thus addressed the reverend man:
'I was a Methodist 'tis true,
With penitence I turn to you,—
Oh! that it were your bounteous will
That I the vacant place might fill.'
The curate straightway gave consent:
To take the place he quickly went.
Accordingly he got the place,
And keeps it with dissembling grace."

His critic, Warton, says of this poem, "The above has a degree of humor and care of versification which are astonishing in such a child;" and competent judges have pronounced this tolerable poetry for a boy eleven years and a half old.

Almost simultaneous with this effort, his biographer says, "came out the first result of his antiquarian lore and his antique imaginations, in the following manner:

"Messrs. Burgum and Calcot were partners in trade at Bristol. Chatterton had frequently been noticed by the former, who had occasionally given him small sums of money. Burgum was a vain and credulous man, fond of notoriety and display—a fit subject, undoubtedly, to practise upon, and Chatterton set about it. So he went to Burgum one day and told him 'he had found his pedigree from the time of William the Conqueror—a pedigree which allied him to the proudest families in England; that he was descended from Matilda, daughter of Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland and Huntingdon!' He assured Burgum of the truth of this, and Burgum believed it. Many a literary joke has been broken over the credulity of poor Burgum for swallowing this sugar-coated pill. 'But let us imagine,' says William Howitt, 'a charity-school boy, in an old-fashioned costume and his innocent boy's face, appearing before him, and presenting to him so matter-of-fact a document, as found in a chest in the muniment room of St. Mary's Church, in which this boy was known to pore and hunt about! Burgum was completely taken in, and a thousand others who have since laughed at him would have been taken in also.' No doubt it was a very pleasing delusion for Burgum to be told that the blood which flowed in his veins was as pure and noble as that which flows in the veins of our ancient aristocracy. This was surely worth the dollar which was given, from a feeling of momentary aristocratic pride, to the poor charity boy who was the fortunate discoverer of

such a prize. The first bait being taken, Chatterton soon supplied him with another, giving his pedigree down to the time of Charles II., where *he wisely left it*; upon which Sir Walter Scott observes, 'Chatterton linked and gilded his splendid chain of ancestry through remote ages, where there was full scope for fiction; and when he approached the region of probability, he let the end loose, that his friend might attach himself to it as best he could.'"

Shortly after the perpetration of this literary hoax, the chroniclers of that time began to noise abroad the famous story of the iron-bound chest of Master Canynge, in that same muniment room in which Burgum's pedigree had been discovered, in the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, the facts of which are thus chronicled: over the north porch of St. Mary's Church, rebuilt by Canynge in the time of Edward IV., there is a kind of muniment room, in which six or seven chests were deposited, one of which is particularly marked out as "Master Canynge's coffre." About the year 1727, the keys of these chests were said to have been lost for some time, and it being believed that certain title deeds of great value were deposited in them, they were accordingly broken open; and the said deeds being removed, other parchment manuscripts were left as being of no value. Chatterton's uncle had been for many years sexton of the church, which gave Chatterton's father an opportunity of bringing away large quantities of these useless papers. It will at once be seen that such a budget of antique lore would yield a rare opportunity to our young poet to indulge in his chosen and favorite pursuits; nor was he long before he, a mere boy of sixteen summers, startled the learned with a kind of Gordian knot, that required years of labor, among mystery, doubt, and credulity, from the heads and pens of such critics as Tyrwitt, Warton, and Malone, to unriddle and solve forever, to the great relief of all those who felt an interest therein. Our

young poet soon gave out that, on accidentally looking over these antique papers, he had discovered poetical and other compositions by "Master Canynge" and his friend and chaplain, Thomas Rowley, a monk of those times; but which, in truth, were the famous "forgeries of Chatterton the boy poet." He accomplished this curious and wonderful task by erasing the old writing on these manuscripts, and, in a quaint hand and obsolete language, writing thereon instead the famous Rowley poetry. These famous poems caused an excited controversy among the priesthood of letters, reaching almost down to our own time: some strongly asserting them to be forgeries, others, again, as strongly asserting them to be authentic and genuine. The able critics I have before named have carefully examined the so-called originals, as carefully considered all the circumstances under which they were so artistically produced, and the internal evidence which they afford; and, putting the whole of the evidence in a clear, forcible form of demonstrative argument, have pronounced the Rowley poetry an imposture committed by Thomas Chatterton. The quaintness of their style and the obsolescence of their language are altogether so remarkable that we cannot resist the temptation of quoting one as a specimen of the rest. Quaint and odd as it is, we opine it must have appeared much more so upon the face of the dusty and dingy old Canynge manuscripts.

"MYNSTRELLE'S SONGE.

"Oh! syngue untoe mie roundelaie,
Oh! droppe the brynne teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a rennyng ryver bee;
Mie love is dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

"Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte,
Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,
Rodde his face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cald he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
Mie love, etc.

"Swote hys tongue as the throstle's note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thought can bee,
Defe hys taboure, codgelle stote,
Oh! hee lyes bie the wyllowe-tree:
Mie love, etc.

"Harke! the ravenne flapps hys wynges,
In the briered delle belowe;
Harke! the deth-owle loude doth synge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;
Mie love, etc.

"See! the whyte moone sheens onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true love's shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skye,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;
Mie love, etc.

"Heere uponne mie true love's grave,
Shalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee on hallie seyncte to save,
Al the celness of a mayde.
Mie love, etc.

"Wythe mie hondes I'll dente the brieres,
Round hys hallie corse to gree,
Ouphante fairie lyghte your fyres,
Heere mie bodie still schalle bee.
Mie love, etc.

"Comme wythe a corne-coppe and throune,
Drayne mie hartyes blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all ytts goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste bie daie.
Mie love, etc.

"Waterre wythes crownede wythe reytes,
Bere me to yer leathalle tyde.
I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.
Thos the damselle spake, and dyed."

The Rowley poems, however daring, wild, and audacious as was the imposture, to the genuineness of which many adhered against all odds of evidence, were not the only productions of Chatterton's fertile pen. In the year 1768 was completed a new bridge at Bristol. A few days after the publication of the ceremonies of the opening of that, there appeared a full account, in Felix Farley's Journal, of the opening of the *old* one. The excitement and sensation it produced was prodigious. The journal office was besieged; the num-

bers rapidly sold. In the meantime Chatterton was snugly ensconced in his quiet corner, laughing in his sleeve.

A Mr. Barrett, a highly respectable surgeon in Bristol, was about to publish a history of that ancient city, and, just at this time, was diligently collecting materials. He was introduced to Chatterton, who forthwith furnished him with valuable matter from his pile of ancient manuscripts—all the products of his own fertile fancy—mere fiction; but, notwithstanding, they form no inconsiderable portion of Mr. Barrett's otherwise valuable work, containing, as it does, glowing descriptions of gorgeous architecture, picturesque embellishments, brilliant trappings, and sculptured fictions, of suppositions of bygone days—merely the poetic day-dreams of that marvellous boy. These employments, however, were the escapements of his pent-up soul, which groaned beneath the restraints of a lawyer's office at Bristol, to which he was chained for twelve hours daily, under a Mr. Lambert, a vulgar, imperious man, who treated him harshly, often subjecting him to indignity and insult. No wonder, then, that such a youth as Chatterton should have become disgusted and weary of such employment, with such a man, at the very time he was mentally revelling in the past of the fifteenth century. Conceiving himself to be shrouded amidst dust and cobwebs, musty parchments, antique and quaint writings, and obliterated devices and inscriptions, his imagination was haunted with ghostly friars and trains of holy monks pacing in sable garb the cloisters of St. John.

To give himself time for these recreations, he would rob himself of sleep for whole nights. He also seized every moment of leisure; he wrought out his fictions by moonlight; he ate but little, and that chiefly vegetable diet; he never tasted strong or spirituous liquors—a cake, or a crust of bread and pure spring water, was his usual dinner meal. It was thus he

kept his body in temperance, like the ancient athletic, or like a modern racer, always ready for his favorite amusements, which will help to explain the phenomenon of his writing so much at an age so young.

William Howitt, in speaking of this era of our poet's life, says: "This was one of those bright seasons in his career, when the heaven of his spirit had cast its glory on this nether world; when the light and splendor of his own beautiful creations invest the common earth, and he walks in the summer of his heart's joy. Every imagination seems to have become a reality; every hope to expand before him into fame and felicity; and the flowers beneath his tread, the sky above him, the air that breathes upon his cheek—all nature, in short, is full of the intoxication of his poetic triumph. Bristol became too narrow for him. He shifted the field of his ambition to London, and the whole enchanted realm of his anticipations passed like a dream, and was gone! There came, instead, cruel contempt, soul-withering neglect, hunger, despair, and suicide."

We must now follow our poet to London, whither his ambition led him, in the year 1769, where he was anxious to appear in print, like many another adventurous youth. He wrote to Dodsley, the publisher; but, receiving no reply, he next wrote to Horace Walpole, enclosing to him an account of the "*Ryse of Peyneteynge in England, by J. Rowley, 1469, for Mastre Canynge.*" To this Walpole thus responded: "I give you a thousand thanks for it. I have not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language, and should not have been able to comprehend it without your learned notes. The Abbot John's verses are wonderful for their harmony and spirit; but instead of correcting you, sir, *you* are far more able to correct me."

Chatterton replied in a grateful, but unwise confidence, confessing his youth and his limited means, which changed at once the spirit and bearing of Walpole, who left

our poet to his despair, his starvation, and an untimely death. Coleridge's *critique* on Walpole's conduct was severe. He exclaims, "O ye who honor the name of *man*, rejoice that this Walpole is made a *lord*!"

Walpole, no doubt, made that a crime in Chatterton, of which he himself had been guilty—had set the example, but expected to escape with impunity the censure of the public. Chatterton gave out that his poems were written by Rowley. Walpole gave out that his "Castle of Otranto" was the work of an old Italian—not found in Canynge's chest, but in the library of an ancient Roman Catholic family in the North of England.

Walpole could not see that if Rowley was nobody, Chatterton was a great poet, and; as yet, a mere boy, and a poor boy, an extraordinary prodigy, whom reason and justice demanded should be brought under the notice of the good and the wise, and his powers developed. Had Walpole taken Chatterton by the hand kindly, instead of deserting him, he would have saved a great mind to his country, and would have earned a rich reward of gratitude and honor.

At this period of Chatterton's life, some cynics have accused him of a kind of libertine scepticism; and it is true that, to a superficial observer, he seemed to begin to talk and write sceptically about the time he settled himself in London. But be it borne in mind that, at this very time, a dark season of doubt had settled on England; and though we are no apologists for infidelity, yet we know that many a great mind was staggered, and minds that were far more mature, and whose judgments were in far better balance than his. His antique poems are uniformly moral, and frequently of a high devotional character. "He strove more against hypocrisy in profession than against religion itself. In extenuation of his alleged offence, let it be noted that he was still a literary boy; and let his accusers and calumniators, who

would cast a stone at him, ask themselves what their own religious opinions were when they were but schoolboys at sixteen years of age. If we sigh over his religious scepticism, and regret his occasional symptoms of the lack of the truth and high principle in his literary hoaxes, we are compelled to acknowledge it was because he found no sympathizing friend or adequate counsellor. He was like a young giant, wandering solitarily over a pathless wilderness, without a guide or guidepost; and if he had not gone wrong, from the strong impulses and ardor like his, of such unmatched strength and speed, it were indeed a marvel!" We quote the following hymn of praise to the "Father of All," in vindication of Chatterton against his accusers of scepticism, from his own pen:

"Almighty Framer of the skies,
Oh, let our pure devotion rise
Like incense in Thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade,
The texture of our souls was made,
Till Thy command gave light.

"The sun of glory gleamed; the ray
Refined the darkness of the day,
And bid the vapors fly.
Impelled by His eternal love,
He left his palaces above
To cheer our gloomy sky.

"How shall we celebrate the day
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn;
When the archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hailed salvation's morn?

"A humble form the Godhead wore,
The pains of poverty he bore,
To gaudy pomp unknown;
Though in a human walk he trod,
Still was the man Almighty God,
In glory all His own.

"Despised, oppressed, the Godhead bears
The torments of this vale of tears,
Nor bids His vengeance rise;
He saw the creatures He had made
Reville His power, His peace invade—
He saw with Mercy's eyes!"

After Chatterton's arrival in London, that Pantheon of all idolatries, his life is sad to contemplate. Sir Walter Scott says, "Few subjects of composition equally affecting or elevating can ever occur, when we consider the strange ambiguity of his character, his attainments under circumstances so incalculably disadvantageous, his high spirit of independence, the ready versatility with which he stooped to the meanest literary and poetical drudgery, his warm affection for his family, together with a certain looseness of morality—a subject combining the strongest alternations of light and shade."

When in London, what was his hope, what was his company, and in what was he employed? To those who have trod the streets of London as strangers, penniless and friendless, are known the horrors of London life. Alone in the midst of millions, defenceless and indigent amidst the glare of temptations and excitements which appeal continually to every passion of man, whether high or low,—surrounded by a constant whirlpool of glittering allurements, threatening every moment to precipitate him into one danger or another, and this danger continuing without cessation or abatement, requires, on the part of the new-comer, a strong will, resolute self-watchfulness, and a high purpose and ceaseless exertion to escape, unscathed, the numerous and appalling dangers which roll around him.

Into this seething, boiling ocean of human strifes Chatterton plunged, alone, and without money and without a guide, to run a neck-and-neck race with the many who were accustomed to the course. For a long time he bore up bravely. He wrote home to his friends flourishingly of his success, wishing to put the best face upon his affairs. He even sent money and presents to his mother and sister, both of whom he tenderly loved. But alas! what was his real condition? He was at the point of starvation. Yet, full of hope, and thirsting

to attain the coveted prize of station, wealth, and fame, he plied his oar with incredible diligence. The clouds which veiled his morning sky seemed for a time to be floating away; his moral atmosphere grew clearer, and he went on his pathway hoping and trusting to the future: But what were his grounds of hope? Who were his patrons? Booksellers, printers, and publishers. To these men our young poet, Esau-like, sold his birthright, "the vision and faculty Divine," for "a mess of pottage." He wrote for the magazines poem after poem, satire after satire, loyal articles, and republican songs and glees; light squibs for the daily papers, and furious tirades for any hireling publisher that chose to engage him. Perhaps in the whole history of literature there is scarcely a more striking instance of so much work done in so short a time, not even in the great feats of Johnson and Byron, when they chose to put forth all their strength.

Failing to realize his ambitious hopes in the starveling track of literature, he turned from it and made application for "a situation as surgeon's mate in a voyage to the coast of Africa, but in vain. This was a downfall for the aspirant after wealth and distinction. The enthusiasm, the glory, and the exultation of his bright and shining boyhood days were gone; the ladder on which he had hoped to have climbed to the heaven of greatness was withdrawn; and the sleeper awoke to find that his only pillow was a stone, and that he must exchange the communings of angels for intercourse with cold and heartless men. His last hope had failed him. He was friendless, alone, and unassisted, and looked forward with a sickening fear for the time when he should be a wanderer and an outcast. What wonder if, in his dark and deep distress, self-contempt drowned youth's starlight smiles and tears, and the victim angrily refused to be fed, or to be kept alive by the hand of charity?" For two or three days he tasted nothing. Three

days before his death he was walking with a friend in St. Pancras's church-yard, reading the epitaphs, and fell into a grave he had not noticed. His friend helped him out, and playfully remarked he "was happy at beholding the resurrection of genius." Poor Chatterton smiled faintly, and, taking him by the arm, said, "My dear friend, I feel the sting of a speedy dissolution. I have been at war with the grave some time. I find it is not so easy to vanish as I imagined. We can find an asylum for every creditor but that."

The evening before his death he retired to his room early. The next morning, August the 24th, 1770, he was found dead by his landlady, having taken poison, and so passed into eternity the greatest literary prodigy of his age, being seventeen years and nine months old. An inquest was held, and a verdict of *felo de se* was returned. He was buried among the paupers in the burial-ground of Shoe Lane, London.

We will not now join with those who traduce him in the grave, nor will we be over severe in pronouncing on his singular career. In just pity we believe he would have redeemed his name from obloquy had he lived longer. Mankind have given the verdict of "forgery" against him, and of course we must not dissent from so infallible a tribunal. Still we plead that the verdict must not be too severely construed; for the deed for which he stands condemned was committed by a mere boy in his teens; all of which might have been obviated by publishing anonymously; but he added the fatal name of "Rowley," a mere antique trifle, and apparently without a motive, except the wish to acquire the name of a discoverer of rare manuscripts. It brought him no gains, like the forgery of Dr. Dodd; he had no need to fear detection, like Junius; he had no literary reputation to assail, as Lander had in his forgeries of Milton; it seems but a mere boyish whim, and we humbly conceive that the odious word "forgery" scarcely applies to such an inno-

cent deception; but had he, indeed, the presence of mind and the courage to have subscribed his own historic name, he would have, indeed, raised a monument that mankind would not have allowed to perish, and on the top of which would have stood his "angel, with a trumpet, sounding his fame all over the world," till "time should be no longer."

Of his merits as a poet, we must allow his critics to pronounce for him. Wordsworth says: "If Chatterton had not been the unquestionable genius he was, the brotherhood of poets would yet owe him a debt of gratitude for having exhibited to the world a bright and beautiful example of the ideal Creator, knowing no desire which genius did not hallow, and possessing a heart which kept pure the holy forms of young imagination." His temperance should be imitated by all, and his abstinence was surpassed by none."

Mr. Britton observes: "Posterity may be excused, if, forgetting his errors in the contemplation of his neglected state and youthful sorrows, it speaks only of his genius."

Southey remarks: "The deception of Chatterton might most assuredly have been begun and continued without the slightest share of criminality on his part."

Chambers adds: "Such precocity of genius was never before witnessed."

Carpenter repeats: "When we conceive the inspired boy transporting himself in imagination back to the days of fictitious Rowley, embodying his ideal characters, and 'giving to airy nothings a local habitation and a name,' we may forget the impostor in the enthusiast, and forgive the fiction of his reverie for its beauty and ingenuity."

An anonymous author observes: "The memory of Chatterton has been branded as that of a forger. If he was guilty, it was of forgery on his brain," and not of his heart. "Were not the poems themselves a genuine reality? Why, instead of having dug them up from the rubbish of a ruined

temple of hoar antiquity, they were all his own. What, then, was his crime? Why, robbing himself of his own intellectual riches, and depositing them on the altar of his country's glory. For this he is denounced as an impostor."

Of the number and subjects of his poems we need not speak, as his works are accessible to the reading world, from which we may draw one moral at least, that is to say, the danger and misery there is attending

the steps of those who wander in by-paths for fame, wealth, or knowledge.

His wondrous scheme of fame began in the tower of St. Mary's Church, in his native city, whence it spread and shone forth as a brilliant meteoric mystery for a moment, and the proud boy gloried in the sudden blaze, until

"Black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the earth on which he walked alone."

A WORD ABOUT ENGLISH LITERATURE.

WHAT a hearty, healthy sound those two words, English Literature—better, English Letters—carry with them! How they send one's mind back along that line of immortal names which their utterance summons up. How there rise up before us confused but enchanting visions, in which are mingled the country that God made, and the town that man made, peasants' firesides and noble halls, breezy upland and cloistered study, solemn churchyard and thronging street, all mingling in our memories, and yet each presenting a distinct conception, giving a separate and individualized delight.

Look at the language, to begin with, in which these letters come to us. What claims it has on reverent and loving study, and on a care, greater than it seems likely just now to get, lest it be "slain with slang."

First, it has claims for its own sake. "Its silver purity," it has been well said, "can add a burnish to the poet's fairest line, its iron strength can give fresh vigor to the orator's best-wrought periods." Into what other tongues have the Holy Scriptures been so translated as into it? What other language has given such expression to the verse of Homer? No doubt, as Roger Ascham says, "the best translation is, for mere necessity, but an evil-impèd wing to fly withal, or a heavy stump-leg of

wood to go withal"; or, to put it into John Wilson's words, "all translations of the highest poetry must be, such is the mysterious incarnation of thought and feeling in language, at best but a majestic mockery, something ghostlike; when supposed most substantial, suddenly seeming most a shadow—or a broken rainbow,—or a bow refracted, as well as reflected from the sky-gazing seas. Glorious pieces of color are lying here and there, to remind us of what, a moment before, we beheld in a perfect arch on heaven." For all that, a tongue which, better than any other, translates the words of the world's great poet, and, immeasurably beyond all human words, those mighty words "which the Holy Ghost teacheth," has claims, on its own account, of no ordinary weight.

To us, moreover, it is our mother tongue; and that in how many ways! It is the tongue of our mother land and of our own. It is the tongue in which the majestic worship of our spiritual mother lives and breathes, in all that round of service

"Through which, in fixed career
As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year
Of England's Church."

It is the tongue in which our earthly mothers taught us to lisp our earliest praises and half-comprehended prayers.

Shame to those to whom such claims come with no power. Shame to those whose hearts do not warm at the glorious past, the living present, the possible future of our good English tongue—a tongue which may be in the coming ages what that of Grace was to the world in the time when our great Lord took upon Him our humanity.

If from the language we turn to the literature, how sound, and healthy, and varied it is. Everywhere, except in works that should all be outlawed from its bounds, it carries with it a smack of home and the fragrance of the natural world, the warmth and glow of the fireside and "the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed."

There are touched here, almost unconsciously, the two characteristics of English Literature which give it its crowning grace. And these are its pervading domestic character, and its living connection with the natural world. See, for instance, how these things come together in "Cowper's Task," where we have the Sofa, the Winter Evening, and the Winter Walk at Noon. What we find there we find everywhere, home and nature.

The home idea is very strong in English Letters. It enters, indeed, into very holy places. A thoughtful critic, speaking of the beautiful Collect for the 22d Sunday after Trinity, which calls the Church God's household, says, "This prayer is of Anglo-Saxon origin. It could not have been written in the passionate South of Europe, in an awful temple, amid circling clouds of incense, with the crucifix looming through them. It must have been suggested to some kindly, honest Anglo-Saxon. It breathes of the little old church, of the burly yeoman and his honest wife, and the little village boys and girls. The Church in it is not an awful, majestic queen. The honest Anglo-Saxon nature speaks of her as the good, pious, kindly housewife." There is a wealth of truth in this in more directions and for more purposes than one.

And this home spirit—alas! is it to become a fair vision of the past—lives in all true English Letters from Chaucer down. They who have scorned and outraged it—for some such there have been—have never taken hold of the Anglo-Saxon heart. Please God they never may!

And then the living connection of our literature with the natural world! Not of the namby-pamby sort, that "dies of a rose in aromatic pain," but hearty, genuine, wholesome. There was a little while, indeed, when conventionalism got the upper hand, and nature was mightily artificialized. Those were the days when nature, untrimmed and unshackled by man, was a "frowning desert" or a "horrid wilderness"; when shepherds and shepherdesses went about with satin buskins and court dresses; when Phillyses abounded in grottos patched up of shells and bits of looking-glass; and when Corydons piped dolefully around, with noses reddened by the east wind. Swift or Pope, whichever it was, hit it off capitally:

"Mild Arcadians ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming,
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

"Melancholy smooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crowned."

But this was no outgrowth from the native stock. It was an importation, a foreign coat, pulled on simply to be laughed at, and then pulled off again.

Apart from this, how has our literature lived, as one may say, out of doors, and brought the mind of the race into wholesome communing with nature. So much so that love of nature, carried first from the race into its letters, has been carried back from them again into the very texture of the Anglo-Saxon character.

A conventionalized society, where artifi-

cial life is superseding a simpler, more natural, and, if you choose, a more homely one, needs just such influences as the ones just named to give it tone. Not that it needs no higher ones. These are not touched on here. But that uppermost among the lower ones—not low in themselves considered, but only when compared or contrasted with Divine gifts and aids—stand those of our own noble literature. Let it claim, then, its true place of honor in the home, the school, the college. It will send out an influence which will help to produce that balanced, contented, what the Scotch call “self-contained,” character, which is

very noble in man or woman, and of which Sir Henry Wotton sings :

“How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another’s will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

“Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to send;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

“Such one is free from servile bands,
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, if not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.”

J. W.

THE CHURCH TOWER.

BY WILLIAM F. MORGAN, D.D.

THE tower of a Christian church or cathedral is something to inspire elevated thoughts. The first impulse of nations, emerging from the midnight of barbarism, has always been to body forth their religious instincts and aspirations in something of this sort. The surface of the Old World was covered with heaven-pointing fabrics, from the gigantic pyramid to the graceful minaret; and even to this day their very ruins are mightier and more majestic than the most noted of modern architectural creations. So with all the past of Christendom, among the best memorials of its spirit and vital power are those vast elevations of stone which reach the clouds, and, after the lapse of ages, still abide, almost untouched by time. You may call them monuments of human pride; you may say that a religion of intolerance built them—that the money, and material, and labor were wrung from an ignorant and priest-ridden people; but history will not bear you out in such a sweeping charge. For the most part they were erected to the glory of God by loving hearts and willing hands. Kings, and nobles, and peasants,

were alike engaged. The towers of the Cathedral at Antwerp, the famous spire at Freiberg in Breisgau, the towers of the noble Churches of St. Sebaldus and St. Laurence at Nuremberg, the Collegiate Church of St. Michael and St. Gudule at Brussels, and a hundred more, were works of devotion. They are the result either of individual munificence or religious feeling transmitted from sire to son. They tell of fearless, faithful, Christian energies that worked on from death to death, generation after generation, that the habitation of God might be worthy of Him, and the place of His feet be glorious. There is more of elevation in such a motive, and more sublimity in such an endeavor, ten thousandfold, than where the honor of God is thought to consist in the poverty of His temple—where it is eclipsed by cafés and club-houses; or poorly furnished—while exchequers are exhausted in the luxury of boudoirs and the pride of reception-rooms.

Happily, the members of our Church have a vast field to look back upon, both actual and historic. Our Christian lineage binds us to the past. It links us especially

to the mother country and the mother Church in her early day of conflict and trial; and when, in these days of movement and surging progress, we would refresh our minds with what is venerable, and time-worn, and enduring, we return in memory and imagination to those modest structures which still survive—though they were old when this continent was discovered—and there, beneath the shadow of some old church tower, we may ponder the lessons of its meaning and its pious use. There it stands, ivy-covered and hoary, where it has stood, while innumerable generations of men have gone down into the dust. There it is, still bathed in the hues of the morning, still wrapped in the solemnity of eve, the image of strength and eternal repose—unmoved in the midst of convulsion, stable in the bosom of universal change. Ten thousand eyes, folded a century ago in the last dreamless sleep, have looked upon it as upon the face of a friend; ten thousand family groups, whose names are unremembered, have started forth together at its cheerful Sabbath bidding, and, one by one, been buried around its base, deaf to its funeral toll; and although this long procession has passed by and disappeared, there stands the old tower, still pointing to the skies, still calling the living up to prayer, still pouring its requiem for the dead, still ringing out its chimes at Christmas-tide and Easter—

“Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,
Sweet tales of olden time,
And ring a thousand memories
At vesper and at prime;
At bridal and at burial,
For cottager and king,
Those chimes, those glorious Christian chimes,
How blessedly they ring.”

And this, chiefly, constitutes the religiousness of a church tower. Aside from its consecration to appropriate and sacred uses, it enters largely into the associations of our daily life, and has something to do with all the periods and vicissitudes of our

changeable course. It speaks a varied language. It has one utterance for youth, and another for maturity, and another for old age. As years increase and sorrows multiply, it seems to keep the record like a sympathizing friend; and the sound from its belfry, however merry in the ears of childhood, has a muffled tone to the elders, mingling thoughts of church and cemetery—of life and death. But for all, of every age, its moral influence is wholesome; its appeal is to our better natures; and I do not hesitate to say that, in any community, a solid church tower, enclosing a musical chime of bells, is an inestimable and a lasting benefit. Especially is it such in a community where our lives are all turmoil and our souls are in a weary strife and toil, grasping and straining—tasking nerve and brain in feverish competition; where the temptation is evermore to act upon sordid motives, making gold our god, and turning our hearts away from heavenly things. Such a monitor is needed. Such an unchanging sentinel and witness is required, no more to secure the punctual attendance of the faithful, and mark the festival and weekly service, and sound the alarm of danger and conflagration, than to send its warning and its rebuking voice abroad upon the hallowed air, speaking to those who pervert the sanctity of God's rest into an occasion of sloth and self-indulgence; penetrating their chambers, and pleading with their consciences, and urging them to duty alway, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear. And thus, while the structure itself may express the fixedness and stability of Christian truth, the faithful and far-reaching voice within it may claim for that truth reverence and attention. A church tower, it may be added, is a blessing in which all can share. It is the common property and possession of all, the poorest as well as the most affluent, the humblest and the most renowned. It has a close and beautiful harmony with the instincts of a free people,

its blessings are open to all as the blue dome above and around it; and through all the years of life, those whose lot is cast in its vicinity may realize its convenience and feel its inspiration. How beautifully, with what a tender, gentle spirit, does good Bishop Mant describe the associations which it may awaken :

"What varying sounds from yon gray pinnacles
Sweep o'er the ear, and claim the heart's reply !

Now the blithe peal of home festivity,
Natal or nuptial, in full concert swells;
Now the brisk chime, or voice of altered bells
Speaks the due hour of social worship nigh :
And now the last stage of mortality ;
The deep, dull toll with lingering warning tells,
How much of human life those sounds comprise :
Birth, wedded love, God's service, and the tomb !
Heard not in vain, if thence kind feelings rise
Such as befit our being, free from gloom ;
Monastic—prayer that communes with the skies,
And musings, mindful of the final doom."

MONTMORENCI FALLS IN WINTER.

BY E. G. L.

THE bright English coal-fire and luxurious parlor were particularly tempting after our long, cold journey; but the morning papers were full of the "ice-cone" at the Montmorenci Falls, and the delights of rushing on a toboggin down its snowy side.

The curiosity of the gentlemen was still farther heightened by the glowing account of the cone and the sport there, given by the dapper little clerk, who entertained them with his varied experiences while they smoked their post-prandial cigars in the reading-room. They announced their intention to drive down to the Falls, notwithstanding the temperature of ten degrees below zero! and invited me to accompany them.

The question, to go or not to go, was speedily decided in the affirmative, for the intense cold was not so objectionable as the spending a long, dreary day entirely alone in the strange hotel; and I could not urge them to give up the excursion, for we had to leave Quebec that very night, and it was wholly improbable that we should ever be there again in the winter, and this was said to be a sight for a life-time. So the "cab" was ordered, and we proceeded to array ourselves in the heavy wrappings and warm furs suitable for so cold an expedition.

Sojourners in Canada soon learn that "cab" is the generic term for every vehicle kept for public hire, whether it be barouche, calèche, or wagon, in summer, or low French cariole, or handsome fancy sleigh, in winter. The cab on this occasion was a large, comfortable sleigh, abundantly supplied with warm buffalo-ropes, and drawn by two stout Canadian ponies, that tossed their heads as if they loved to hear the ringing of the silvery bells suspended on their collars.

The driver seemed not a little surprised to find that "*Madame*" was to be of the party, but, as he arranged the heated billets of "hard-wood" for our feet, and buckled the robes closely around us, he assured us in the most confidential manner, and with the richest brogue, that we would not "mind the cold the laste bit in the wurruld," and that we would find the drive and the view of the Falls *magnifique*.

Are there none but *Irish* cabmen in Canada? We never encountered any others; and, in fact, should have avoided them if found. The civility, good-humor, and brogue of the genuine, light-hearted Irishman was always attractive, and when they thought it necessary to prove their nationality, by interlarding their conversation with the *patois* of the country, the

effect was irresistible. Canadian French, with a strong Irish accent, must be heard to be appreciated.

Our Irishman, to-day, proved a very entertaining *cicerone*, and added much to the pleasure of the drive. Whether his information was in all cases correct we had no means of judging; but it had the merit of being always interesting.

The horses started, the bells jingled merrily, and down the hill we went, through the steep descent at the Prescott gate, and out on the broad St. Lawrence, as the drive to the Montmorenci in winter must always be made on the ice. This was only our second drive on a frozen river, and the prospect of nine miles of it was, to our inexperience, so appalling, that possibly it would have deterred us from going, had we realized it before starting, for the Southern idea of ice has something in it essentially treacherous and dangerous.

And here our Irishman came out strongly. On hearing the first expression of our uneasiness and dread of the ice, he gave the most ludicrous imitation of a French *shrug*, and averred that there could be no danger, as it was three feet thick; and, in order more fully to reassure us, he made frequent allusions to it, adding six inches on each occasion. So that in the drive of eight miles the thickness increased from three feet—probably the correct estimate—to seven, doubtless the most rapid ice-growth ever known!

At first the frozen surface of the river was crowded with sleighs and sleds of various sorts coming and going from Point Levi, and the neighboring villages, to the city. But after we passed a few miles on our way, and gained the road which led only to our point of destination, we had the whole scene to ourselves. The day was too bitterly cold for mere pleasure-seekers, and all, save passing travellers like us, would have ample time to test the charms of the cone-sliding.

And now, in the solitude, with no mov-

ing object in sight but our sleigh, and no sound but the clear bell-notes and the occasional crack of the driver's whip, we had full leisure to take in all the stern and desolate features of the wintry landscape.

Nothing has ever given such significant force to the question of the Psalmist—"Who can stand before His cold?"—as the sight of that mighty river, with "the face of its waters hid as with a stone;" the huge blocks and masses of ice, tossed and piled everywhere upon the rugged surface, as though the surging billows had been suddenly congealed, attesting the tremendous force with which rushing currents and upheaving tides had rebelled, and writhed, and struggled against the resistless power by which the "breadth of their waters was straightened;" each effort to hurl back their fetters serving but to make them stronger.

Here and there upon the river were little fir-bushes, apparently growing out of the ice, sometimes one alone, sometimes quite a miniature grove. We were wholly at a loss to account for so curious a kind of fancy gardening, until the driver explained that they were for the purpose of marking the air-holes and unsafe places in the ice.

Our route lay near the northern shore; and after driving a little more than an hour, we rounded the projecting corner of a towering cliff, and the marvellous, beautiful spectacle of the Montmorenci Fall burst suddenly upon us. A word to the driver stopped the sleigh, while we gazed in speechless delight at the strange, romantic sight.

The great rock-wall, down which the crystal Montmorenci makes its headlong plunge of two hundred and fifty feet to the St. Lawrence, recedes with a semicircular curve around a lovely little cove or bay, as if to give the fallen water a moment of quiet rest before rushing onward with the swift current to the troubled ocean.

The majestic precipice, with the foaming

silver river falling from its summit, for a moment overpowered the sense of perception with its wondrous sublimity. But as we gazed, the faculties awoke to distinguish and admire all the individual features and beauties of the picture.

That tapering, snowy sugar-loaf, which hid from view the lower portion of the cataract, was *the cone*; its matchless grace of proportion and massiveness of structure, fashioned by nature herself, with no other materials than the delicate mists of spray flying from the falling river, as it rushed unceasingly, untiringly, from the height above us. It seemed incredible that those tiny atoms of frost-breath could grow to such lofty ice stature. As we saw it, *the cone* was eighty feet high, and late in a long winter it sometimes attains the height of one hundred and twenty feet.

Nor was this all that Winter had given to adorn the scene. What if he had done to death the trailing vines and delicate blossoms with which summer softened the rugged face of the rocks around the beautiful fall, had he not sent his frost-sprites and cased the rough surfaces with great sheets of glittering glass? here hanging long fringes of sparkling icicles; there planting, on the projecting ledges of rock, slender pinnacles and buttresses, carved as if by fairy fingers, spreading delicate draperies of snowy lace-work over all, until the foaming cataract was set in a frame of silver and crystal most dazzling and ravishing to behold.

The foreground presented objects calculated to increase the effect and interest of the whole. A neat board shanty had been built at the entrance of the little bay, the smoke from its chimney telling of the warm Canadian stove within; and around the door, watching and waiting for us, stood some twenty *habitans*, men and women, in all kinds of picturesque costumes, with their red sleds, or toboggans, resting on the ice or carried on their shoulders.

Now we drive up to the little cabin, and

enter for a moment to become thoroughly warm before going on to the cone.

How beautiful, how wonderful it was, as we stood at its base and gazed first at it, and then at the rushing fall behind it, and up—to the crest of the cliff above us!

But we have come to slide, and cannot stand longer in entranced admiration, for the cold grows more intense, and we require motion. The waiting natives follow us, each anxious to be the fortunate one to earn our shillings; but quiet, civil, and unobtrusive, though, as we turn, all start forward at once. The driver comes to our rescue, and motioning to two men to come closer, declares them to be most safe and accomplished guides. He is about calling a third; but being informed that Madame will not go up—at least till her companions have tried it—proceeds to instruct the gentlemen, that when they have gained the narrow summit of the cone, each must be cautious and quick to place himself behind his guide at the very instant he is seated, holding him fast round the waist, and pressing their knees against his sides; illustrating his instruction by taking position on one of the toboggins.

En passant, it may be well to remark that “toboggin” is the Indian name for the long, narrow, light sleds used for “coasting” or sliding—in technical phrase “toboggining”—throughout the British North American Provinces. Sometimes they are ten or twelve feet long, and can hold an indefinite number of sliders, but for use on the cone they are about five feet in length, and some twenty inches wide.

The ascent is by steps cut into the frozen side of the cone with a hatchet, which steps have to be recut afresh every morning.

Now the gentlemen begin to climb, while Madame stands watching the apparently perilous ascent. The first couple, guide and traveller, gain the top. An instant of preparation—and then, with the rapidity of thought, and the whirring sound of a

cannon ball through the air, they come darting down the dizzy declivity with an impetus that carries them out on the river, almost a quarter of a mile away. The second sled follows, while Madame is giddy, bewildered, and stunned with the suddenness and seeming danger of the swift descent. That sight is enough for her. No persuasion nor argument of her companions can induce her to try it, although they declare it to be "splendid, glorious, the most exhilarating sport ever imagined," and tempt her with a description of the sublimity and beauty of the scene behind the cone, as one peeps over to look down upon the boiling caldron of waters, and the many little cones springing up, wherever a foundation of solid ice may serve as a gathering point for the falling spray.

Nor are their solicitations the only ones to be resisted, for as they go up again, to repeat their delightful experience, a half dozen of the guides gather around and begin to persuade Madame to "to try it just once." "Is she afraid? Then go up this little mound which stands to the right of the cone proper. It is not dangerous—see—" and several of them go up the side, and throwing themselves at full length on their sleds, come sliding head-foremost down. "Or perhaps she don't like to slide with one of the men? Any one of the women will take her, oh, so carefully." No denial will silence their pertinacious urgency, until a happy thought strikes their victim, whose head is swimming and nerves tingling at the bare idea of such rapid, breathless motion, and she declares earnestly that she cannot and will not slide, "because it makes her sea-sick."

The announcement acted like a charm. Not one of them had ever been ten miles from home, but *le mal de mer* was a terrible, mysterious evil of which all had heard, and they drew off, conversing in low tones, and eyeing with curious glances the lady who could be afflicted with it on the quiet, solid ice.

The cold is becoming unbearable, and the driver points to the gathering clouds which threaten snow; so "one more slide" is given up, the guides paid, and we are about walking back to the sleigh, when a Canadian touches his hat, and inquires, politely, if we don't wish to see the ice-palace. We remember that it was one of the attractions of the place upon which the morning's paper had descanted so eloquently, but the beauty of the cone and the fall had driven it from memory, until thus recalled.

An ice-palace! The mind reverts at once to the

"Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ,"

and her "magnificent and mighty freak." But looking all around we descry naught save the objects which have already charmed and fascinated us. Still, we follow our questioner half-way round the farther side of the cone, and lo, a doorway into its icy interior! Passing by this entrance through a crystal wall some six feet thick, we find ourselves in an apartment, say ten feet wide, thirteen long, and seven high, hewn in the solid ice of the cone. It is certainly novel and curious to find one's self thus in an ice-room—walls, floors, ceiling, all of "marble of the glassy wave;" but what a misnomer to call this tiny chamber "a palace," and what degradation to turn this pure monument of nature's handiwork to such vile uses! The sole furniture of this "palace" consists of a cast-iron stove in one corner, the pipe running out through the ice; a counter of ice, on which stands a tray with glasses; and ice shelves behind it, laden with various black bottles and demijohns. In plain English, it is a low *grog-shop*!

Behind the counter is a doorway similar to the entrance, and going to look in, we find several men busy with hammers and chisels excavating another room; and the proprietor of the hut—if not the palace—explains that "that is the *ball-room*;" and,

in reply to an exclamation, half curiosity, half contempt, informs us that on moonlight nights, when the cold is less intense, numbers of pleasure-seekers from the city and the surrounding country assemble there to slide and dance, and balls are really held in that icy vault.

As the diameter of the cone increases, the rooms are enlarged, care being taken to leave the walls sufficiently thick and strong to sustain the weight of the immense mass above them.

Curiosity is soon satisfied, and the disgust which was at first occasioned by the bringing of so much beauty and purity to such paltry associations is softened by compassion for the poverty and toil of a people driven, by the stern necessities of a pitiless climate, to resort to such laborious and comfortless efforts to eke out a precarious existence. The slow progress of the workmen in the room behind us is evidence of the industry and perseverance required to fashion, in the cold and flint-like ice, even so small an apartment as the one in which we stand; and, while no entrance fee is demanded, surely some compensation must be expected, and is well deserved; for, though not a *palace*, it is a

wonderfully unique chamber, with that moonlight sort of radiance gleaming through the side next the day, the rushing, rapid river beneath our feet, and the graceful snowy cone growing silently and taller above our heads.

To manifest our appreciation of all this, we stand at the counter and call for "refreshments"—a glass of wine for *Madame*, a little brandy and water for *les Messieurs*, and a stiff tumbler of grog for "Patrick." It needed only the slightest sip of our respective potions to verify our preconceived opinions that it would require some stronger considerations than the cold drive before us and the fact that they were paid for, to induce us to swallow the rough, fiery liquids; and, after the first taste, we handed them to the guides, who had crowded in, perhaps expecting just such a result, threw down a silver dollar on the counter, and, amid the *bons-jours* and *adieux* of all present, passed out from the "ice palace," took one last, lingering look at the tapering cone and foaming cataract, stepped into the sleigh, nestled down among the heavy robes, and were driven rapidly back to Quebec, carrying with us a memory of beauty and novelty to be "a joy forever."

PALESTINE AND THE ERA OF THE INCARNATION.

BY THE REV. DR. PENDLETON.

THAT little strip of territory skirting the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean Sea, insignificant as it is in the view of superficial infidel philosophy, has exerted a mightier influence upon the destinies of mankind than the most gigantic empires that have figured in history; and agencies which were there developed, are at this day doing more to counteract the ruinous tendencies of human folly and iniquity than are all the energies combined of reason, learning, politics, and trade. To trace this important truth is an exercise both

interesting and instructive, to which the reader is invited.

Whoever reflects at all upon the moral and intellectual forces of the world, and the transmission of thought, sentiment, and character, from generation to generation, will at once perceive that the progress of society is a most complex phenomenon, and that the ideas and feelings prevalent in any age have been determined by endlessly diversified modifications of those preceding. It is thus seen that, in the main, general civilization has its onward flow,

which, with manifold obstructions, sweeping curves, numerous eddies, reversed currents, and conflicting forces, nevertheless moves forward to its consummation in the supply of agencies for the remedy of ignorance, vice, and wretchedness throughout the earth. It is like a majestic river, rising far away in the dim distance, pursuing its devious course around barriers and amid difficulties, receiving tributaries from every quarter, bearing along débris and sediment that must lodge or subside, reduced immeasurably by absorption and evaporation, here hindered to apparent stagnation, there forced even backward, as if destined to no final issue, yet, in the end, successfully making its way, dispensing benefits unnumbered to irrigate tracts immense, and rolling its mighty tide to that great deep, which is at once a fountain exhaustless for the refreshment of the world, a treasury of wealth for mankind, and a prepared highway for the free intercourse of nations.

In the river, when affluents have poured in their contributions, so speedy and complete becomes generally the mutual interpenetration of currents as to render thenceforward inseparable the several elements in the composite stream. Something like this is noticeable in the progress of society. Whence have been derived a large proportion of the influences constituting the life of any particular age, it is difficult, if not impossible, to determine. And yet, in the stream of civilization, there are currents which, though partly mingled, and coöperating in the sum total of force with which the whole advances, are partly also distinguishable, and susceptible of being traced to their several sources. As where the pure water of the Nile proper is met by the turbid flood of its great eastern tributary, and for a considerable distance they flow discernibly side by side; or, where the Alpine Rhone marks with its dark belt the undefiled bosom of the Genevan lake. It is thus that among the agencies which have operated to endow and bless mankind with the

convictions, sentiments, appliances, and hopes characterizing a true Christian development, we can satisfactorily trace to their sources certain of the controlling currents of influence. Among these there are three most obviously marked, which may be designated *the indigenous, the classical, and the Christian*.

By the indigenous element in the resultant of human culture, we mean that peculiar combination of natural qualities, however originally produced or subsequently modified, which constitutes the distinguishing character of a race of men. Such, for instance, in broader separations, as the European, the Asiatic, and the African races; or, in less distant groups, though still greatly diverse, as the Celtic, Teutonic, and Sclavonic races; and, in yet more restricted subdivisions, as the German, French, English, and Anglo-American families; or, in range even more limited still, as the Yankee proper and his Western variety, in contrast with each other, and with the high-toned gentry race of Carolina and Virginia.

It is unquestionably among the phenomena of modern—indeed, of all—civilization, that its character is, to a very marked degree, determined in each community by the race to which the people mainly belong. Interesting and profitable would it prove, no doubt, and yet requiring consummate skill, judgment, and fidelity, adequately to investigate the relation of this class of influences to the general status of men in civilized communities at the present day. We can here only direct attention to the eventual force embodied in race, and combining in itself elements both physical and mental, which exerts an obviously potent influence upon character, private and public, throughout the world.

Akin to this determining agency of lineage, is the power, still experienced in society, from the vigorous intellectual life of those two classic races which, through nearly twenty centuries, half preceding and

half succeeding the Christian era, were separately developed with such amazing results, the one on the *Ægean*, the other on the Italian border of the Mediterranean Sea.

The skies, the hills, the beauteous bays and serrated shore-line, the fountains and rivulets, the exquisite climate, the generous valleys, the matchless marble, and the compressed tribal boundaries of the Grecian Peninsula, and its adjacent archipelago, all concurred toward the production of that extraordinary vitality which distinguished Greek mind and character. But something also was due, we infer, from analogous phenomena elsewhere, to antecedent susceptibilities providentially imparted through a special ancestry.

But, however it be accounted for, the fact stands out conspicuously in the history of human culture, that Grecian intellect attained an excellence of development truly astonishing, nearly synchronal with the visions of the later Hebrew prophets; so that, in the higher departments of creative thought, products of imagination in poetry and art never surpassed, language unrivalled in flexibility, subtlety, and graphic distinctness, and speculative philosophy, well nigh exhausting the resources of reason, the country of Agamemnon and Ulysses became the home of a civilization capable of illuminating all ages and races of mankind. And so long as truth and beauty are appreciated on earth must cultivated mind derive a portion of its capacity for achievement and enjoyment from such appropriation as it can effect, of the life-evolving genius of Homer, the grace-creating inspiration of Phidias, the light-bearing reason of Plato, and the wondrous problem-solving faculty of Archimedes.

More broadly and distinctly traceable, however, than this great contribution of the esthetic and speculative intellect by Greece, is the mightier current of practical culture which has flowed through the Roman channel into the common stream of

our existing Christian civilization. To whatever causes originally due, that philosophy of common-sense which directs energy to the conquest of difficulty, selects the palpably useful as a chief end to be sought, and vigorously adapts means to the conditions of its attainment, at an early day became, and even continued, the distinguishing characteristic of the commonwealth founded by Romulus and Numa; and from the rise to the ruin of that long-maturing and as long-decaying, wonderful people, influences have descended to Christendom which will probably be felt to the end of time.

In profession, at least, the stern public virtues of the elder Brutus, Cincinnatus, and other patriots of the purer Roman age, have shaped the creed of many a civil agitator of modern times; while the comprehensive philosophy of utility, illustrated by Cicero, the capacity for gigantic enterprise, sagacious adjustment, and all-powerful control exemplified by Cæsar, and the vast material development consequent upon unity and vigor of empire, in association with luxury, literature, and law, witnessed under Augustus and his successors, have left their indelible impress, not only upon the entire face of Europe, but upon the sentiments and institutions of all the modern world.

Marked, among numberless secondary agencies, as are thus the indigenous and classical elements, in the general culture of Christendom, more obvious and pervading, and of salutary power incalculably greater, is the diffused stream of Christian influence which gives its best character to society in our day. The very fact that Christianity bears primarily upon the spiritual and eternal relations of human creatures, and only secondarily upon concerns earthly and social, renders it, as to these, essentially healing and beneficent. Only as they are religiously informed and vitalized can men attain moral health, and come under the power of those efficient motives

which remedy the faults and the feebleness of individuals, impart to families the blessings of order, purity, and love, and secure in the State the advantages of general virtue. Abundantly is this established, alike by every admitted analysis of human nature, and by the testimony of universal history.

Those faculties which eminently distinguish man in the scale of existence, are assuredly not the perceptive and adaptive, whose province is so greatly exaggerated by atheistic positivism, but the reflective and anticipative; those which bind him to God and duty, render him responsible, endow him with great aspirations, develop in him a sense of "the beauty of holiness," give him experience of delight in its realization, and animate him with bright hopes of its future endless privileges; or else, vindicate their supremacy by the pain they inflict when outraged, in the consciousness of guilty degradation, the pangs of remorse, and the "fearful looking for of judgment." And while the moral reason, or reflective conscience, thus proves itself to possess that rightful authority in the soul, compliance with which is essential virtue, and the prime condition of happiness, the sad experience of the race demonstrates that nowhere but under the light of Revelation, and the remedial processes therein set forth, and dispensed and illustrated in the Christian Church, has anything like a complete system of morality tended to restrain the vicious propensities of mankind, or personal holiness been either desired or conceived.

Now, true as it is, that multitudes do not appropriate the higher blessings of this great remedial, spiritual dispensation, yet are its secondary benefits spread broadcast over Christendom, and with benignant influences permeate every land and every community. For, although the Church has, in many of its sections, departed from the ideal, authenticated alike by Scripture and by reason, yet, what a mighty agency

is it, everywhere, for the abatement of ignorance, the awakening of conscience, the repression of wrong dispositions and doings, and the promotion of rectitude and peace, in individual breasts, in domestic relations, and throughout the ramified interests of society! Then the very presence, in almost every household, of that best of all books, its opponents themselves being witnesses, which contains the code and the title-deed of the whole Christian body, and of its every member on earth;—how effectually though noiselessly it testifies for heaven, against all the falsehoods that deceive mankind to their ruin! Again, that recurring day of sacred rest and soul-refreshment, which, commemorative at once of Creation and of Redemption, puts away the harrassing cares and consuming toils of worldly business, and invites to communion with celestial truth and joy; of what inestimable benefit it is, besides, as a relief to the burdened, an admonition to the heedless, and a rebuke to the impious!

Those consecrated offices, which invest the bridal scene with sanctions and obligations divine, and in the baptismal add the pledges of supreme benediction to the yearnings of natural affection; how benignly salutary they are to disordered human hearts! As are those which impart to personal vows a covenant significance to be ever remembered both seriously and hopefully; and those which o'er the path of the endangered, on the head of the troubled, and by the couch of pain, invoke all-gracious mercy; and at each open grave, with like petitions, point the living to prepared mansions of peace!

That general Christian opinion, which through these and kindred means, has, despite adverse tendencies of corrupt nature, and much organized opposition, become an operative sentiment throughout the civilized world, how important it is, also, as a directive and corrective power on earth! Here is a force superadded to individual conscience and Church influence,

almost coercing compliance, in form, at least, with the main requirements of the Christian code, on the part of legislators, jurists, and conductors of the press, whatever their private character. Frequently, indeed, are these personally faithful; and it is a fact, of value scarcely to be overestimated, that the wisest and most influential public men of these ages have recognized the revealed divine law, as underlying every best administrative system on earth, and all the processes for regulating and improving the world. But when, as is unhappily too often the case, the ignorant, the perverse, and the depraved, fill the places of teachers and rulers; of makers, expounders, and executors, of law,—most serviceable, under Providence, for correcting evils so enormous, is the sound public sentiment of Christendom.

Such comprehensive facts evince, too clearly to be questioned by a candid mind, the benignant power of Christianity for the earthly welfare of mankind, incidentally resulting from its more distinctive relations to a "kingdom not of this world." More clearly, however, to see, and satisfactorily to feel, the efficacy of this influence; just conceive it all withdrawn, and the human race left, if it were possible, with all else it now possesses of literature, art, science, and material development, but without a trace of revealed truth or agency. How absolutely destructive were the privation; as of vital air for living creatures! No Bible on earth, and no Church! No knowledge of God, duty, or destiny! No beam of heaven on the individual soul! No sacred pledge of household purities, nor bond of domestic charities! No consecrated seasons of rest or worship! No offices of piety solemnizing marriage ties and parental instincts! No sure refuge for the perilled, consolation for the wretched, nor gleam of hope for the perishing! No wings of faith and prayer to lift the soul aloft! No cleansing for the defiled, no balm for the wounded spirit! No support

when heart and flesh are failing! No light illumining the midnight of the grave! Nothing better than excitement and indulgence; a brief success and a passionate joy; here a crushing tyranny, and there a frantic vengeance! The "eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," of Epicurus, or the sword's point of despair, with the stoic Cato! Alas for the world, could it be thus remanded to moral chaos, "without hope, and without God!" An occasional Pythagorus, with dreamy genius, might while away life in clever speculations; and a kindly, placid-tempered, reflective Epictetus might so control his unexcessive passions, as in quiet to reach his mortal term. But ah! the sweltering of the millions in pollution and despair! and the veiling of the very heavens in sackcloth over the dark deeds of avarice and ambition, the shocking carnival of licentiousness, and the actual death throes of humanity!

Virtually has the experiment been tried, throughout heathendom, under the administration of an allwise Providence; and conspicuously before the eyes of the world has it been shown in what wretchedness issues the civilization of races most highly endowed, and retaining most of primitive tradition, and of classic culture at its best estate, without the remedial power of the Gospel. The miserable imbecilities degrading the proud relics of Athenian glory, and the loathsome sensualities characterizing the population of Corinth, Ephesus, and Alexandria, before, at, and since the Christian era, tell the story of woful failure, in all that genius, art, and wealth can do, to rescue fallen men from themselves, and from social decay, and final misery.

And whoever, with the torch of their own literature in his hands, will searchingly look, through the darkness that hides the iniquity, into the actual life of the Romans, even of the Augustan age, will behold, among young and old, high and low, male and female, startling evidences of moral

gangrene consuming the very vitals of society, and implicating in its ravages even Cicero, Cæsar, and Augustus. The patriot orator and philosopher, able as he is, and in some heathen virtues eminent, is seen to be at the same time, vain, inconstant, sordid, jealous, malicious, selfish, and timid!*. The conqueror of Gaul, and usurper of imperialism, though of matchless capacity and energy, is beheld at once an atheist and a devotee, an infidel, yet supreme pontiff, denying the gods and a future life, yet trusting in charms and addicted to childish superstitions: † a shameless voluptuary, an unscrupulous aspirant, and a merciless panderer to the ferocious appetite of the mob for bloody spectacles. ‡ And the crafty Octavius is found recoiling from no employment of the assassin's dagger, or the poisoned chalice, that may put out of his way a disagreeable neighbor, whether the venerable Tully, or the unfortunate representative of Cæsar's amour with Cleopatra. §

Simultaneously with such conspicuous instances of depravity, baser natures are observed absolutely steeped in crime. Female character appears well nigh universally degraded. Natural affections are shockingly superseded by parental and filial treachery, and all the safeguards of life and property are daily so outraged by violence and fraud, as to leave society in nearly utter desperation. || While moral cancer thus wastes the capital, more wretched, if possible, is discerned the condition of the provinces. These, possessing at home no higher principle in the main than their conquerors, and therefore experiencing similar evils, are, besides, subjected to the insults and exactions of a crushing tyranny, often aggravated beyond endurance by the voracious cupidity and extor-

tionate cruelty of irresponsible officials. The continuance of anything like national life in the colossal empire under such conditions, can only be attributed to the conserving force of certain traits inhering in Roman character, even when otherwise atrociously criminal, enduring courage, persistent pride, and singular practical sense.

"In the very condition of the Roman Empire, and the miserable state of its mixed population, we can recognize a negative preparation for the Gospel of Christ. This tyranny and oppression called for a *Consoler*, as much as the moral sickness of the capital and of the Greeks called for a *Healer*. . . . And if the prevailing evils presented obstacles on a large scale to the progress of Christianity, yet they showed to all future time the weakness of man's highest powers, if unassisted from above; and how multitudes, groaning under the burden of a corruption too deep for earthly remedy, were ready to welcome the voice of Him who 'took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses.' " *

In this view we behold not only the indispensable necessity, but the priceless blessings, of the Christian dispensation, even in its secondary influence upon human character and social life. That while it is so much more as related to an eternal portion, it is the one vitalizing moral power on earth; the one adequate corrective of ruinous evil, in individual breasts, and in the corporate concerns of men; the one efficient restraint upon passions degrading and mischievous; the one incentive to purity, justice, and kindness; the one guardian of home, of communities, and of universal society. That these blessings have been imparted to mankind through one chosen race, and from the residence of that race in one heaven-assigned land, should, assuredly, invest that race and that land with an interest surpassing the

* See Merivale, vol. iii. p. 150.

† *Id.* ii, p. 354.

‡ *Id.* ii. pp. 256, 312.

§ *Id.* iii. pp. 144, 279.

|| *Id.* ii. p. 389.

* Conybeare and Howson. *Life and Epistles of St. Paul*, i. p. 15.

concern with which we contemplate any other people or country of the world. And, of all the pages of history, those are most instructive which elucidate the method of God's dealings, in adapting that people to its office, as His preparatory Church; and so adjusting its relations to the Gentile world as to bring the religion of truth and holiness effectively to bear upon the demoralized civilization of both speculative and practical reason.

The relations, therefore, of Palestine and its people to Greek culture, Roman energy, and the enlightenment of the world, at the great crisis of the Christian era, claim faithful consideration; to these, accordingly, attention is now directed.

The comparative *insignificance* of the Holy Land presents itself as a remarkable fact to every mind contemplating the greatness of the influences that have thence emanated. Cavilling tempers have not failed to sneer at the circumstance as damaging to the claims of Divine Revelation. But by a candid judgment it must be recognized as a double testimony to our faith, that the chosen people were not allowed expansion beyond the moderate limits compatible with their concentrated religious services and education, and that Christianity had its birth and support from no great earthly power.

At its greatest enlargement, the Land of Promise—from the desert next to Egypt to Mount Hermon on the north, and from the Mediterranean border, across the Jordan to the eastern boundary of Gilead—comprised a strip of country about two hundred miles long by something less than sixty broad, containing perhaps eleven thousand square miles,—about one half the dimensions of Greece; a little more than one third the area of South Carolina, and one fourth of that by amputation left to Virginia; and rather less than one sixth of all New England.

If the census of fighting men under David, 1,563,000, exclusive of the tribes of

Levi and Benjamin,* be a criterion, according to standard proportion, the population of the country at that day amounted to at least 8,000,000! Amazing must have been the resources of so small a territory to sustain in abundance so vast a relative number! Again, if the detailed statement of Josephus,† be, as it appears, reliable, that nearly three millions of persons, who were "pure and holy," attended the Passover just before the destruction of Jerusalem, the population of Palestine must even then have been from five to eight millions; indicating wonderful recuperation, after the wholesale Assyrian and Babylonian deportations, and in spite of the desolating Antiochan and Ptolemaic wars, and the severe pressure of Roman tribute.

Now, while close compression seemed to bind the people, generation after generation, to their creed, with its perpetually recurring central assemblages, and morally impressive force, and to preclude the dream of awe-inspiring empire, this extraordinary supporting power of the land and fecundity of the race, both remarkably fulfilled ancient promises and provided for that almost world-wide diffusion of the Jewish stock, with their ancestral faith, and Synagogue worship, which was so significant a phenomenon at the Christian era. Nor are other considerations wanting in vindication of the wisdom of such territorial limitation of the Hebrew commonwealth. Not only have pride of empire, and lust of dominion and its gains, proved among the direst curses of the world, as carrying in their train cruelty, oppression, and misery, but great national expansion has always been found ruinously demoralizing to the domineering people. It is an indulgence of vanity, selfishness, and arrogance, essentially vicious, however covered by the cloak of sham-patriotism. Nor can such forfeiture of honor possibly be compensated by

* I. Chronicles, xxi. 4-6.

† Wars of the Jews. Bk. vi. ch. 9, sec. 3.

all the wealth, temporary material success, and physical development, that may attend accumulated power.

The smallness of the region allowed to the covenant people, was therefore an important safeguard against vices so pernicious and so inconsistent with their office as the anticipative Church of God in a disordered world. The principle has often been illustrated in the history of States. Athens, Sparta, and Rome, as well as the people of modern times who have loudest claimed championship of civil and religious liberty, exhibited frightful increase of corruption, when, transcending early moderation, and possessed by the twin lusts of gain and control, they wrought for the subjugation of their neighbors. And the ruin which, sooner or later, overtook all the spoilers of old, may well be received by their now exultant successors, whether Prussian or Puritan, as a warning of the Nemesis that tracks the path of inflated imperialism. The ever memorable restriction of the Jewish State, is a Divinely-ordered fact of like significance. It suggests to the nations that their endeavor should be to realize, not colossal strength, but sound character and wise moderation; and it admonishes the apostles and disciples of the dream of "manifest destiny," in the dominant section of these States, that in grasping at the control and the coffers of half a continent, they are perpetrating a heaven-condemned, criminal folly.

Nor is the lesson merely secular: it has also an ecclesiastical bearing. "Seekest thou great things for thyself?" it asks of the rife spirit of Sectism and Churchism; and on highest authority it announces the reply, "Seek them not." He whose "kingdom is not of this world," and whose preparatory Church was so remarkably restrained from dominion, cannot intend that the spiritual communities appointed to represent Him throughout the earth, shall ambitiously strive for mastery, or vainly exult in aggrandizement.

The *character* of this remarkable country was no less important than its moderate dimensions in rendering it a suitable home for the people appointed to initiate the religious education of mankind. In certain physical features Palestine is peculiar among the countries of the earth. Of these peculiarities, the characteristic river Jordan is perhaps chief, with its flanking eastern and western ranges of hills. This is so well set forth by Dean Stanley, in his graphic sketches of the country, that, though not wholly in accord with his theology, as candor requires us to state in mentioning one so justly distinguished, we take the liberty of quoting from his description. "This river, which rises at the point where Hermon splits into its two parallel ranges, and which is the artery of the whole country, is unique on the surface of the globe. The ranges of the Lebanon are remarkable; the courses of the Orontes, the river of Antioch, there arising, of the Leontes, the river of Phœnicia, and of the Barada, the river of Damascus, are curious; but the deep depression of the Jordan has absolutely no parallel. No other valley in the world presents such extraordinary physical features, none has been the subject of such various theories as to its origin and character. . . . It is around and along this deep fissure (including the beauteous lake of Gennesereth, and the gloomy Dead Sea), that the hills of Western and Eastern Palestine spring up, forming the link between the high group of Lebanon on the north, and the high group of Sinai on the south; forming the mountain-bridge, or isthmus, between the ocean of the Assyrian desert, and the ocean, as it seemed to the ancient world, of the Mediterranean, or "Great Sea," on the west. On the one side of the Jordan these hills present a mass of green pastures and forests melting away, on the east, into the red plains and blue hills of the Haurân. On the other side they form a mass of gray rock, chiefly limestone, rising above the yellow desert on the south,

bounded on the west by the long green strip of the maritime plain; cut asunder on the north by the rich plain of Esdraelon, rising again beyond Esdraelon, into the wild scenery of mountain and forest in the roots of Lebanon."*

This remarkable region, possessing such variety of elevation, and lying between latitudes 31° and 34° north, enjoyed a climate singularly diversified, from the invigorating temperate to the ease-inviting semitropical. The country, though by no means free from its own forms of disease, has always been in good degree exempt from malarious maladies, and from those consequent upon excessive changes in temperature. Its soil, also, was extremely various, though generally fertile, as is its wont in limestone formations, and adapted to most of the fruits, vegetables, and grains of its zone everywhere. It abounded, moreover, in natural pasturage, and flocks and herds, as well as in non-destructive wild animals, and had its share of those more formidable. Seasons were, in like manner, for the most part, propitious; consisting of "the early and the latter rains," or those of autumn, facilitating tillage and the germination of seeds then sown, and those of spring, completing the development of cereals in preparation for harvest.

Some portion of these showers have been withheld in modern times, through change in surface-agencies, destruction of forests, neglect of cultivation, etc., incident to centuries of war and misgovernment, and perhaps other causes, which have not been satisfactorily examined. The result, however, has been great excess of aridity in the land, with attendant loss of verdure, of productiveness, and of scenes grateful to the eye. Of old, those early and latter rains were celebrated, as year by year ministering to the fruitfulness of the country and to the joy of the people. Irrigation, too, was employed, and contributed no in-

considerable share to the pleasantness and life-sustaining power of the region. It was practicable not only in alluvial districts, but also by reason of numerous fountains and streams at higher elevation, on the terraced hills; where consequently abounded the vine, the olive, and the fig.

Very graphically are these characteristics of the land anticipatively described in that address of Moses to the people, a short time before his removal and their entrance upon the pledged possession. "The Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, and fountains, and depths that spring out of the valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil, olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass."*

It is plain that in such a country were combined elements of comfort, of impressiveness, and of delight to the esthetic faculty, admirably calculated, in conjunction with the other elements in their training, to develop in the chosen people a character at once grave and earnest, active and robust, physical, intellectual, and moral. Mainly agricultural and pastoral, as from their situation and the nature of the country, their life had to be, it was also, to a considerable extent, necessarily urban, because of frequent severance of interests by natural dividing lines between communities, and corresponding occurrence of special ties among members of the same community. And in the earlier stages of their occupancy such reasons for association in cities and villages were greatly reinforced by the facility of appropriating the towns of the dispossessed aborigines, and by the necessity for mutual protection against those hostile preoccupants, doomed for their iniquities.

* Sinai and Palestine, p. 3.

* Deut. viii. 7-9.

Narrow as was the range of culture contemplated in so simple a social structure, it was, nevertheless, so far as we can see, the best possible for the one controlling object of educating the people to a realization of spiritual religion as revealed, and pure morals as inculcated. To bring darkened human minds and vitiated human hearts to this condition, proves the most difficult of tasks, even with full Christian appliances, as missionary annals have always testified. Little wonder, then, may there be at the slowness of heart of the Israelites, as the world then was, to receive the great lessons of Sinai, the Law, and the Prophets; and at the long and varied discipline to which for this they were subjected. Nor can we well conceive how, human nature being as it is, the effectual impress of spiritual truth upon the general conscience of the nation could have been otherwise effected. The extent to which the gracious design was, again and again, obstructed by the too readily admitted demoralizing influence of "evil communications," indicates how likely it was to have been wholly frustrated, had not Supreme Wisdom counteracted the tendency, by the adjusted conditions actually employed in the training of the people. And among these, not the least operative was the simple life of comparative isolation, partly rural and partly municipal, naturally resulting from the character of their admirably adapted home.

Such was the influence of their country and its associations upon all Jewish thought and feeling, that it is indelibly impressed on almost every page of that extraordinary

literature, inspired and uninspired; which from them has been diffused through the civilized world. Sacred historians, poets, and prophets, derive from the aspect of nature around them, and from the incidents of the peculiar form of Oriental life there exhibited, the greater part, not only of their figurative illustrations, but of their entire cast of sentiment and expression. How strikingly is this exemplified in that wonderful production, so vividly, comprehensively, devoutly, and in detail, painting nature as divinely vitalized, the 104th Psalm; justly pronounced, by the skeptical though candid Humboldt, incomparably superior to anything of the kind in classical or other composition, and impossible to have emanated from any other branch of the human family.

Still more memorably, that wonderful Life, and those imperishable teachings, in the Holy Land, which made the Christian era what it was, were replete with those local influences. The lilies, the sparrows, the olives, vines, and figs, the rocks, sands, hills, and groves, the streams and lakes, the scenes of grandeur and beauty, at times broken by desolateness, the routes, modes, and stages of journeying, the sowing and reaping, gardening, and fishery, the shepherd's vocation, and the husbandman's toil, the home-habits, and the bridal and burial customs, which marked that one country, and that peculiar people, are so identified with the personal ministry of the God-man, that from Him they can never, in human conception, be dissociated.

(To be continued.)

FAITH AND OBEDIENCE.—If faith be the mainspring, devotion winds up the machinery of the soul, and keeps it in continual motion. It is as impossible for the soul to remain uniformly strong in

faith, and active in obedience, without continued communion with God, the fountain of all grace, as it is for a clock to perform its revolutions without being regularly wound up.

Criticisms and Book Notices.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE. By the Rev. Geo. Zabriskie Gray. Cloth. 12mo. Pp. 240. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

A striking title to a very fascinating book! Mr. Gray certainly merits the thanks of the reading public for his perseverance in rescuing from oblivion the historical facts so pleasingly woven into this attractive tale. The work, we happen to know, is not the fruit of an idle hour, but the result of much careful study and research for years, of correspondence with foreign authorities, and triumphs over many discouragements. When the manuscripts were all ready for the press, the public came near being kept in the dark still concerning this pleasing episode of the thirteenth century. It will seem strange to those who have read the book, to know that several publishers returned the manuscripts as unworthy of publication, while so many other tales, insipid and trivial, by foreign authors, find eager publishers here. We venture to say that the house which has issued the work has found no reason to regret it. The *Children's Crusade*! We advise every child in the land to read this story; almost a fairy tale, and yet a veritable occurrence. We wish every parent would read it; for there is much food for thought within its pages for older heads and wiser minds.

Behold two crusades of children: thousands from France gathering at Vendôme, and thousands in Germany assembling at Cologne. How gaily they set out on their mission; with songs on their lips and banners in their hands; how enthusiastic, how cheerful, how fearless of danger they march on, out of the town, to the open country! Their march begun, what a glo-

rious sight! And then, in a few short weeks, we see these same little ones still eager to go on, but struggling against cruel hardships, with lacerated limbs, with ranks thinning daily by desertion and starvation; encountering the bitter cold of the Alps, the allurements of vice, and the exposure to violence and death; but yet, with all these trials, we see them enthusiastic to proceed, eager to accomplish the mission which they have begun. Ah! what a lesson is here! The energy, the perseverance, the courage of these little ones, who stop at no hardship, faint at no journeyings, are faithful to their duty, "even unto death." Do not they teach us a noble lesson? Do we take the needful care to instruct our little ones, and direct their energies in the way of usefulness and true holiness, so that they shall not swell the ranks of that evil one, who is daily leading his crusades onward, in the paths of destruction, as surely as these children were led into the bondage of slavery?

Months elapse, and the children are still marching on. The blue Mediterranean, as it dashes upon the shores of the quaint old towns that skirt its northern boundaries, has borne away from their ports many and many a vessel, freighted with human souls. Never, we venture to say, has it seen a sadder sight than these young crusaders gathered on the shores of Genoa, nor transported a more sorrowful burden than the ship-loads from Marseilles. Genoa, the proud, the palatial city, received the remnant of the band which had started from Cologne, under the guide of Nicholas. With pity, and yet with fear, the Genoese received these few thousand children, who came with such a strange request, begging to be

admitted within its walls, in the name of Christ and the Cross. Seven thousand children only, of the twenty who had started, stand on the shores of Genoa, gazing at the blue sea. Now hope revives in these young hearts once more. The Alps surmounted, they await the consummation of their hopes, and fulfilment of the promise of their leader. The promised land is almost in sight, and to-day they are to see a wonderful miracle performed in their behalf! To-day, the great sea is to divide, and leave a pathway for them to pass through to the Holy Land! To-day, God is to show his approbation of their mission by the manifestation of his power. Together they stand on the shore, their past hardships forgotten, their trials ended. Behold them, with eager eyes and longing hearts, gazing at the sea, as it rolls in and breaks at their feet. Ah! little crusaders! not the only ones are ye who stand waiting in a hopeless cause for Divine interposition! Not alone have ye waited, hopeful, trustful, anxious, to be finally heart-sick, and bitterly disappointed, and at the last turned back in despair!

But how fares it with the little ones assembling in France for the same purpose, the allies of the German crusaders? Stephen, a shepherd boy of Cloyes, leads them. Setting out from Vendôme, as the German children did from Cologne, his youthful army march toward the sea, with the same end in view, and beguiled by the same promises. Enduring the hardships of the journey, the fatigue, the ravages of disease and drought, they enter the commercial city of Marseilles. Gathered on the shore, day after day they wait for the drying up, or the dividing, of the sea, that they may pass on to Palestine. We learn, however, that the guarantee of a passage *through* the sea was a misunderstanding, and that a passage *over* the sea was the true meaning of the promise of Divine assistance; and this, we find, is provided for. Ships are offered to convey the chil-

dren to the Holy Land; and gladly accepting this unexpected offer, Stephen embarks with his army, and sets sail.

What a glorious sight! Seven vessels, full of happy children, spread sail, and move slowly out of the harbor, to the strain of children's voices chanting the "Veni, Creator Spiritus." The next day finds them happy, resting from their hard journey, and eagerly speculating on the great unknown land to which they are hastening. The hardships of the land are but exchanged for the perils of the sea! The narrative goes on to tell us of the shipwreck of two of the vessels, the next night, on the Island of San Pietro, and the sad fate of the other five. On the Island of San Pietro, where for many years the bones of these young martyrs lay whitening, was erected a church. Pope Gregory IX. ordered their remains to be collected and deposited beneath this church, and caused solemn mass to be daily celebrated in this lonely spot. The church stood for years, and in it the service was duly maintained, until, the island becoming deserted, the services were neglected, the church fell into decay, and the young martyrs in this Christian cause passed away from the memory of man. But two monuments remain to mark their deeds. One is indeed rapidly disappearing, but the other remains as it was, probably, six centuries ago. The church, neglected, soon became forgotten, and crumbled away. What remains of it now is but the bare outline of a church. Its three walls—fast crumbling away in this solitary spot, remote from the daily walks of those living on the island—stand a mute tribute to the sacred memory of the "New Innocents," and an evidence of the decay of human institutions. The other monument, Mr. Gray has omitted to tell us of, in his sketch. On the northwestern shore of the island of San Pietro, probably the very locality on which the vessels were wrecked, is a very small island, rocky and uninhabited. It bears the

name of the "Island of Stephen." History has failed to give the record of any other Stephen associated with the history of the island.

Is it not a tribute to the memory of the shepherd boy of Cloyes, given, it may be, long after the event had happened, by some one familiar with the story? It is a little remarkable that this boy leader has not been canonized, when we consider how apt in those ages the Romish Church was to glorify any of those who had distinguished themselves, and died in her service. And this, again, leads us to believe that the island bears the name of the shepherd boy; because, in a certain map of Sardinia, purchased on the spot, it is thus recorded: "*Isola Stephano*," and not, as we should expect to find, "*Isola S. Stephano*." On no other map is it mentioned, probably because the island has no inhabitants, and, consequently, no cultivation. But this map, published in Italy, is undoubtedly correct, and we can be doing no injustice by supposing that some time, in the ages long past, a grateful people pondered over the curious tales of the young crusaders, and in this way commemorated their leader, as the head of their Church had caused the sad fate of the children themselves to be revered.

LITTLE SUNSHINE'S HOLIDAY. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York: Harper Bros. 12mo. Cloth. 210 pp.

This is a story, pleasingly written, for very young children. We must confess our disappointment, however, that this gifted authoress has written so much about the sayings and doings of the little heroine, and has said so little about the beautiful country, and its customs and curious sights, through which she journeyed during her "holiday." The land of Burns certainly presents attractions enough for even very young children, and a book could be written thereon full of entertainment and useful knowledge.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE HISTORY OF THE CROSS. By Henry Dana Ward. London: Nesbit & Co., Berners street. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen and Haffelfinger. Cloth bds. 8vo. Pp. 88. 1871.

THE GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM. Not of this world; not in this world; but to come in the heavenly country, of the Resurrection from the dead, and the restitution of all things. By Senier Harvard. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen and Haffelfinger. Cloth bds. 8vo. Pp. 463. 1870.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE CHURCH. A historical monograph, with a full bibliography of the subject. By John J. McElhinney, D.D., Milnor Professor of Systematic Divinity in the Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the Diocese of Ohio. 8vo. Boards. Pp. 460. 1871. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen and Haffelfinger.

MEMOIR of the life of the Right Reverend George Burgess, D.D., first Bishop of Maine. Edited by the Rev. Alexander Burgess, D.D., Rector of St. John's Church, Brooklyn, Long Island. 8vo. Boards. Pp. 420. 1869. Philadelphia: by the same publishers.

Pamphlets, Tracts, etc.

THE PARISH YEAR BOOK of Grace Church, Brooklyn Heights, Long Island. The Rev. Benjamin H. Paddock, D.D., Rector.

This year book is without exception the most complete exhibit of a working parish we have ever seen on this side the great Atlantic. When our parishes generally will wake up to duty, in the style in which Grace parish has done, the Church will be irresistible.

CERTIFICATES OF CONFIRMATION. New York: N. Perkins, 51 Liberty street.

These certificates are neat, beautiful both in design and execution, just the right size, and such as every rector in the land should at once obtain.

THE REGISTER OF WAINWRIGHT HALL. A school for boys at Nyack, on the Hudson. 1871. New York: N. Perkins, 51 Liberty street.

THE REGISTER OF CHURCH WORK in the Parish of St. Thomas, New York. 1871.

LITERARY BULLETIN. A monthly record of current literature for July, 1871. New York: Henry K. Van Siclen, Nassau street.

THE CHURCH REGISTER from January to June, 1871. Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

A very creditable monthly, well deserving of more support than it receives. One thing, however, we fear, is against it, that is, its being published at such an extreme distance from the great business centres.

A PASTORAL LETTER. Being a part of the annual address of Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama.

Loyal, Churchly, and maturely wise.

THE ANNUAL CIRCULAR for 1871 of Bishop Thorpe. A Church school for young ladies near Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

JOURNAL OF THE FIFTY-FOURTH ANNUAL CONVENTION of the Diocese of Ohio. 1871.

ATMOSPHERIC SYSTEM. Being a concise, analytical, and logical development of the elements of prognostication, by which the weather may be forecasted. Adapted to the practical mind of the country. By Thomas B. Butler. Connecticut, Norwalk: Andrew Selleck.

An introductory tract to a larger work.

JOURNAL OF THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL COUNCIL of the Diocese of Minnesota. 1871.

TRINITY CHURCH RECORD. Marshall, Michigan.

A parochial serial full of good words to the wise and to the unwise.

Quite a model of diocesan journals.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNUAL for 1871. New York: Dodd and Mead, 762 Broadway.

YOUNG CHURCHMAN. From April to July, 1871.

A monthly, designed for children, varied in matter, gossipy in manner, and very feeble.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND ITS FRIENDS.

We think ourselves highly obliged to the public for their kind reception of THE CHRISTIAN YEAR, although it has none of those seasonings which are so common among us.

As, on the one hand, our magazine eschews all politics, contains no news, nor any party strokes; so, on the other, there are no panderings to popular tastes, no private attacks on particular persons, parties, or societies.

We have been scrupulously careful to reject everything that savors of party, or of loose churchmanship, and everything that might create uneasiness in the minds of true and loyal Churchmen. We work not for a section, but for the whole Church.

The demand for THE CHRISTIAN YEAR, since its first appearance, has very far exceeded our most sanguine expectations. This does not, perhaps, reflect so much

honor upon ourselves as on our readers, who give a much greater attention to the magazine than ever we expected or, indeed, could hope. We have ample proof of this from every part of our country.

If in a multitude of counsellors there is safety, we ought to think ourselves in the safest enterprise in the world.

I am at present sitting with a multitude of letters before me, addressed to THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. Here are complaints, congratulations, compliments, schemes from projectors, and abundance of advice of every variety of shade, temper, and ability.

I should like to give short answers to some of my correspondents, for to reply to all would fill THE CHRISTIAN YEAR for a month.

"A well-wisher" writes me two foolscap sheets of advice, which I have no doubt is most excellent, but unfortunately it is so

illegible that I cannot make out the first sentence.

The Rev. Mr. G. warns me in a very special manner not to make THE CHRISTIAN YEAR too religious. This I thought apropos to the well-worn twit, that Episcopalians are very aristocratic and very respectable, for they preach neither politics nor religion.

A really good-natured contributor, who informed me he had been appointed amanuensis to a "cullored pusson," offered to send me any amount of funnygrams "made to order." These were politely refused, as they contained neither truth, wit, nor humor.

Several gentlemen and ladies have sent me "lines," "verses," and long "letters," on High, Low, and Broad Church; whom I have believed to be too thoroughly in love with their party to compose correctly.

One poor gentleman complains that we are so much like a "piece of faded calico" that the magazine deserves neither "praise nor blame," and very much wonders we have abstained so long from taking up the Cheney case. I dare say he is a very well-meaning man.

I confess myself highly delighted and greatly obliged to all my contributors. I know not how to conclude this paper better than by inserting a letter which is really genuine, and which I look upon to be one of the most agreeable pieces I have received from my correspondence of either sex.

To the Editor of YE CHRISTIAN YEARE:

Most Worthy Sir, On taking up the pen to make a demand on your time and patience, we pray you of your courtesy to grant us a few moments of consideration.

We have no other plea to offer for our intrusive garrulity than this, we are a *daughter* of Eve and not a *son* of Adam, and according to the pleasant tradition of the twelve baskets of talk, we must perforce do our endeavor to dispose of our share of the ten.

As the wily urchin delighteth under the safe umbrage of hedge or tree to delude the passers-by with

simulated note of bird, so we, taking refuge behind our sex and incognita, propose to chirrup forth somewhat touching the new book that hath just appeared.

It hath ever been the wont of society, on the advent of a stranger, to take note of his features, gait, form, dress, and speech; to weigh by appearances his character, mind, and soul; to decide upon the truth of his pretensions—according to our weak human frailty to prejudice him.

Being suddenly brought face to face with this new comer, THE CHRISTIAN YEAR, we have been minded to guess by its credentials what we may expect of its future.

At first blush we are drawn to it by its outward dress. Its illuminated corner-stones preach the prime truth on which all other truths stand: Christ, the Beginning, the End, the Redeemer, the Conqueror. He who goeth forth to battle under such labarum cannot fail to conquer.

The inside pages are full of promises and perfectures, and cause us to lift our hearts in thanksgiving that even at the first call, so many noble champions stood forth to take service for the Holy Church.

And we the more joyfully bid you God-speed, as we have longed for such a magazine, and earnestly hoped that some right-minded Christian would take upon himself the editing thereof.

We once accosted a certain bibliopole with the request that he would address himself to the task; but he having small faith in the literary cravings of Church people, and fearing to run a risk, declared that such magazine would perish for lack of nourishment and fostering care.

One chief reason why we of the Church do not stand in need of such popular exponent, may be found in our training. We take for granted our teachings, and comparatively few care for disputations and truth-seeking. It cannot be denied that we take a satisfaction and an abiding comfort in our Ritual. We read our Bible and Prayer Book, the hymns and utterances of the pious saints of past ages, and rest content, made full with their fulness. Others who use the full liberty of intellectual choice of creed and doctrine must perforce look into the various points presented for their approval, and as each mind is diverse, so it behooves the teachers to use many arguments to persuade their followers of the truth presented. Hence our apathy and their vitality touching religious literature.

Though this be a reason, it is no good reason, why in the present loose state of teaching the members of the Church should not be guided into the true path, and warned against the perils that beset them.

It is no reason why well-read men and women should not find opportunity to bring forth their treasures, and in well-attuned strains sing songs of Zion;

no reason why the Church, in this aggressive age, should not rally her forces, and from the ramparts of the citadel proclaim herself prepared for combat.

It is, however, a work of exceeding magnitude to keep pace with the divers magazines of the day. In the affluence of ideas, creeds, developments, there must be rival candidates for popularity, and the press is the most ready and impartial minister to aid in the diffusion of these sentiments. It is a caldron bubbling over with strange admixtures.

The unhealthy appetite is ever craving unwholesome food; the miasmata of unbelief, crude spiritualistic fancies, materialism, narrow prejudices, discoveries of science falsely so-called, exhale their pernicious particles and poison the atmosphere even of the Church. The question, *Cui bono?* intrudeth itself into the teachings of faith and the license engendered of democratic principles *wrongly* understood, hath made discipline odious, and called into question the sound restraints which religion imposeth.

An Editor needeth not only the discerning eye and mind to discover elegant writing and forcible argument, good taste to put on a fair exterior and financial ability to economize his resources, but he requireth the forecasting mind, that shall anticipate the bearings of the daily events of the world, catching, like a skilful player, every advantage, and laying plans to avert coming evils. He needeth a pleasant fancy to blend the grave and gay like an expert limner; a light touch that shall barb the wholesome arrows of sarcasm and the tender heart that healeth while it woundeth—and without, peradventure, a well-filled purse to guerdon right royally those who serve him.

It hath been known in the experience of Editors that some worthy person hath valiantly come forth and in many words and much ink hacked away at the giant error, fancying that he was writing a literary article, when all the time he had mistaken the day for preparing his sermon. Others, not liking to

miss an opportunity, write as they speak, at some length; and though not all St. Pauls, are rather *long at preaching*. Their teachings would bear compression. Tender, good women—who lay down the needle for the pen, and whose superabounding activities and gentle natures crave to be reformers, are prone to fancy that only organized operations deserve the name of Church work. Like joiners—their edifice must have *boards*, and they straightway copy after the institutions of England, and would set in motion machinery not at all adapted to our country. They look with their bright eyes right over to the little island, our stepdame, and fancy that because we speak her language that we have learned all her lessons. Our humbler classes do not understand the patronage of those in better circumstances, and Church work here must assume a different form from that which occupieth the aristocratic ladies of Britain.

The Editor hath no call to entertain and instruct his readers, either with the well-meant homilies of diffuse clerks, nor the rather impracticable schemes of too ardent reformers.

To our mind a Church magazine should be a table on which viands pure, wholesome, nutritious, are freely spread, viands so varied in preparation, so diverse in taste, and so piquant, that all who sit at the board may gratify their appetites in humble, God-fearing thankfulness.

It should be a perfect harmony, wherein we hear the glorious diapason of Temple music, the glad chimes that float over the city air, and the sweet home melodies of domestic life.

Most worthy sir, your initial number promiseth such a banquet, such a harmonious concert of sweet sounds. We, too, would add, to the many words of encouragement which must have already strengthened your heart, our God-speed. *Euge!* Even though you should not be *conqueror* here, it is glorious to have been even a *private* in such a conflict! Once more, God-speed. ADA KAI AUTA.

Diocesan Items in Brief.

OF the 360 collegiate institutes in the United States, eighteen are in New England, and 139 in the north-west; sixty are Methodist, forty-seven Roman Catholic, twenty-eight Presbyterian, nineteen Congregational, and sixteen Episcopal.

BIBLIOPOLISTS of Boston have enjoyed a rare treat recently, in the inspection of a priceless set of Dibdin's works, in possession of Little, Brown & Co. The set comprises twenty-two volumes, all in perfect order, and bound by Matthews, in crushed Levant. The work of collecting these volumes has been a slow one, as it is extremely difficult to find copies of the different works in good preservation.

THE venerable Dr. Tyng has had a fruitful ministry. On Sunday last, he completed fifty years of pulpit and pastoral labor. In his semi-centennial sermon, he stated that he had in the half century delivered 10,000 sermons and addresses, had received 3,000 persons by profession into the Church, and had had 25,000 children under his instruction in his Sunday school. Fifty young men had been prepared under his instruction for the ministry. His congregations had contributed over \$3,000,000 for benevolent objects, and had besides raised over \$600,000 for the building of four churches and six chapels—ten places of worship in all. A very pleasant feature of the day was the presence of Dr. Tyng's Sunday schools, numbering, in all, two thousand children and youth.—*Methodist*.

P. HERDIC, Esq., has presented the parish of Trinity Church, Williamsport, Pa., with a lot for the new church, valued at \$15,000, and has also given \$5,000 in money. A substantial stone church will be erected, capable of seating about five hundred persons.

On Friday evening, April 28th, Bishop Stevens visited the church, and confirmed sixteen candidates.

The *Geneva Gazette* says: "Bishop Coxe has secured \$16,000 from the rest of the Diocese of Western New York for Hobart College, of which Mr. L. C. Woodruff, of Buffalo, and Mr. D. W. Parshall, of Lyons, give \$5,000 apiece. With the \$15,000 to be raised in Central New York, the sum will be more than made up, which Mr. John H. Swift has generously pledged himself to supplement with \$10,000.

We expect good news from our friends in the Central Diocese by Commencement."

CHRIST CHURCH, FIFTH AVENUE.—We understand the annual appropriation for the musical services at this church has recently been raised to \$12,000 per annum—a sum, we believe, far in excess of that of any other parish (not even excepting wealthy old Trinity) in this country. This is at the rate of \$250 each Sunday. Besides a double quartette of professionals in the gallery, there are some thirty or more men and boys in the chancel. Notwithstanding all the resources of the highest musical art are thus pressed into the service, the rector, the Rev. Dr. Ewer, never fails to impress upon his congregation the duty of joining their voices to those who are paid to sing, and not without effect. The excessive ritualism which, a while ago, made this church so much talked about, we may add, has been so materially toned down—so much so, indeed, that even the most prejudiced Low Churchman—so it is said—can worship there now without having his sensibilities ruffled in the least.—*New York Express*.

A SPICY EPISODE.—"At a recent meeting of a Presbytery in the western part of the State, the order of business being the presentation and reading of statistical reports from the churches, a ruling elder of a congregation, not famous for liberal dealing with their pastor in the matter of salary, and conscious of it themselves, disposed to eke out his support in the way of presents, was reading their report, when he came to 'Minister's salary and donations, \$1,600.' 'What's that,' interrupted one of the leading doctors of the body, 'what is your pastor's salary?' 'Salary and donations \$1,600,' was the reply. 'I am not inquiring about donations, but about the salary.' 'A thousand dollars.' 'Put it down so, then.' 'But what shall be done with the donations? how shall they be reported?' was asked by the elder. Various replies were given by different members of the body. One suggested under the head of 'Miscellaneous'; another, 'Ministerial Relief.' The suggestion that elicited the most appreciative response from the Presbytery generally was made by a ruling elder, who gravely, but with a merry twinkle of his eye, proposed 'Enter it in the column *Support of the Church Poor!*'"—*Exchange*.

THE *Methodist* advocates a "Pan-Methodist Council," in the interest of Methodist union and foreign evangelization.

A WEALTHY Methodist has purchased for \$120,000 the St. Charles Hotel and the livery stable property adjoining, proposing to present the same to the Methodist Book Concern of New York, for the establishment of a large branch of their publishing house. The office of the *Northern Christian Advocate*, now published at Auburn, will be removed to this building.

AVERAGE LIFETIME OF AMERICAN BISHOPS.—The average duration of an American Episcopate is, I believe, fifteen years. I never could have wished, either for your sake or my own, that mine should prove any exception to the rule. It has, however, been prolonged beyond the average line. But its end must now be nearer, probably much nearer than its beginning is. As I look back toward that beginning and recall the unnumbered kindnesses which have come to me from my clergy and people—whether living upon earth to-day, or sleeping in the Lord Jesus—I find no words to express my gratitude, not to earthly friends alone, but, above all, to God our Heavenly Father, who made "the lines" to fall "unto me in pleasant places." As I look forward to that nearer end, I feel, beloved, how much I need your prayers to God the Holy Ghost, that I may have "a right judgment in all things;" how much we all need to join in earnest supplication for "the peace of Jerusalem," and the preservation, in its integrity and its purity, of the glorious heritage which has come to us from our fathers.—*Bp. Williams.*

A SCORE OF IMPOLITE THINGS IN WHICH YOUNG PEOPLE RENDER THEMSELVES DISAGREEABLE.

1. Loud and boisterous laughter.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
4. Talking when others are reading.
5. Spitting about the house, smoking, or chewing.
6. Cutting finger-nails in company.
7. Leaving a church before public worship is closed.
8. Whispering or laughing in the house of God.
9. Gazing rudely at strangers.
10. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
11. A want of respect and reverence for seniors.
12. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.
13. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
14. Making yourself the hero of your own story.

15. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
16. Joking of others in company.
17. Commencing talking before others have finished speaking.
18. Answering questions that have been put to others.
19. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.
20. In not listening to what one is saying in company—unless you desire to show open contempt for the speaker. A well-bred person will not make an observation whilst another of the company is addressing himself to it.—*Educational Repository.*

OBITUARY.—Action of the Southern Missionary Convocation of the Diocese of New York, at its July Session:

"On June 28th, the Rev. Charles D. Jackson, D.D., Rector of St. Peter's Church, West Chester, and Dean of the Southern Missionary Convocation, finished his earthly course, and entered, as we trust, into the paradise of God.

"The Convocation, therefore, embraces this, the earliest opportunity, to put on record its sense of the great loss the Church has sustained by the demise of one whose soundness in the faith, and whose diligence, in the work of the ministry, were seen and known of all men. For earnest and steadfast devotion to the missionary interests of the Convocation, for clear-sighted views, and for a sound and well-balanced judgment in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the Church, either within or without the limits of our Convocation, our late dean stood preëminent.

"We shall always cherish with the deepest respect and affection the memory of the superior abilities, the cultivated talents, the engaging manners, the warm and generous heart, which characterized our departed friend. And we thank God, that to these gifts of nature were added those more excellent gifts which fitted him to be a bright example in every relation of life. He showed all good fidelity as a man, as a Christian, and as a priest of the Church, and adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.

"It is ordered that a copy of this minute be sent to the family of our deceased brother, and be published in the Church papers.

"SAMUEL HOLLINGSWORTH, *Secretary.*"

WE call attention to Harvard College, and the religious influences brought to bear upon its undergraduates, published in the *Boston Transcript*:

"SECTIONAL AND SECTARIAN STATISTICS OF HARVARD COLLEGE.—Forty years ago Harvard was a small local college. It was then so largely regarded as a denominational college that most Trinitarians

withheld their sons; and so it had the aspect, without the intention of his governors, of what it was charged with being. The following statistics show that, as regards locality, it has become a great national institution, and that denominationalism is at an end, from whatever cause and to whatever extent it was previously otherwise. These tables are confined to undergraduates. No attempt has been made to ascertain the religious denominations of the five or six hundred students in the various schools.

Students from the New England States.....452
Outside of New England156—608

"It thus appears that about twenty-six per cent. are from beyond New England.

"A careful canvass has been made of the three upper classes, and less fully of the freshman class, but believed to be substantially correct, which presents the following result as to religious denominations:

Unitarian Congregationalists.....	233
Episcopalians.....	150
Trinitarian-Congregationalists and Presbyterians..	111
Baptists.....	35
Methodists.....	18
Universalists.....	12
New Jerusalem.....	10
Roman Catholics.....	7
Other denominations and unascertained.....	32
Total	608

"It thus appears that while the Unitarian is the largest single denomination, probably a majority of the undergraduates are from those denominations which profess the doctrine of the Trinity. The proportion of communicants is not known accurately, but an estimate made by one of the professors puts the whole number at about one hundred and fifty, of which from seventy to eighty are Episcopalians, and the majority of the remainder are of the denominations known as Orthodox or Evangelical. There are two theological schools at Cambridge, one Unitarian and one Episcopalian. The services at the college chapel are in the charge of a Unitarian of the old school, but students choose their places of public worship each year. Much less than half attend the college chapel on Sunday; for, besides those who select other places of worship in Cambridge, all whose homes are in Boston or the immediate neighborhood are allowed to spend Sundays at home, and to attend church with their families. There are, within about a gunshot from the college yard, two Episcopal churches, one Baptist, one Trinitarian-Congregationalist, one Unitarian, and one Methodist, and within a mile there are, in addition to the above, two Episcopal churches, two Trinitarian-Congregationalist, one Unitarian, one Baptist, one Methodist, and two Roman Catholic. On Sundays the undergraduates who do

not go home distribute themselves among these churches, where sittings are provided for them at the expense of the college, and monitors appointed to note absences or tardiness.

"There are two religious societies. The Episcopalians have one, St. Paul's Society, which numbers about sixty members, and holds weekly meetings for religious exercises and instruction. It has a Bible-class, open to all undergraduates and officers, conducted by a clergyman from Boston, and this year it has a course of sermons delivered by eminent Church clergymen from all parts of the country, in St. John's Chapel, and largely attended by officers and undergraduates. During Lent the society had a daily litany service in the evening. The other, the Christian Brethren, is a society open to Trinitarians of all denominations, with about the same number of members as St. Paul's, having similar courses of instruction, and in like manner, this year, having a course of sermons delivered by eminent clergymen of what are known as Orthodox or Evangelical opinions, which were repeated in Boston, and are published.

"The University is now so large and so varied in its component parts, that the currents of opinion and influence on theological subjects may be said to be about as free and various as in the community itself in which it is placed, and to reflect that community pretty accurately. Certainly it would seem that official or corporate denominationalism has no existence there."

EXPERIENCE OF A CHENEY SYMPATHIZER.

To the Editor of the Standard of the Cross.

I FIND this paragraph in to-day's *Cincinnati Commercial*:

"A prominent bishop has written to the Rev. Mr. CHENEY, the deposed clergyman in Chicago, assuring him that he will still recognize him as a minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church."

When in attendance upon the Convention in Toledo, I heard something of the Rev. Mr. CHENEY, and had previously read of his deposition from the ministry. My curiosity was awakened, and I went from the Convention direct to Chicago, on Saturday, June 10th. Sunday morning found me at Mr. CHENEY's church. A goodly number were in attendance. A lay reader took the regular service, except the Absolution, to its conclusion, when Mr. CHENEY, in black gown, gave as his text, "And last of all he was seen of me also," etc. Great stress was laid upon Paul's confession that he had persecuted the Church. The application was made that Bishop WHITEHOUSE stood where Paul stood before his conversion. The office of bishop is ignored. Mr.

CHENEY claimed that no succession could be established, and that as certain fossils once existed, and having accomplished their mission became extinct, so the bishops, having as apostles borne witness to Christ's death and resurrection, thus filling their mission, became extinct, and that no proof could be made that they had any lawful right to lord it over God's people. His manner was defiant; his gesture and emphasis furious; his general style sensational, and similar to HENRY WARD BEECHER'S—very bold, startling, novel, and unclerical. Upon the whole, I was unfavorably impressed. I went into the church a CHENEY sympathizer. I went out of it satisfied that Mr. CHENEY is not a Churchman, and that he has only gravitated where he belongs—to the irregular chaos of mistaken people who find their singular affinities in the confusion of sectarian strifes.

LAY DELEGATE.

July 1, 1871.

THE UNITED PRESBYTERIANS.—A travelling correspondent of the *Pacific Churchman* makes the following mention of the recent joint Assembly of "Old School" and "New School":

"While at Chicago I took a peep in at the Presbyterian General Assembly, which was held in a very handsome edifice. The organ being in a recess behind the pulpit, the space could easily be turned into a recessed chancel, if the time for it should ever come. The Assembly was composed of fine looking men, the 'silver grays' largely predominating. The members appeared intensely in earnest; it perhaps would be hardly fair to quote the phrase '*fas est ab oste doceri*,' yet a good deal may be learned of those who differ from us. They appear to be a great missionary and not a legislative body, as is the case with our Conventions. They have succeeded in raising five millions, and are trying to make it \$500,000 per month. The old-fashioned, and if the expression may be allowed, 'the High Church' Presbyterians look with great favor on the compactness and symmetry of our own Church organization, and envy us in our incomparable liturgy. As a sign of the good time coming, there were three veritable crosses displayed in evergreens, one on the organ, the others at the end of the organ loft."

CANONICAL COLORS.

WE give below a list of the various colors used in vesting the altar, etc., and the reasons for their use.

WHITE—the emblem of joy and purity, is suited to all the seasons of rejoicing in the Christian year—accordingly it is used at Christmas, from Christmas Eve to the Octave of the Epiphany; the Conversion of St. Paul, the Feasts of the Purification and the Annunciation; from Easter Even to the Vigil of

Pentecost, the Nativity of St. John Baptist, Trinity Sunday and the Feasts of St. Michael and All Angels and All Saints. It is allowable also on the occasions of Weddings, Confirmations, Baptisms, and Funerals of young children.

RED is used on Whitsunday and its Octave, on all Feasts of Martyrs, and on Holy Innocents' Day, if on Sunday. It signifies zeal and fire.

VIOLET OR PURPLE—the color of sadness and affliction—is in use during Advent, and from Septuagesima Sunday to Good Friday. Also on Ember and Rogation Days, and on Holy Innocents' Day, if not on a Sunday.

GREEN—Symbolizing the ever green and fresh truths of the Gospel—is in use during the seasons which succeed the Epiphany and Trinity Sunday.

BLACK—the emblem of mourning—on Good Friday and Funerals.

The Sarum Use differs slightly from the above, but is not generally adopted.

ELECTION OF A COADJUTOR BISHOP.

WE publish the election of the Very Rev. Dean Hellmuth as Coadjutor Bishop of the Diocese of Huron. The very many warm friends of Dr. Hellmuth are by no means surprised, though very much gratified, at his election to the episcopate. The proceedings at London were characterized by remarkable order and solemnity, and by their exceedingly prompt termination. At the first ballot, by a large majority, there was a choice made. Some had anticipated a "dead lock" between the clergy and laity, but the result showed that they had greatly miscalculated.

The bishop elect had a very large majority to spare, both of clergy and laity. That the majority of the former would be large none doubted; but, to the very last, many confidently affirmed that the lay majority would be another way. In addition to this there is the general feeling, that, so far as there were expectations and expressions, Dean Hellmuth was the choice.

It is said that Dr. Döllinger is about to visit England, to seek repose from the agitation consequent on the interest which he has excited by his recent action as regards the declaration of the infallibility of the Pope, and the troublesome attentions to which he has in consequence been subjected.

Dr. Trench, who was made Archbishop of Dublin in 1864, declares that the annual income of the bishopric has been \$55,000, and claims from the church commissioners as his commutation money \$550,000.

The proposal has been made of repairing and restoring the ancient church of Bishopsbourne, Eng-

land, the church and burial-place of Richard Hooker. The cost is estimated at \$10,000.

The committee engaged in revising the New Testament were at the end of the second chapter of Mark on the 26th of May.

TRIBUTE TO MARRIAGE.—Marriage hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety than the single life; it hath not more ease, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches, and heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone and is confined, and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labors and unites into societies and republics; and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.
—*Jeremy Taylor.*

ONE OF SYDNEY SMITH'S PRACTICAL JOKES.—The Vicar of Edmonton was dead; his son had been his curate, and his family were preparing to leave the house that was endeared to them by holy memories and happy associations. It is a melancholy fate to which the families of all clergymen are subjected, while it is rarely, indeed, that out of a narrow income, with numerous responsibilities, money has been saved to obtain another. While they were grieving—hopelessly and fruitlessly it seemed—enters the canon of St. Paul's (the Rev. Sydney Smith). Present the son and three delicate daughters. The widow was ill—ill of sorrow gone and sorrow to come. Mr. Smith began by asking the character of a servant who was leaving them, making that appear as a motive for his visit. After a while he said, "It is my duty to tell you that I have given away the living of Edmonton, and I am sure the new vicar will appoint his own curate." There was a mournful look, but the blow was expected. "Oddly enough," continued Mr. Smith, "his name is the same as yours; have you any relations of that name?" There was a melancholy answer—"No!" "By a still more singular coincidence his Christian name is the same—Thomas Tate." A gleam of hope passed into the group. "In fact," said he, "there is no use in mincing the matter; you are the Thomas Tate, and vicar of Edmonton." They burst into tears, cried from excess of joy, and the burly canon of St. Paul's

wept with them—happy tears, mingled with merry laughter.

FRANCE AND THE POPE.—In the debate on the Papal question, in the French Chamber, M. Thiers declared that he could not alienate a friendly nation (*i. e.*, Italy) by venturing to unsettle a solution of the Roman question in which all Europe had acquiesced, sincerely as he regretted the loss of the temporal power of the Pope, and greatly as he condemned the emperor for the policy which led to this consummation. M. Gambetta caused great consternation among the Right by withdrawing the amendment he had moved, and stating that in consequence of the clearness and distinctness of M. Thiers's declaration, he would support the vote for passing to the order of the day. Thereupon M. Keller said that nothing could be satisfactory which was supported by M. Gambetta, a remark M. Thiers rebuked, characterizing it as the utterance of the very "voice of discord." Notwithstanding this, an amendment was moved by the Right, referring the bishops' petition in favor of the temporal power of the Pope, on which the whole discussion had arisen, to the Minister of Foreign Affairs (M. Jules Favre), and M. Gambetta's motion was defeated by 403 votes to 264 (Jules Favre himself, and we believe another of the administration, voting among the 264 with M. Gambetta, while Jules Simon and Victor Lefranc did not vote at all). When the direct motion referring the bishops' petition to the Minister of Foreign Affairs came to be put, it was carried by 447 votes against 87, and it is said and believed that Jules Favre has tendered his resignation in consequence, which Thiers, however, declines to accept.

THE Bishop of Sydney has addressed a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury on the subject of canonical obedience, respecting which there was a correspondence some time ago between His Grace and the Bishop of Capetown, who referred to what he understood to be the opinion of the Australian bishops on the question. The Bishop of Sydney says, that while agreeing with Bishop Gray that the oath of obedience to the Metropolitan is the "pivot" of the whole question, yet he considers it to be of very great importance that the Oath of Canonical Obedience should continue to be taken to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and in this opinion he believes his Australian brethren would concur. In any event, he trusts that nothing will be done to change the present practice without an opportunity being afforded to the bishops and representatives of clergy and laity of Australia to express their views in a matter so nearly affecting their union with the Church at home.

FATHER, TAKE MY HAND!

The Prayer.

THE way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunder roars above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child!

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions; fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O Father! take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal.
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand;
Quickly and straight
Lead to Heaven's gate
Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;
Then, safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child!

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt
And fear and danger compass me about,
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
Or go alone. O Father! take my hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand;
And, reaching down,
Lead to the crown
Thy child!

The Answer.

The way is dark, my child! but leads to light:
I would not always have thee walk by sight:
My dealings now thou canst not understand:
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child!

The day goes fast, my child! But, is the night
Darker to me than day? In me is light!
Keep close to me, and every spectral band
Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,
And through the night
Lead up to light
My child!

The way is long, my child! But it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee;
And thou shalt know, at last, when thou shalt stand
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,
And quick and straight
Lead to Heaven's gate
My child!

The path is rough, my child! But oh! how sweet
Will be the rest, for weary pilgrims meet,
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,
And safe and blest
With me shalt rest
My child!

The throng is great, my child! But at thy side
Thy Father walks: then be not terrified,
For I am with thee; will thy foes command
To let thee freely pass; will take thy hand
And through the throng
Lead safe along
My child!

The cross is heavy, child! Yea there was One
Who bore a heavier for thee—my Son,
My well-beloved. For Him bear thine; and stand
With Him at last; and, from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down,
Receive a crown,
My child!

H. N. C.

—Our Own Fireside.

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

REV. NOAH H. SCHENCK, D.D., RECTOR.



VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1871.

No. 4.

The Church Calendar.

THE COMMUNICANT INSTRUCTED.

1. 17th Sunday after Trinity.
8. 18th Sunday after Trinity.
15. 19th Sunday after Trinity.

18. St. Luke the Evangelist.
22. 20th Sunday after Trinity.
28. SS. Simon and Jude.

29. 21st Sunday after Trinity.

Our last lesson was on the General Confession. This will be on the ABSOLUTION. Now read carefully the rubric which stands before it. The priest is here authorized to declare absolution or remission of the sins of all those who, in true repentance, have confessed their sins. The penitents are to continue "kneeling" while this is done. This absolution is not addressed to God, but to the people. God has "given power and commandment to His ministers to" do this. That is, the priest declares forgiveness by God's authority, and in His name—not in the priest's name, for it is God who forgives sin, and not man.

Note carefully here, that in the Confession we acknowledge our sins to God our "most merciful Father;" after which the priest stands up in the name of "the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," and pronounces "absolution and remission," that is, the forgiveness of sins.

The priest stands up and declares this because it is an act of ministerial *authority*; and this authority is laid down in Scripture, in the following texts, which you will find in your Bibles, as here recorded, thus:

"God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; God hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation; now then we are ambassadors for Christ."—II. Cor. v. 18–20. "As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you; whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained."—John, xx. 21, 23. "Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."—Matt. xvi. 19. "The glory which Thou gavest Me, I have given them."—John, xvii. 22.

Dean Comber says: "The bishops and priests of the whole Christian Church have ever used to absolve all that truly repented, and at this day it is retained in our Church as a part of the daily office; which, being so useful, so necessary, and founded on Holy Scripture, needs not any arguments to defend it, but that the ignorance and prejudice of some make them take offence at it, and principally because it hath been so abused by the Papal Church. We may declare our abhorrency of their evil uses of absolution; though in that sober, moderate, and useful manner we do perform it, we do not vary from the prime intention of Christ's commission, and the practice of antiquity: absolution was instituted by Jesus, and if it have been corrupted by men, we will cast away the corruptions, not the ordinance itself."

I have already shown you how the doctrine of absolution is laid down in Holy Scripture. I will now instruct you in the form in which the Church confers the office of absolving on her priesthood.

Turning to the form of ordering PRIESTS, in the ordination service, we find the following words addressed to the priest: "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands. Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained," etc.

Bishop Sparrow says: "After the priest has pronounced the Absolution, the Church seasonably prays, '*Wherefore we beseech Him to grant us true repentance and His Holy Spirit*,' etc. For as repentance is a necessary disposition to pardon, so as that neither God will, nor man can, absolve those that are impenitent."

This Absolution, then, is simply a declaration of God's pardoning the sins of the penitent believer; and to doubt this is to throw discredit on the gracious promises of our heavenly Father, and dishonor on the ministry of His Church.

The rubric at the end of the Absolution directs the people to say AMEN, which means *so be it*; that is, that we heartily agree with what is pronounced. This is to be said by the whole congregation.

Note that wherever the word is printed AMEN, in the same type as the preceding part, it is intended to denote that the minister, *as well as the people*, is to say it; as for example, in the Confession, the Lord's Prayer, creeds, and Gloria Patri.

"I always feel," said a venerable bishop to me one day, "that when that beautiful Absolution is pronounced in the due course of the Service, that it is the message of God to my soul, and to every truly penitent sinner." This witness is true. "This, to me," he continued, "is one of the most comforting parts of Divine service, if so be that we have truly repented and humbly confessed our sins." He ended by repeating, with deep emphasis, these well-known lines, as his eyes glistened with tears of holy joy:

"He's blest whose sins have pardon gained,
No more in judgment to appear;
Whose guilt remission has obtained,
And whose repentance is sincere." +

ABSOLUTION.

"Whose sins ye forgive, they are forgiven."

LIVE ever in my heart, sweet awful hour,
When prostrate in my sin and shame I lay,
And heard th' absolving accents fall with power,
As soft, as keen, as lambent lightning's play.

And sure with lightning glance they seem'd to thrill,
(Oh! may the dream prove true!) and search and burn

Each foul, dark corner of my lawless will,
What if the Spirit griev'd did then return?

O fear, O joy to think! and what if yet,
In some far moment of eternity,
The love of evil I may quite forget,
And with the pure in heart my portion be!

Live in my heart, dread blissful hope, to tame
The haughty brow, to curb the unchastened eye.
And shape to deeds of good each wavering aim;
Oh! teach me some true penance ere I die!

A MEDITATION ON THE FIFTY-FIRST PSALM.

WE see here that a true penitent has a deep sense of his sins; he earnestly prays for pardon: and he expects pardon only through the tender mercies of God in Christ Jesus. May we see and feel our sinfulness, and hasten to the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness!

The true penitent does not conceal his sins, but confesses them; he does not forget them, but keeps them in his view; he does not extenuate them, but looks upon them with their aggravation. Whatever he may suffer or apprehend, he justifies the Divine dealings. Oh that we may thus humble ourselves before the throne of grace!

We may here learn that a true penitent has a deep sense of his natural corruption, and of the necessity, not only of pardon, but also of inward holiness. He has clear apprehensions of divine things; and his prayer is most earnest and urgent. It is to God in Christ Jesus that he looks for every blessing; for pardon and renovation; for restoration and comfort; for strength and joy. Thus he prays; and thus he looks to the time when he shall magnify the Divine goodness, and praise the God of his salvation. Happy is the Christian who seeks this true piety, and is enabled to praise and glorify God for His mercy and grace.

The true penitent cannot rest satisfied

with outward services: he is fully convinced that what God requires in man is a broken spirit and a contrite heart; true humility and godly sorrow: and he earnestly prays that the stony heart may be taken away, and that a heart of flesh may be given him.

A true penitent does not confine his attention to himself, but prays for the prosperity of the Church; that God would be gracious to it, and pour upon the influences of His blessed Spirit, in order that its courts may be crowned with believers and converts, who shall worship Him with holy worship.

PRAYER.

O gracious God and Father, give us true repentance, that we may bewail and confess our sins, and seek the pardon of them through faith in the precious blood of Thy Son. Make us duly sensible of our corruption, and grant us the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit, that we may be pure in heart. Being washed, and justified, and sanctified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God, may we enjoy the consolation of true religion, and rejoice in Thee and praise Thy holy name. Thus, we beseech Thee, be merciful to us and to Thy whole Church, through the merits and intercession of Jesus Christ our blessed Lord and Saviour. AMEN.

CHRIST'S TEACHING OF UNIVERSAL SALVATION.—On one occasion during our Saviour's ministry, the question was put to him, "Lord, are there few that be saved?" If Christ had been preaching the final salvation of all men, it was strange that such a question should have been proposed to him. Yet he manifested no surprise at it. He did not reprove or correct the inquirer

for having dishonored the goodness of God by the supposition that any would be finally lost. He did not refer him to His past teachings to learn that all would be saved. Nor did Christ then advance the doctrine of universal salvation. Never had He a better opportunity. The question was directly to that point, "Are there *few* that be saved?" What did He answer? Did

He say, "*All* men shall be saved?" Did He even say, "*Many*—the great majority of mankind—shall be saved?" Did He say, "A just and benevolent God will never punish any after this life?" His answer was, "Try to enter in at the straight gate"—agonize to enter heaven by an incessant warfare with sin—"for *many*, I say to you, will seek to enter in, and *shall not be able!*"

Whoever may preach universal salvation, and upon whatever authority, certain it is that Christ preached no such doctrine.

THE Persians have this beautiful fable to show the value of good company: "A philosopher was one day astonished at the fragrance of a piece of clay. On asking how it came to have so sweet a perfume, the clay answered: 'I was once a piece of common clay, but I was placed for some time in the company of a rose, and the sweet quality of my companion was communicated to me; otherwise, I should only be a piece of common clay, as I appear to be.'"

CONFESSION.

DIDST thou not hear how soft the day-wind sighed,
How from afar that sweeping breath it drew,
Waved the light rustling branches far and wide,
Then died away, then rose and moaned anew?

Sure if aright our morning prayers were said,
We in those tones the Almighty's unseen walk
Shall hear, nor vainly shun the Presence dread,
Which comes in mercy with our souls to talk.

"Where art thou, child of earth?" He seems to say,
"Why hide so deep from Love's all-seeing eye?"
"I heard and feared, for I have sinned to-day."
"What! know'st thou not the Almighty One was by?"

"Think'st thou to lurk in yonder wav'ring boughs,
Where even these earthly sunbeams glide and steal?
Nay, speed thee forth while yet high grace allows,
Lay bare thy wounds to Him who waits to heal.

"They only rankle in th' unwholesome shade;
But sun and air have soothing power, and He
Years to forgive, when hearts are lowly laid.
Even now behold his robe prepared for thee.

"These fluttering leaves the more unveil thy shame.
Fall humbly down, and hide thine eyes in dust:
He will upraise thee, for His own great Name,
His penance garb will make and show thee just."

The Pastor from the Press.

THE CENTURION'S SERVANT HEALED.

"And Jesus said unto the centurion, go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee. And his servant was healed in the self-same hour."—*Matt. viii. 13.*

WHEN, in reading the records of our Lord's doings while on earth, we meet with an account of His bestowing commendation upon any individual, and receiving him into His favor, it is desirable that we should inquire what there was in the character and conduct of the person thus commended worthy of our imitation, and how far we are encouraged by our Lord's conduct toward him to expect that He will be equally gracious to us. Now, in the case of the centurion, who applied to our Lord in behalf of his servant, who was sick of the palsy, we find the strongest commendation bestowed upon this man by Him who "knew what was in man;" and as it was his *faith* which was commended in him, it was evidently such as, if found in us, will not fail to render us also acceptable in His sight. Let us, therefore, in dependence on the Divine blessing, follow the course just recommended, and consider,

I. The character of the centurion, as a pattern for our imitation; and

II. Our Lord's kindness toward him, as an encouragement to those who would come to Him in the same spirit.

I. We consider *the character of the centurion*, as a pattern for our imitation. The profession to which this man belonged was not such as was likely to promote his piety; since military men are exposed to many temptations which others are less liable to meet with. Now if this be the case with those who serve a Christian nation, and themselves profess the religion of the Gos-

pel, how much more so must it have been with him, who lived amongst heathens, whose very *religion*, if it deserve the name, was calculated to ruin his soul? Yet, notwithstanding all this, he appears to have improved the share of light that was given him; by means of it to have come to the knowledge of the one true God, and have sought to serve Him to the utmost of his ability.

We have an instance of his *piety* in his building a synagogue for the Jews, although men of a different nation and religion from himself. His conscience told him that *their* God, even Jehovah, was the *true* God; that the gods of his own countrymen were but dumb idols, the work of men's hands, or the creatures of their own imaginations; and therefore (although not formally admitted as a member of their communion) he served their God, and honored Him with his substance.

Now, my friends, when we consider the conduct of this poor heathen under all his disadvantages,—how he improved the small share of light which was given him,—the *practical proof* he gave of his desire to honor and serve God—I fear that but too many of us have reason to blush for ourselves. Does not conscience tell many here, who enjoy the privileges of Christians—who have so many means and opportunities of "growing in grace"—that their zeal for the Lord's service is but *coldness itself* when compared with this poor stranger's? that they themselves raise obstacles to their advancing in spiritual knowledge, and live ignorant of God, though the full light of

the Gospel shines around them? Think what a crown of glory awaits him, and all who, like him, overcome everything that would lie in the way between them and a saving knowledge of God! what shame, self-reproach, and everlasting confusion await those "to whom much has been given," and who, when "much shall be required of them" in consequence, will have nothing to plead in excuse for their neglect of their precious talents! How should it urge us to seek a saving knowledge of Christ, to think that many of the heathens, and, amongst the rest, this centurion, "shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven;" while many professing Christians, who, from their high privileges, may be considered as "the children of the kingdom, shall be cast out into utter darkness, where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth!" Rather let the success of the centurion in attaining to the knowledge of God, amidst all the darkness around him, encourage all to "seek the Lord while He may be found," trusting to his sure promise that "they who seek Him early shall find Him."

But we have still further fruits of his piety, which serve to prove it to have been genuine. His building the synagogue for the Jews some might perhaps set down to ostentation, and a desire to gain the goodwill and applause of that people; but his conduct toward his servant, in which he cannot be suspected of unworthy motives, and which met with the commendation of our Lord Himself, proves to us that his motives were of a higher and more worthy character.

His servant lay sick of the palsy—a dreadful malady, which would not only unfit him for service, but render him a burden to those who had the charge of him. How many who call themselves Christians would murmur at having the charge even of a relative, much more of a servant, so afflicted! Here, however, a man of rank

and authority, a heathen by birth, sets them an example which may well put them to shame.

Consider next his views of himself and of our Lord. Himself he regarded as the most unworthy of God's creatures. Though his rank was high and his authority great, yet he felt humbled to the dust before the Divine Jesus, whom he knew in his conscience to have "come from God." Though his benevolence to his fellow-creatures, and his zeal in the service of God had been great, yet he felt he had no occasion for boasting on that score. All he ever did, he knew, fell far short of what every servant and creature of God is *bound* to do. Therefore, he was so humbled in his own eyes, that he durst not even come to Jesus himself to make known his request, but entreated the rulers of the Jews to intercede for him; and although *they* considered him to be "a worthy person, for whom the Lord should do" what he desired of Him, yet did *he* think himself too unworthy for Jesus even to "come under his roof."

And here, again, what a contrast is to be observed between this poor heathen and many professing Christians, who, with all their profession, have more heathenism about them than he had. How often has it been my lot, when, as the minister of Christ, I would seek to convince a person of his guilty and lost state in the sight of God, to hear with grief his endeavors to make it appear that he was better than people took him to be. Instead of pouring forth the utterance of "a broken and a contrite heart," lamenting with sorrow its own vileness, and the confession which every *real* Christian is ready to make, that sin has so mixed itself up with every act, thought, and motive, that he cannot depend upon any action of his life as capable of standing the examination of God, I often find the man who has, perhaps, lived in the most notorious carelessness and indifference as to God and his soul, justify-

ing instead of condemning himself—endeavoring to persuade himself that integrity and a kind disposition toward his fellow-sinners will make amends for the neglect of God; and, while he professes to trust in Christ alone, proving by his words that he has not yet been stripped of the “filthy rags” of what he would presume to call his “own righteousness,” which he thinks a becoming garment for his soul to appear before God in; that he is resting on some fancied merits of his own, instead of throwing himself as an unworthy, self-condemned sinner on the perfect work and merits of the Lord Jesus Christ. Alas! how many who have less reason to be satisfied with their state than this centurion had, still consider themselves as worthy, not only of *appearing* before Christ, but of appearing before Him *as heirs of glory!*

Believe me, my friends, that had you lived lives of the greatest devotion; had your knowledge of God been so fruitful as to cause you to “give all your goods to feed the poor,” and “your bodies to be burned,” as a testimony to the truth of God; after all, as you hoped for salvation, you should come before Christ in a spirit of self-abasement, feeling yourselves unworthy of everything but his everlasting displeasure, so completely has a sinful nature infected all our motives and actions. How much more, then, when conscience tells you, as it *must* do, unless it be seared, that you have not showed this devotion to His cause and service, should you come to Him, feeling that you are unworthy the least of all His mercies, and pleading, as your only hope, His own gracious assurance that “He came to seek and to save that which was lost.” If you are not brought to rank yourselves amongst these, I know of no hope, no salvation, for you; since, otherwise, you rest on yourselves, either wholly or in part; and I read that “other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, Christ Jesus.”

If you are not fully sensible of your own

unworthiness, as the centurion was, it follows that you cannot have the same exalted views of Christ that he had. You cannot love and reverence Him as you should, so long as you put *any* trust in yourselves.

Observe *his* high thoughts of Christ; he dared not come to Him himself. Ah, thought he, it would be too presumptuous for a poor, unworthy heathen, like me, to apply in person to so holy and Divine a Being as this. I will get some of his own favored people, the Jews, to intercede for me: perchance he will hear them in my behalf. Accordingly he applied to the rulers of the Jews to make known his request.

Again, when he found that Jesus was coming down to his house, the same feeling of reverence which prevented his applying in person at first, led him to send other friends, and lastly to go forth himself and meet Him, to confess his own unworthiness, and express his firm belief that Jesus could heal his servant *by a word*, and *at any distance*; that all nature was as obedient to his voice as his own servant, or the soldiers whom he himself commanded were ready to obey his orders.

Such also should be the feelings and disposition of all who would receive anything of Christ. And surely when we are told that “there is no salvation in any other;” that *He alone* can save from the guilt and dominion of sin; like this centurion, while we feel abased in our own eyes, we should look to Him as partaking of “all fulness,” and “able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by Him.” In order that we may be convinced of his readiness to accept such as come to Him with these feelings, let us consider,

II. *Our Lord's kindness toward the centurion*, as one encouragement to draw nigh to him in the same spirit. Jesus *instantly* complied with his request. He immediately said, “I will come and heal him;” thereby giving the most convincing proof how highly he esteems an humble spirit and a lively faith..

In vain did his disciples call his attention to the magnificent buildings of the temple, or whatever might draw forth his admiration of *men*. He valued not such things: they had no charms for Him. But when He saw such an instance of humility and faith as was presented to Him in this centurion; when He perceived how lowly he was in his own eyes, while he looked up with holy reverence and unshaken confidence to Him; this was an object precious in His sight, on which He could look with satisfaction and delight.

"He," therefore, " marvelled at him, and turned about, and said unto the people that followed Him, I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel. And they that were sent, returning to the house, found the servant whole that had been sick."

Now, are we to suppose that Jesus, who "knew all things, and needed not that any should testify of man," did not know beforehand what was in the heart of this man? Assuredly He did. Why, then, did He "marvel," and express such admiration, as though He did not? It was to impress it more deeply upon our minds, as well as upon those of his hearers, what the disposition is which He approves, and to urge us to seek "the like precious faith," as we hope for acceptance with Him.

And now, in order to apply this subject, bethink you how happy it will be for those amongst us,—knowing that He is even now here present, searching the heart of each,—whom He finds possessed of the same disposition as this centurion: humbled in their own eyes; looking to Him with a holy confidence for grace, both for themselves and others. Theirs is the blessed assurance that, although they scarce dare call upon Jesus when they remember their own vileness, still He "stands at the door and knocks; and if any man will open to Him, He will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with Him." Surely this is more than we might naturally have reason to ex-

pect. When truly convinced of our own corrupt and guilty state, we know not how we dare to come before Him, until thus assured. But we have the assurance that they who are so convinced, and give up their souls entirely to His care, confident of His will and power to cleanse, sanctify, and save them, cannot perish. He will receive them; He will heal them; for their confidence in Him ascribes the entire glory of their salvation to Him; and "them who [thus] honor Him, He will honor."

It is not a mere passing visit that He will pay to such. He will dwell with them, and in them. He will put His spirit within their hearts, enabling them to subdue their corruptions; to suppress the risings of sin; to resist the devil; to overcome the world; and daily to "grow in grace;" causing them to know that "His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace;" that believing in Him is the only sure source of joy and peace, because thus alone is peace to be found with God.

These things then being so, let your thoughts, my friends, both of yourselves and of Christ, be such as the centurion's. Be humble; be believing; seek to know more, to feel more of your need of Him, and so will you feel for others also. You will have pity upon those who know Him not: who are prevented by the deadly disease of sin from coming to Him themselves. You will intercede for them with Him, that He may grant them his converting grace to "recover them from the snare of the devil;" that He may "but speak the word, that they may be healed." This may prove successful when every other effort fails. And surely, when we consider the value of our immortal soul, and the terrors of death eternal, our entreaties for the unconverted should be as urgent in their behalf as the centurion's were for the recovery of his servant.

Thus, my brethren, while we learn from his example the disposition of mind in which we should approach the Saviour, and

how that the true knowledge of Him evidences itself in love to man for His sake; we are encouraged by His success to expect that our prayers, both for ourselves and others, will be accepted if we but come as he did.

And may the Lord change the hearts of those among you who, from *self-righteousness*, *carelessness*, or *profaneness*, will not apply to Christ for yourselves! What have you that are *self-righteous* in yourselves to boast of as deserving a reward at the hands of a heart-searching God? How can you who "care for none of these things" expect salvation, which cannot be obtained except by those who *seek* it, who *strive* for it?

What charms can sin have for you that are living in *profaneness*, when you remember that "the end of these things" which you live in the practice of "is death?" Consider how often you have been invited to Christ! how often you have been warned of the consequences of keeping from Him! and how that, unless you give Him your hearts, you must be separated from Him in time and in eternity! May He now "come down and heal you" by His Spirit, and dispose you to come to Him in penitence and faith, that so you may be recovered from the ways of death, and brought to live to Him now, so as to sleep in Him when you receive your summons to quit the flesh! AMEN.

TWO PICTURES.

FIRST.

"I SHALL call to-morrow morning and take you to church," said my friend S——, as we parted on Saturday evening, at the door of my hotel; "you know ours is the most *fashionable* church in the city. None but the best people go there. The pews are exceedingly high. Our rector is a great favorite."

"Thank you, S——, you are very kind. I will be glad to go with you, as I am a stranger and do not know of a free church here."

S—— smiled, slightly enlarging his blue eyes.

"Still true to your old democratic ideas. Well, I think you will like Dr. ——, nevertheless."

At the appointed hour, S—— and I went to church. I had been thinking much during the interval of our separation of the expression "*a fashionable church*." The incongruity of the words struck me painfully. "Fashion and our Lord," that was a strange juxtaposition. We passed a wretched, miserable beggar sitting by the way-side. He

was very much deformed, and very dirty and ragged. He was thin to emaciation, evidently suffering severely from poverty and ill health. He had sunk down on a door-step as if unable to proceed any further. He did not extend his hand or beg as such poor creatures usually do, but looked at us imploringly; his large, gaunt eyes pleading with a silent eloquence we both found irresistible. We threw him a piece of money and passed on. S—— turned and looked pityingly at him.

"S——, did you ever think how very poor our blessed Lord was while on earth? for instance as poor and destitute as that man we have just passed."

"Of course, I know our Lord was poor, but I never thought of Him as being like that."

"Is there any place for that poor man in your *fashionable church*, S——?"

"I never saw any poor people like that in our church. You know all the pews are taken. It is a very rich congregation. I believe there are a few pews in the gallery for poor people."

"Do they go there?"

"I can't say I ever saw any there."

"S——, if I go back and ask that poor man to come with us, will you let him sit in your pew?"

S—— hesitated. "You are so strange, it would be so odd; but you do such queer things. I believe, though, I would rather you did not ask him. Everybody would talk so."

"*Inasmuch as you do it unto one of these you do it unto me.*" "*The poor ye have always with you.*" So, then, S——, if my blessed Lord came by fainting and weary, poor, sick, and miserable, he would find no admittance in the house built professedly for His worship and honor?"

S—— did not reply, but raised his hand hastily to his eye. Was it to dash off a tear?

We stood at the door of the church; it was a fair looking edifice externally, architecture good enough. We entered; the subdued light streamed in through the windows; all was proper and decorous as befits the House of God. The congregation were already assembled. One could see at a glance, from the gentle, refined appearance of the women; the quiet tone of their dress, sober in hue though of the richest materials; the respectable look of the well-dressed men, lounging indolently in their seats, that this assembly was composed of the *élite* of society in the city. We walked up the aisle, entered our pew, and knelt in prayer. The voluntary began, a low, weak, unsatisfactory, vague sort of thing, made up of the organist's fantasy and scraps of the last new opera. One sentence was read; it is considered advisable to abbreviate the service wherever practicable. The service proceeded, scarcely any response from the people; a low, *very* feeble and subdued murmur, softened to the lowest pitch of well-bred voices. I wonder if it reached the rector's ears. I barely heard it. The people in the pews adjoining me whispered the responses; it almost

frightened me to hear the distinct utterances of my own voice, and yet I am not usually considered to speak loud.

I *dare* not refuse to respond however, I *dare* not come before God in His holy temple, at His public worship, and mutter my prayers and petitions; so I struggle on with a crimsoning cheek, and the full consciousness that my neighbors in the adjoining pew are staring at me as at some wild animal. A little girl, in the pew before, has deliberately turned around and looks steadfastly up in my face. So the service proceeds. The Canticles are chanted to the same kind of music we had for a voluntary—queer, eccentric, wandering tunes, with very strange combinations and harmonies. They are sung very softly indeed, just breathed, evidently intended for the choir alone. A lady near me—a stranger, I suppose—tries to join in this part of the worship, but finally, after a few breakdowns at the extraordinary cadences, she gives it up and remains silent. Thanks to a quick ear and careful musical education, I manage to keep up in a shambling sort of way. The *Te Deum* is read. The Psalms for the day also, carefully omitting the *Gloria Patri* at the end of each Psalm, but using it at the close of all. The *Gloria in Excelsis* is only sung at the office for the Holy Communion, that is once a month.

The rector reads well. The hymns are of the same character of the canticles. I wonder where they picked up such strange tunes—written especially for this choir, perhaps. I never heard them before. A little child is brought to be christened. The chancel is in a recess; the font stands immediately before the chancel rails, as I saw afterward. It is a very handsome one of white marble; but directly in front of all, intercepting the view of, and totally eclipsing both altar and font, rises a huge, superbly-carved pulpit, with a winding staircase. It is almost impossible to see anything behind it. Preaching evidently holds in this church the most important

and prominent position. One can see nothing of the baptism of the little child. One gentleman alone stood up and joined in the service. The rest of the congregation sat in patient silence, until this indifferent ceremony had been disposed of. I began with the worthy gentleman to join in the service, but my courage failed me. (I am only a woman, and not so brave either.) So I could not face the careless scrutiny of my neighbors, but contented myself with dropping on my knees and joining mentally in the prayers for the new-born Christian. This little matter disposed of, the service proceeded in the same decorous manner (it is vulgar to be excited or moved), little responding, and no singing.

"The miserable sinners" were very modest in confessing their iniquities,—perhaps such well-bred people had committed very few sins! God help me! my own shortcomings made me groan bitterly enough when they flashed across my memory.

The sermon was good, as S—— had promised. The rector preaches truth—why is he punished with such a congregation? The strong, stirring, heart-felt appeals fell upon the quiet congregation like leaves upon the water. The service was ended,—we rose to go,—already people were shaking hands and chatting pleasantly with each other as they walked down the aisles. The organist had put down the loud pedals,—the full chords vibrated through the building,—he was playing a very gay march. The duty was performed! it was well to rejoice!

PICTURE SECOND.

A bitter day in London. A strong cold wind blowing through the streets. It was very disagreeable walking, but with stout English shoes and warm wrappings, we thought we could contend against the cold penetrating wind. We walked briskly along down Bond street and Piccadilly; at last we paused at the door of a church. It was purely Gothic in its architecture,

severely so. It looked like a church,—it could never be mistaken for anything else. As we approached the door, we were delayed by the number of people passing into the building. They were all very plainly dressed—clean, but very homely; no silks or laces worn by the women, no broadcloth by the men,—many of the latter wore the common coarse blue clothing of the workman. Some of the women had babes in their arms. They had probably no one with whom they could trust their little ones at home, so they were compelled to bring them to the church. Some of the people wore clothes very much patched; but there was evidently an attempt at cleanliness and decent appearance among the majority. At last we got into the church. We found it full of people, such a class of people as those we had encountered at the door; but occasionally there were some better dressed, showing ease and comfort in their aspect. The men were for the most part sitting together on one side of the aisle, the women on the other. It was with difficulty we secured seats, but some persons courteously offered us places. We knelt in prayer. Rising up we looked around us. The interior of the building was very plain, but strictly ecclesiological. The stained windows very rich in color; the chancel separated from the nave by an exquisitely carved rood screen of very open woodwork; the altar, raised three steps, richly draped in crimson and gold; beyond the screen one saw the white surplices of the choir boys; two lights burned on the altar; the pulpit was at one side, and had a triple light burning in the form of a cross. On the right side of the door of entrance was enclosed, with a railing, a platform, raised above the floor. In the centre of this stood a large baptismal font, very handsomely sculptured. The service began; a voluntary of rich, pure harmony stole upon our ears in most entrancing melody, so devotional, so true in expression, that one's eyes filled with tears and one's heart with

tender emotion. It died away. A full, earnest voice intoned the opening sentence, and the worship begun; how can I describe that service? There are moments in life that are so intense in enjoyment that language fails to convey any impression of its fulness. The service was purely choral. The Canticles all sung to Gregorians. The full, rich intonation of the rector; the shrill, sweet singing of the choir boys rising high and clear over the deep, heartfelt outburst of the voices of the congregation; the waves of sound tossed to and fro between the minister and the people; yes, that was worship; an hour to be remembered! There was a pause after the second lesson. Some infants were to be christened; there were ten or twelve little ones, dressed neatly though poorly. Several of the parents sat immediately behind us.

The rector, preceded by the vergers bearing his wand, came from the chancel, and walked to the baptismal font. The sponsors with the children gathered about him. The whole congregation turned around and faced the baptismal font. One woman had two little children—one an infant, the other about two years of age. She was desirous to arrange something about the elder child; in an instant half a dozen arms were extended to receive and hold the younger babe; the faces of the people all showed the deepest interest and tenderest feeling for the little ones receiving the holy rite; the responses were full and fervent; the *amens* given in strong solemn cadence.

The rector received each little one into his arms as if, like Simeon, he were receiving our Lord himself. There was a deep reverence in his manner for the innocent creatures, "whose angels do always look upon the face of God." It was very touching. The sermon was excellent, short and practical, simple and suited to "way-faring" men. The absolution and benediction were uttered with unction, and received by the people with deep reverence and humility. The hymns were full of life

and spirit; everybody sung with a will. The tunes were so very simple. The service ended. We walked back to our temporary home with hearts full of sweet and serious musings. "Yes," said one of our party, "I understand now that one of the signs of the coming of the kingdom of Christ must be when the 'Gospel is preached to the poor.' And you are right. I believe *now* in free churches and the *choral service*. I have never seen anything like that before." My reader, these pictures are drawn from the life; choose between the two.

"HE saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am?"—*Matt. xvi. 15.*—*From Morning Lesson, July 25, 1871.*

Who art Thou, Lord? Oh! language is too weak
To give expression
To half that I would utter when I speak
My faith's confession!

Who art Thou, Lord? The Saviour who didst reign
In the beginning;
Endured the Crucifixion's shame and pain,
Our pardon winning.

Who art Thou, Lord? He who was sealed within
The grave's dark prison,
Who came forth conqueror over death and sin,
A Saviour risen.

Who art Thou, Lord? My hope in life and death!
My full salvation!
To whom my soul shall lift her latest breath
In adoration!

Who art Thou, Lord? The source of comfort sweet,
From whence I borrow
My strength in weakness, victory in defeat,
And joy in sorrow.

I am not worthy; but oh! grant to me
The promised blessing
To those who stand before the world for Thee,
Thy name confessing.

My risen Lord, my Saviour, and my King,
Hear my endeavor
To own Thy name, and grant that I may sing
Thy praise forever!

CECIL HOWARD.

Church Work.

THE WORKING OF PARISHES.

BY J. F. S.

THE question has been much agitated of late years, "What is the best method of working a parish?" The discussion of this question has led to many valuable suggestions which have been practically tested with a good measure of success by some of our more advanced clergy and parishes. We use the word "advanced" in its obvious and true sense as applying to those who are striving to get out of the old ruts and the beaten ways of Church work, and to adopt more efficient methods. The result has been—and we are seeing it more and more—the abandonment by those "who have understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do" of the grand ideal of the good parish which was almost universal till within a few years; that their work for Christ was sufficiently well done, by minister and people, if the church was open for those who chose to come on Sundays and perhaps once in the week, and who paid pew rents; if the service was according to the standard of sober and dull monotony, of prayers preached to the people, of quartette singing in which no voice of the congregation could join, of subdued and whispered responses and AMENS unuttered with the lips, of formal, prosy, orthodox preaching, and general self-satisfaction with the observance of the proprieties of a Sunday worship; if the minister could find time, beyond what is required for the usual tea-drinking and social visiting among the better classes, to make a formal call once or twice in a year upon all the families under his care, with proper attention to the sick and the dispensation of the alms of the Church to the few poor

and needy; if the sewing society was kept busy in preparing for fairs as often as they were needed, and the vestry, with such help, succeeded in keeping the parish respectably self-supporting. And with the gradual disappearance of this well-known type of parochial life, the number of the worldly, selfish, and self-indulgent clergy, who thought themselves painfully laborious, has greatly diminished, and the brethren of the laity have found that they have a "vocation and ministry" in coöperation with the clergy in the work of the parish. Now that it is seen and generally admitted that the instrumentalities hitherto employed to Christianize our own country have to a large extent failed, and that consequently less than a third of the people anywhere attend public worship of any kind, even on Sundays; and fully half of our population both in city and country are in a condition of practical heathenism, as regards the knowledge and the practice of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, it is beginning also to be felt that the opportunity of this Church has come; that we must prove the apostolicity and catholicity of our claims, not so much by writing apologies as by apostolic and catholic labors; that instead of being content to minister to a small aristocratic and cultivated class, we must aim directly to reach the masses; that we must popularize our services, and make them warm, earnest, and attractive to all sorts and conditions of men; that we must begin to lay large foundations of education and charity, and develop all our resources in carrying the Gospel in the Church—and not as a sentiment, nor as a system of speculative opin-

ions—home to every man, and make it felt as the power of God unto salvation, to poor as well as rich, ignorant as well as learned, rude and uncultivated as well as refined and elegant. If we are to do this it is obvious that we must get all our forces into healthy action, and bring into exercise instrumentalities and modes of work of which the primitive Church affords abundant examples, but which have been until recently unknown and untried among us.

In the attempts that have been made to set forth better modes of parochial working, the great object to be kept in view has not been sufficiently regarded. That object is to bring to practical acceptance the Christianity which the Church presents—and not merely that which passes for Christianity among a dozen or more orthodox and evangelical denominations—among all those classes of our population who are living without any true recognition of Christ and of his claims upon their hearts and lives; and thus to bring ALL—those only excepted who shall remain content in membership of the religious societies with which they are connected, whose rights of conscience we should most cordially respect—into living and active relations with Christ in and through His Body the Church, in which all shall coöperate in carrying the same Gospel, embodied in Christ's own institution, throughout the world, and by such effort in conjunction with all the other means of grace, prepare themselves to meet their Lord and to enter into His joy, and to receive the rewards of faithfulness. Subsidiary to this great end are all the means for the care of the bodies as well as the souls of men: the organization of charities for greater effect, as well as to prevent the abuses of thoughtless and spasmodic almsgiving, such as the increase of pauperism and systematic beggary; for the establishment and fostering of sound institutions of learning; schools of training for teachers and workers in every sphere in which the Church needs regular helpers, working

with system and under authority; and institutions for the support and maintenance of those who in any capacity give their lives exclusively to the Church's service; for securing the free and liberal gifts of all the faithful, according to the Gospel measure, of proportion to the gifts and blessings received; and leading all the members of the Church up to that standard of Christian living in which there shall be "no place left for error in religion or for viciousness of life." No object less exalted and thorough than this can lead to the most satisfactory results.

The first and indispensable requisite in parochial work is the rector, who is by his office the head of the parish. Though parishes may be and often are the result of lay effort with only occasional clerical assistance and oversight, yet generally in established parishes no more can be done without the rector than in the army without the commander. The proverb is true, "Like priest like people." Our observation has convinced us that the poor results of most of our old parochial organizations are chiefly due to the bad management and inefficiency of the clergy in charge. Whose fault but theirs can it be that so many parishes fail to give the practical support of offerings to the great missionary cause of the Church in its several departments, the carrying on of which with efficiency is essential to the Church's life? thus depriving their people of that important means of blessing, and putting them in a position of apparent disloyalty to Christ Himself.

Our clerical brethren will pardon us if we point out some of the most necessary though least often inculcated of the rector's qualifications for success as a parish priest, on the assumption, which will not be questioned, that success will depend in a great measure on the ability to enlist the earnest and harmonious coöperation of all the people.

We take it for granted that he is to be a

man of prayer and devout holy life; that he is to be thoroughly conversant with Holy Scripture, and sound theology, and good learning; and qualified to meet the doubts of the people, which are insinuated in the multifarious secular literature of the day, as well as by books of more pretentious character upon science and philosophy. He ought to be a man able to command respect for right of character and solid acquisitions. Even as a man he must let no man despise him.

But he must be above all things a minister of Jesus Christ. He must have a full consciousness of what was meant when it was said to him, "receive the Holy Ghost," or "take thou authority," in his ordination to the priesthood. He must feel that a gift of God is in him by the laying on of hands, to be stirred up by constant prayer and effort. He must magnify his office, not by word, only but by deed; not by arrogant claims, but by arduous and unremitting labors in humble, self-denying ministries in the name of and for the sake of his Lord and Master. He must beseech men, *in Christ's stead*, to be reconciled to God. He must fulfil his public duties in the Church, as one who realizes that he is a minister of Christ and a steward of the mysteries of God. In his visitations among the people, whether the sick or the whole, he must not go merely as a friend, with the ordinary sympathy which every Christian heart must feel for ignorance, spiritual insensibility, and physical or mental suffering. He must go officially; he must go as sent in the fulfilment of functions divinely given. Such a consciousness of ministerial character will give him confidence and courage. When he thinks of himself, he will say, "Who is sufficient for these things?" But when he considers that he is the representative of Christ Himself, he will say, "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me."

And this constant realization of his ministerial character is necessary to his influ-

ence. It will insure obedience to his counsels. It will enable him to get work done. It belongs to human nature to recognize legitimate authority. So strong is this tendency that people do not always stop to ascertain whether it be legitimate. They recognize it as claimed. A man born to command may, with a firm will, a steady eye, and the voice of authority, rule and control the mob. He who is qualified both by nature and office will, like the centurion, "say to one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh."

We are well aware how surely the rector will frustrate his own endeavors and defeat his ends by the appearance of undue self-confidence, and an overbearing disposition and self-complacency of manner, as well as by lack of good sense and sound judgment and discretion. He must be really humble and self-distrustful, then he will be so regarded. At the same time he must act habitually upon his commission. He must assume the functions he is sent to fulfil. He must be in all things Christ's minister, not as one self-appointed and self-qualified, but empowered for his work with all needed grace, that he may go forth humbly, and yet boldly and courageously, to all the duties of his ministry. Then he will inspire confidence. His own single-heartedness, and earnestness, and enthusiasm will attract and inspire others; and when they are led to see the work to be done and to feel their own responsibility, he will be able to set them in ways of Christian activity and usefulness.

Some clergymen are apparently very earnest and indefatigable in labors, and yet they lack in effectiveness. They are constantly busied in hurrying from place to place, visiting, preaching, becoming acquainted with everybody, giving kind words, and doing many things which are not so necessary, and which others might do as well; but yet their work does not tell; they see no permanent results. It is but a tread-mill sort of labor, or moving

about in a circle, as the progress of their thought is apt to be in preaching. Thus they spend much of their strength for naught.

We spoke of the great end, with its subordinate parts, which every rector should have in view. We believe that it is necessary, in order that all that is done in parochial work may help in the promotion of the end of the increased godliness and of the growth of the parish and of the Church, that the rector should have a plan or policy to be steadily held and consistently acted on in all things. It should not be formed suddenly. It must be the result of mature reflection, in view of all the conditions. He may grow up to it. It may take shape gradually in his mind. But without it, his success can only be partial and temporary.

Of course we can only speak of it in general terms, because it will differ as the conditions and circumstances differ in which parish work is to be done. It is sufficient to say that it must be broad, comprehensive, embracing all that needs to be accomplished, and looking far into the future. It must have many subordinate parts, but all its details must be such as to subserve the great end, the building up of the kingdom of Christ in all human hearts, and as a visible institution which shall be able to bring Christ's redemption of soul and body, in every sense in which He came to redeem us, to all whom its blessed Gospel can reach.

But this plan or policy must not be talked about. The rector must not tell beforehand what he is going to do, if it is of an unusual character. Many a minister has brought defeat upon some wise and noble purpose by disclosing it prematurely and exciting opposition and violent dissensions. The clergy, much more than other men, must learn to keep secrets, their own as well as those of other people. They must also learn to be patient and to wait. What cannot be done now may be by and by. What cannot be done in one way, or by one

class of instruments, may still be possible in other ways or by other means. The rector is required to prepare the way of the Lord. He must create, or choose and mould his own instruments. He must bring about the emergencies for which his plan is to provide.

He will open his plan little by little; first, in some of its subordinate details, to those in whose coöperation he relies. Their sympathy with him in these will qualify them for further disclosures and fuller confidence. Some will be set at one part of the work; some at another, as they show the needed qualifications. They will be fully instructed, each in his own work and its nature and purpose, so as to be able to do it well. But it may be all preparatory to something more and higher, which the workers will at the proper time be prepared to see, which will perhaps suggest itself to them as necessary, and will secure their earnest and efficient aid. They will often take up, as their own, lines of action to which the rector's instruction has led them. Thus he works with their hands. This is always most encouraging.

Suppose it were in the rector's plan to establish a cottage hospital, as it might be and probably should be in most large parishes, except in the great cities, where the workers in the several parishes should combine in one general effort of larger character and upon a grander scale. To speak of his purpose at the first would frighten people in rural parishes. Hence he instructs his congregation by preaching and pastoral intercourse in their duty in relation to the aged, and the sick, and homeless. He awakens their sympathies in behalf of the classes of sufferers for whom he would have them provide. After such preparation, two or three persons will be found to visit and report such persons as require assistance. As many others can be secured to spend a certain portion of time, pledged beforehand if possible, in reading to sick, or aged, or other disabled people at their

homes. By and by they will venture, after reading and instruction, to kneel for prayer. Others will collect hospital stores for distribution as needed. In due time a family may be found, the lady of which will be willing to receive an occasional homeless person who needs food and shelter, and perhaps others who are sick or helpless. The occasion will thus be made to rent, purchase, or build, and to provide a matron, beds, and all things necessary. And the work will be set in full operation, with increasing income for growing necessities. In this way there will be no place for opposition, and all will be led on in harmony. We give this simply as an illustration. In a like way, from small beginnings, with right direction, permanent agencies, and modes of charity and of education, with brotherhoods and sisterhoods, and schools of training for such as can give themselves wholly to work for Christ may be established, with untold results for good in the future.

No rector of a parish can rest satisfied till he has found some work to do for all his people on whom God has not already laid sufficient burdens of care and duty in which to promote His cause. For we should not forget that they who are called to suffer with Christ, who endure afflictions from His hand, in His spirit, and for His sake, and they who are employed in the care and Christian nurture of His children, given by Him and placed under their guidance and training; and even those who serve Him in fervency of spirit by diligence in business, who rightly regard their stewardship of His gifts, are all doing His work, helping to extend His kingdom, and promoting His glory. But there are many in every parish who have time which God's service has the right to claim, and which otherwise would be given to selfish work or pleasure, or mere sloth and listlessness. There are many ways in which the discreet and efficient rector can enlist the help of all such members of the Church as are not

hindered by duties which are providentially imposed. But an important and necessary caution should be suggested. Young clergymen, in their zeal, often make haste to devise a system of machinery into which to organize as parts all those whose coöperation they hope to secure. The result is that they must themselves supply continually all the motive power, or it ceases working, and becomes disordered and disorganized. They are themselves exhausted in the effort to impart life and movement, and the work accomplished is small. It is therefore, necessary, first, to awaken and to deepen the spiritual life of the people; to show them and make them feel how much there is to be done, and which without their assistance must be neglected; to impart a deep sense of their own individual responsibility in the Church's work, and of the need that they should stir up and employ all the gifts of God, whether of nature or of grace. When they "have a mind to work," not till then, can their labors be organized effectively. The life must be first, then there will be growth; and growth is necessarily organic. The life of a parish, as of the Church at large, will manifest itself in healthful and beneficent organization. The rector is in a position to cultivate and direct it, so as to make it subserve his ends. His wisdom will be shown in knowing how, and being prompt and timely to give this direction. He must not allow any force to go to waste or to expend itself destructively. There are many good people whose zeal and energy would seek manifestations of a one-sided and partial character, and in ways destructive of order, harmony, and unity. By care and forethought such persons may be used with good results, if put in the proper place, in work for which they are fitted. It will not do to leave them to themselves. It is not safe to give them time to produce disorder and conflict. Put them at the work which they like, but rule them with delicacy, with tact, with a firm and strong

hand. They are strong-minded, but will yield gracefully to the direction of superior strength and wisdom, combined with right-ful authority.

These remarks are intended to be introductory. The value they claim is not theoretical. They are the results of experience. They are intended to be only suggestive.

This Church is now feeling a mighty impulse of revival. Not only is she moving forward with rapid strides upon ground hitherto unoccupied; she is feeling the pulse of a more vigorous life in her members. The very eccentricities of extreme opinions and action are symptoms of a living and not of a dead or decaying body. There are better symptoms, especially in the

founding of homes and hospitals and sisterhoods, and the organization of lay helpers, and in the efforts put forth with much success at so many points to reach those whom God has not blessed with wealth, the great middle class, from whom will come, in the next or following generation, by right of power both politically and socially, the rulers of the people.

It becomes all our clergy and laity to be alive with the life of the Church; to let it call forth and determine their activities; to help to increase its mighty volume and power, and thus to have their own part in bringing on the glorious days which are in store—if she is faithful—for this American branch of the Catholic and Apostolic Church.

QUARTETTE CHOIRS.

BY THEO. CHRIS. KNAUFF.

A PROPER management of the department of Church music is a matter of the greatest importance to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the Church. Among the numerous accessories of a proper worship, with its telling effect upon the private life of the worshipper, there can hardly be found a greater power for good or for evil than the music of the service. But, notwithstanding this, Church music, as a whole, is in a more unsatisfactory condition than any other department, and is the cause of more trouble, at least to those who have the best welfare of the Church at heart, or whose artistic or æsthetic perceptions require a higher standard in such matters.

The subject is one that has been much discussed; but as yet, it is but little understood. The want of a general knowledge is the cause of much of the trouble. The evils cannot usually be remedied because of ignorance; those who would apply the remedy not knowing how to go about it. This ignorance on the subject results from

a want of a proper realization of its importance. The majority of those who, for the purpose of bettering the condition of Church music, could bring the best of knowledge, skill, and experience to bear upon it, do not do so, either because they think that it is good enough as it is, or that it is not of sufficient importance to warrant the spending of time and thought upon it.

The procuring of suitable music of any kind for the services of the Church is a difficult matter, and requires both knowledge and discretion. The attendants at any Church service, whom the music is intended to benefit, represent numerous and diverse tastes, every one of which it is very difficult to satisfy by one and the same thing. These tastes, however, can all be narrowed down to two elements, but these two are contrary and their union cannot be accomplished to any great extent in a satisfactory manner. The two elements are legitimate descendants of two component parts, which in remote ages

were a portion of the original material from which our modern music was formed. One of these was the primitive classical music, strictly correct according to the crude and mathematical formulas then in use, of which the authorized music of a very early date in the Latin Church was the type. The other component was the "folk-song," or the music of the common people, which sprung from no brain-work of a learned person, but was the natural and irrepressible offspring of the ignorant but æsthetically inclined peasantry.

The one required for its effective performance well-trained and educated musicians, an attentive and thoughtful audience, and surroundings complete in everything relating to the elaborate church machinery, of which the music was only one, though an important part. The other required only willing hearts and voices, without regard to time or place, and though the effect of it upon the musically educated and intellectual listener might not have been so pleasing, yet the sensation to those taking part was one of great pleasure, not unmixed, however, with excitement, which might or might not have been wholly beneficial.

In short, one was mind, the other heart; one was intellectualism, the other sensationalism. The two are hardly comparable, however, being of such a radically dissimilar nature. At that day, when both forms were very imperfect, the disciples of one school had very little in common with those of the other.

In our modern musical system the two are happily combined to a certain extent, though our musical compositions yet lean strongly to either one side or the other. We now have all music written according to fixed rules or formulas of practice, though in one case the composition contains more pleasure for the lover of popular music, and in another more for the cultured student.

But though the two schools have par-

tially joined, and to that extent have been made as one, the disciples of each are still apart, and apparently the two parties are now as far distant as ever. Both sides, also, are very illiberal in their spirit, the professed admirers of one being unwilling to hear anything from the other.

These two parties carry their likes and dislikes and their uncharitable spirit from the secular musical world into the church, producing discord there as elsewhere. The one party prefers a high class of Church music, something that will appeal to the intellect, and by that means help the formation of a devotional frame of mind. To accomplish this the music must be the best that those who make a profession of the art of music, and who therefore should be superior, can possibly supply. It must be elaborate and equal in correct formula and artistic effect to the greatest and best that musical geniuses have ever produced. But such music requires very superior interpreters. The musically uneducated laymen in the pew, who have not made music a special study, cannot be expected to take part in the rendering of such music, and consequently it is delegated to a few who, by reason of having made music their profession, are able to interpret it. As it requires a life's devotion to attain to the ability necessary for the right interpretation of such music, and as a life's devotion prohibits other occupation, making this ability the only result of such devotion, it follows that those to whom the performance of this class of music is intrusted must be paid for their services, and paid in proportion to the amount of time and care that they have bestowed upon the preparation. Thus comes the professional choir.

On the other hand, the lineal descendant of the old time lover and singer of folk-songs prefers his Church music simple and unadorned, of a character that will not prevent himself and family from worshipping God according to their own ideas of right and fitness. He will have no elabo-

rate music such as the worshipper can listen to only, but something in which he can himself join. He cares not so much for the artistic effect upon an outsider, but for the effect upon his own heart and sensibilities, which by the very act are warmed and excited into vigorous action.

The relative merits of the two methods, as used for the purposes of worship, are not here discussed. This would belong more properly to entirely another phase of the Church music question. It is here taken for granted that the two diverse tastes exist, and that they are diverse. All that has been undertaken is to prove that the two cannot be satisfied by one and the same thing; that the attempt to so satisfy them by means of the very peculiar combination of singers now so generally in use in the Church, namely, the quartette choir, commonly so called, falls very far short of the end aimed at; and that for such ends, or for other Church purposes, that kind of choir is practically useless if not of a more positively evil character.

That there is something devotional in both methods cannot be denied. The uncertainty is as to which is the most effective. Those who cling to one side, to the entire exclusion of the other, are certainly wrong. By so doing they make no allowances for differences in time, place, or people, the different conditions of which might make one the most effective at one time, and the other at another. Some fall into error by holding that everything which is ever sung within the walls of a church building should be sung by those who come as the audience, and by so doing they neglect a great element of power for good. The word "audience" is used designedly, for if the "worshippers" were specified a very peculiar point is touched. All choir singers should be worshippers, whether educated musicians or not, but unhappily this is not usually the state of the case. That under certain conditions elaborate music of a high order of artistic excellence can

be made very effective in a certain way for Church services cannot be doubted. Any one who has the least particle of music in his soul has been deeply affected at times on hearing high grade music in a concert-room. If in a concert-room, much more will he be affected in a church, where the surroundings always aid the impressions produced by any true music. On the opposite side, those who will have nothing to do with congregational song, throw away a power that is mighty, because many men can be approached only through the sensibilities to which that kind of music is the peculiar minister.

For many good reasons, the method of personal participation might be almost universally adopted for purposes of general worship as the most easy and effective, were it not that in most cases where it has been tried it has proved a most unhappy failure. This has happened in many cases because a certain kind of musical education which is necessary on the part of those who would assist in the rendering even of this kind of Church music, and which is usually very easily obtained, has been entirely neglected. This education is oftentimes never even thought of, and consequently the failure.

The mere fact of music being simple does not detract from its merit if properly used, for many distinguished musical composers have produced their best effects by the most simple means. The cause of failure in cases where the folk-song method is tried, is to be found in either one or both of two reasons: that either the people are not given the true folk-songs to sing, or that they do not sing them, either because they will not or cannot. In the latter case, where the people, having the opportunity, do not sing their own peculiar music, they more frequently cannot than will not, the want of education being the cause of their silence. They do not know how to sing, no man having taught them. Even when taught, a failure sometimes results from a

neglect or oversight of the regular encouragements necessary to singing.

In cases where the general singing of the congregation is attempted, and fails from want of participation by a sufficient number of worshippers, the effect is directly the opposite of what is intended. No better agency for the dispersion of serious thoughts, no greater enemy to devotion, than this half and half method can be found anywhere. The effect is simply ridiculous. A fine professional choir, performing the most elaborate of music, is to be preferred at all times; and as an aid to worship, to both cultured and uncultured, it is vastly superior. As the cases are frequent where the congregational music has proved just such a failure, the desire for good professional music has been correspondingly frequent. But to obtain such professional music that will be good, it is necessary to spend a very large amount of money yearly. In most churches this money cannot be had, and even with money the best singers cannot be obtained except in the large cities, and even there to but a very limited extent. This desire for music of a professional character, not obtainable in numerous instances, has caused to spring into existence the hybrid article which is now generally known as the quartette choir. This choir can neither be called professional nor amateur; not professional, because it is a cheaper article, the members receiving pay to some amount, but by not making a profession of music they are not very superior and are not very highly remunerated; and not amateur, because they do receive moneyed compensation for their services.

This hybrid article is patronized in many churches by rector, officers, and people, because it is comparatively cheap, and for a small amount of money promises to do away with the continual worry of trying to make the people sing. Congregational music is cheaper than a quartette choir even, in money value, though by some con-

sidered dearer in the matter of personal trouble. This, however, would not injure the claims of effective congregational music, for no trouble should be counted too great for the attainment of good Church music.

The quartette choir promises also to relieve the rector of all responsibility. This is a great point to him, because although he ought to be the person to be responsible, yet on account of defects in his musical education he is often totally unfit for such responsibility.

The employers of a quartette choir congratulate themselves that by using that kind of a choir all classes of people are by that means satisfied. Those who want to sing can, and those who do not need not. But this is a very vain hope. Those who want to sing will not, because no congregational song amounts to anything unless all join in it. No one wants to stand up in the midst of a silent congregation and audibly express his thankfulness or devotional spirit through the medium of vocal music, while all around listen to the solo performance. The worshipper may do it out of a sense of duty, but what a lifeless effort it becomes under those circumstances, even if the would-be singer might happen to be the best of musicians. Put the same musician in the midst of a large chorus on a concert platform, where all around are doing as he does, and making the most of the voices that God gave them, and what a difference there will then be in the amount of tone produced and in the spirit with which the singing is done. Then again, a quartette choir will not satisfy the silent and critical worshippers, because if an attempt is made at all to cater to the wants of the opposite party, a style of music will be selected and used which will not suit the ideas of the silent party. This again opens up the dilemma still further, for if a higher and more difficult class of music is selected to please the one party, it will have the effect of silencing those who from a conviction of duty desire to sing; and

besides, in thus aping a professional choir, the second class quartette usually goes beyond its powers, and makes ridiculous what in competent hands would be very beautiful. If the popular style of music is used, popular in the sense of being a property of the people, the silent party are displeased, and, at the best, the few in the average congregation who do sing cannot produce the effect desired. The singing of some of the true but simple folk-songs, intended for the hearty coöperation of large bodies of singers, and for a great body of sound, both instrumental and vocal, when performed by four singers in parts, with the feeble aid of one or two dutiful but not hearty voices scattered here and there in a congregation, produces an effect which is disheartening in the extreme. No music at all is preferable. A dead silence has not the same advantages for producing monotonous and wearisome sensations.

A quartette choir is objectionable, because its members are usually not members of the Church, have no interest in it further than what they are paid for, are not worshippers, and so are not fit to worship either for or with the congregation. The way in which they spend their time in the intervals of duty, in the secluded and closely curtained organ-loft where they are always put, is scandalous, and is only too well known. * This fault, however, is shared by all professional choirs, however good in voice or culture. It is a sad fact that, from want of a good practical musical education among the people generally, there are not enough men and women in the Church itself who are able and willing to conduct the musical portion of the service. If the members of the choir, or at least a majority of them, were Church members, that in itself would do away with many of the choir evils. Of the few Church members who are able to sing in the choir, some are in independent circumstances, not needing the pecuniary compensation, and are too lazy to serve only from a conviction of

duty. Some few of the able ones there are who would be willing to sing, and would be glad to help out their small incomes by any benefit which they might receive from the Church for their services, but they are too proud to take such a position, deeming it a humiliating thing, and sometimes with reason, on account of the manner in which the Church members themselves treat persons in such positions. Many of the members consider that the act of receiving pay, on the part of another Church member, immediately places the member receiving such compensation in the light of an outsider, who must be treated as such. Some, usually those belonging to the class who prefer exclusively choir music, think that a home article is not near so good for choir purposes as that from abroad, and so act. The state of the case should be directly the opposite, and of two singers of equal merit, the one coming from the congregation should be doubly valued.

The very form of the quartette choir is against it for general usefulness, when it is obtained to lead congregational singing, which is the only sensible reason for using it, it being taken for granted that this second-rate and cheap choir cannot successfully compete with professionals. Even when the singers are employed for the express purpose of singing with the people, and are expressly ordered not to sing anything in which the people cannot join, the form of the thing helps to prevent the end sought. The mere fact that it is formed like a professional choir, with four paid voices singing in parts, leads the people to suppose that it is a professional choir, to the performances of which their aid is not desired. This is an important point, for usually appeals to the people's suppositions are the only means used to cause them to sing. It is very seldom, when such singing is required, that the people are told outright, either from the chancel or elsewhere, that they are expected to sing. Still more

seldom is it that any attempt is made to teach them as a congregation.

Then, again, with a quartette choir, it is very difficult to render the true congregational melodies in a right manner, and so that a congregation can follow them. Many of the true folk-songs are descendants of, or are actually themselves, old German and English hymn melodies, known in Germany as chorales. These depend for their effect mainly upon the air, which is the prominent part, and which is intended to be sung by a large number of people. As they are sung by Protestant Germany, the congregation, including both small and great, male and female, sing this leading part in unison, the parts of the harmony, which in these cases are merely accessory, though important, being supplied by a trained chorus choir and organ; or, if the choir be wanting, which, however, seldom happens, by the organ alone, which, under the circumstances, can be played loud enough to support the mass of sound correctly without fear of drowning the solo voices. With a quartette choir aiming at congregational singing, we try to perform the same music, with four voices singing the four parts, and supported by an organ which must not overcome the voices and spoil their individual effect. As thus sung, the air or prominent part is made no more prominent than the others, and the people in the congregation are not able to distinguish or follow it. Were the four voices to sing unison upon the leading part, the effect upon the congregation would be better; but even then the body of tone would be far too weak to cause an uneducated congregation to sing, and the musical effect of the choir singing in that manner alone would not be good. An uneducated singer will not sing unless the individuality of his voice is lost in the amount of tone produced either by congregation, choir, or organ. When congregational singing is attempted, this want is often recognized, and an effort is made to

overcome it by causing the organ to be played the louder. But as the organ usually plays the harmony as prominently as the air, the effect is only to lose the individuality of the leading part still further, unless a strong choir is working to maintain it against the organ. When the congregation is trained so as to know the music used, and are able of themselves to proceed without listening for the leading part, then all the power that is put upon the organ is a positive gain, for the congregation are themselves the choir, and, by the greater power, greater confidence is given to them, and so the leading part is augmented. A congregation singing in musical parts, which is often attempted to a greater or less extent by the individual members of a congregation, cannot produce congregational singing, for reasons which might be shown more particularly in connection with the subject of congregational music. Such a congregation, if musically effective, would be a trained concert choir. The benches of our churches do not usually hold such organizations.

But our commonly constituted quartette choirs, in addition to the fact of their not meeting the requirements of either side in the congregation, do not even have the advantage which they promise of being free from the worry and trouble which appear to be necessary to the maintenance of any kind of choir. The payment of the money for the regular salary of the choir members does not end the matter with those having the oversight of the music when a quartette choir is employed.

No kind of choir is so hard to keep together as this variety. Even the choir composed entirely of volunteer singers, which is notorious for its internal dissensions, is not so troublesome. The musicians of very ordinary merit, who constitute the class from which quartette choirs are supplied, are, as a rule, very narrow minded. The more far-seeing singers, if they wish to cultivate music at all, do so

to a greater extent, and so verge upon the professional order. Than these quartette choir singers, there are no people more prone to petty jealousies, none more troublesome to manage, more easily affronted, more unreasonable, or more uncertain. Their salary is the only attraction that the Church has for them. They care neither for the music nor the service. A few extra dollars will draw them from the situation at the shortest notice, and the difficulty of a new selection—no small one at any time—has again to be gone through with, with the probability that, after all, the best will have been neglected, and the poorer applicants selected, who, upon trial, will have to be discharged.

The uncertainty of this kind of choir is proverbial, especially if they are somewhat satisfactory, for there is not a sufficient supply of good material to make the holders of a situation fear competition. The choir may be full and working well on one Sunday, and on another, by some imagined slight or injury, or from outside reasons, the thing may be disorganized and entirely unfit for duty. Even if the presence of the choir is always secured, it is by no means sure that they will sing what is wanted. They will do as they like, and will sing when and as they like, taking it upon themselves to omit portions of the musical service at discretion. They are usually subject to no control whatever, and when that is attempted, even by their own constituted leaders, they rebel against it. Especially are they impatient of restraint from a rector, who, they think, has no right to any voice in anything in which they are concerned. Here they often have the advantage, for even their slight and superficial musical knowledge is, in too many cases, superior to that of the rector. They know this, and hold their advantage; and the rector, in the attempt to save trouble, though the attempt only makes matters worse, yields to them, and leaves them masters of the situation. They then give

their employers, not what they are paid to give, but what they please. The great want of a thorough musical knowledge among the clergy is in this way often a great inconvenience. It is only with the greatest difficulty that the rector can maintain his authority and cause satisfaction when working in ignorance. It is only after great experience, which is equivalent to some kind of a musical education, that he is able to get along at all. A rector who is musically ignorant, in the attempt to maintain his authority, sometimes sets his face strongly against everything from both choir and people, and will listen to nothing but what he himself considers right. He in this way falls into error again, and as much trouble is occasioned as when the choir have everything their own way. In such cases the choir is often kept under control, but the music is far from being in a satisfactory condition.

For those who, by this choir, hope to obtain congregational singing, the great difficulty is thus to obtain singers who will compose such a choir, and who will be content to be subordinate, doing nothing but lead the congregation. The variety of quartette choirs is unbounded, and this is nearly always equalled by their confidence in their own ability to perform any sort of music. They consider it beneath their dignity to perform only simple music, such as a congregation can sing. These choir singers also, as a rule, never approve of congregational singing, thinking it an infringement of their rights. Even if engaged expressly for this use, the singing of the people is at enmity with their vanity, and they consider it but an unavoidable evil, to be borne with so long as it cannot be removed, but to be spoken against at every convenient opportunity, and, should chance occur, to be dispensed with entirely. Their love of show will not allow of their individuality being swallowed up by the congregational effect, though usually the individuality is nothing to be proud of.

But perhaps enough has been said to gain the end. The bad points of a poor article have been shown for the sake of advancing the standard. It may be urged, and with some truth, that many of these points apply equally to any kind of choir at present in use. This does not, however, prevent the faults from being remedied in many cases. But in the case of the quartette choir, some of the faults cannot be gainsaid, and cannot be gotten over. Of this kind are the musical imperfections of power and style, when a leading element of congregational singing. When weighed in the balance carefully, it is thought that it will be generally conceded that, in the large majority of cases, the quartette is possessed of more imperfections, and these of a character harder to overcome, than any other kind of choir. Where the faults are so numerous, and of such an aggra-

vated, if not vicious, character, the task of obtaining anything satisfactory is very disheartening, because the hope of success is so small. Those who desire to be shown the best sort of choir, can, however, not now be gratified. The tearing down is one department, the building up, another. It is thought that at least a better article can be found, if sought for. The best may be obtained some day if enough interest is manifested in the search. An incentive to those seeking for the new, is to point out the defects of the old; by so doing, causing dissatisfaction among those who hold to the defective, and awakening a desire for something better. What men thoroughly desire, that they leave no way untried to obtain; and, in such cases, ultimate success usually rewards their efforts. If only the desire is produced, a great point is gained.

LEAVES FROM A DIARY

In the Hospitals during our late Civil War.

BY THE REV. M. SCHUYLER, D.D.

No. 3.

THIS life is full of contrasts, and in no position have I been more deeply impressed with this fact than at the bed-side of the sick in the hospitals. Oftentimes lying side by side would be two cases diametrically opposite to each other in respect to external circumstances of birth, education, mode of life, characteristic traits of character, and moral and spiritual status. One needed to be constantly on his guard for fear of running counter to prejudices, or stirring up antagonism, by peculiarity of manner or a careless remark. While, as I have said, there is a longing for sympathy in the heart of the sick man on his lonely couch, there is also a natural sensitiveness to the intrusion of a stranger; and as the visits of many were prompted by

mere curiosity, and often caused annoyance, it was always a delicate matter to approach the sick unasked. It was, therefore, my custom to visit those *first* who who had expressed a wish to see a clergyman, and then those who were most dangerously sick, and after that, when time allowed, such as by their look and manner seemed to invite it. And it is singular how soon one would learn to understand these telegraphic signals, when passing through crowded wards, where the sick were lying in rows, three or four deep. Rarely was I ever disappointed in finding a welcome, guided by this signal alone. There was, however, nothing of this mode of attraction in the case of which I now design to speak.

It was in marked contrast, too, in many

respects, with the one detailed in my last communication. There was nothing in the face of this young man to elicit any particular interest. He was about twenty-five years of age, with a stolid expression of face, and a manner indicating lack of refinement; and yet, beneath this unpromising exterior you could readily discern a soul full of generosity and of deep and tender affection. His story was a simple one. His parents were from among the laboring class, of whom he retained scarcely any recollection. He had been early thrown, as an orphan, upon the world, and had grown up without any attachments to place, and having no ties of kindred. He had led a roving life, going wherever inclination dictated, and remaining but a short time in any particular place.

When I asked him if there was any one to whom he wished me to write, he spoke of his late employer, a farmer in Ohio, for whom he cherished kind remembrances, and who might, perchance, take interest enough in him to invite him to his home for the brief remnant of his days. He was dying of quick consumption. He had been a faithful and industrious servant, and had left with the kindest wishes on the part of his employer, and the assurance of his continued confidence and interest in him. It was, therefore, with a hope, on my part, that he might receive a kind response to his request, that I wrote, stating his true condition, and that, in his orphanage, and in the prospect of the near approach of death, he had turned to his late home as the spot where he would choose to die and be buried. After waiting a proper time I wrote again, but no answer came. Whether the letters were never received, or whether there was no room in the farmer's heart for the charity that would open the doors of his comfortable home for the dying orphan, I know not. It was the only spot on earth to which the heart of that orphan turned for a home. It may be, if the letters were received, that force of circumstances, and

not the want of inclination, forbade a favorable response. And yet, a kind word, if nothing more, would have been like the plenteous shower upon the thirsty earth. Eagerly and anxiously did he look for such a word, and I strove to convince him, though often against my own convictions, that the letters had miscarried. For, alas! in this selfish world, such appeals often fall unheeded upon hearts preoccupied with thoughts alone of their own gratification; and should this have been so in the present case, and should this narrative reach the eye of him to whom that appeal was directed, let him know that the blessing of that orphan's grateful prayers would have been a richer compensation than all the selfish indulgences of this life.

From the fact that his parents had died when he was but a child, he had never received the advantages of early religious instruction, and was, at first, as ignorant of the Bible and of Christianity as if born in a heathen land. The ladies who daily visited the wards had enlisted his interest in religious things, and when I first saw him he was seeking in earnest to learn the way of salvation. He was as teachable as a child. The conviction of his condition as a sinner before God was inwrought in his very soul. He had no disposition to justify himself. He had grown up in utter forgetfulness of God, hardly knowing the existence of a Saviour, and without any appreciation of His blessed sacrifice on the Cross. "What was he to do?" "How was he to make amends for the past?" "How could he atone for his ingratitude and neglect?" These were the questions which filled his mind with the deepest anxiety.

To answer them, I told him of the Prodigal, and of his gracious reception when he came back to his father, with the confession, "Father, I have sinned."

I cannot tell how many times I have read this simple and touching story in the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, by the bedside of the earnest and inquiring sinner,

and God only knows in how many instances it has been the source of comfort and instruction. When I would answer inquiries like those to which I have referred, I have always found it to be the most satisfactory to take up the Bible and read this story, or, one after another, the many invitations of the Gospel, or some passage in our Saviour's life, or some one of the Penitential Psalms, accompanying the reading with the simplest, briefest commentary, and sometimes with no commentary at all. Nor was there any learned discussion necessary to convince them of the place of the blessed sacraments in the revealed plan of salvation. Often would they turn, before any suggestion of mine, to the comfort to be received through Holy Baptism "for the remission of sins," and to the Holy Eucharist, for spiritual strength and nourishment.

In the case of the young man of whom I am now speaking, his face would always brighten when I took up the Bible or the Prayer Book to read to him. I do not recollect whether *he* made the remark to me, but it was often made by others, that they found the Prayer Book full of instruction, and that many of the prayers seemed as if they were written expressly for them. They would turn down the leaves to particular places in which they had been most interested, so that they might talk about them to me when I came. And here let me say, that in all my experience in the hospitals, and while in them, I distributed several hundred copies of the Prayer Book; that I met with but *one* man, a Methodist, who declined to receive a copy; and he stated as his reason, that "he wanted his prayers

to come warm from the heart; he didn't want to read them in a book." There might have been, and undoubtedly there was, some such prejudice in the minds of many others; but a few days' reading sufficed to remove it, and it was no uncommon commentary on the part of many, that with the Prayer Book, they could read the Bible more understandingly. They never failed, when they recovered sufficiently to leave the hospital, to take their Prayer Books with them, and thus were these missionaries for the Church sown broadcast over the land. I remember one young man who always had one or more passages in the Bible marked for explanation, or some question to ask about the Prayer Book. He purchased a beautiful copy of the Bible with the first money he received from his pay in the hospital, and he went on reading and studying for months, until he was discharged. Wherever he goes, he will not be an idle Christian; and, possessed of more than ordinary intelligence, he will make his influence felt for good.

But to return to the orphan boy. His mind gradually became enlightened. Every day he seemed to have clearer views of the Gospel, and when I proposed to him to be baptized, he eagerly embraced the opportunity. He lived for some weeks after his baptism, to all human appearance ripening for Heaven, and at last calmly fell asleep in Jesus. He had, I trust, found a home where there are no fatherless children, and where the blessed promise is realized in all its fulness, "I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord God Almighty."

BEWARE of that fatal distinction between the man as a Christian and the man as a citizen—the man as a man of business—which has grown out of the misunderstanding of the principle laid down by our

Lord. Christian saint, Christian worshipper, Christian citizen, Christian merchant, Christian parent, be Christian wholly. Refuse to touch a thing which will not square with your Christian ideas and aims.

THE HERO I WOULD BE.

THE hero that I long to be,
In time and in eternity,
Is one I cannot paint in full,
His life it is so beautiful.

As yonder blue-lit mountains are,
His hopes and visions are afar;
And constant in pursuit of them,
He seeks the victor's diadem.

His brow is eager for the wreath,
His patient heart is strong beneath:
And though the darkness veil the light,
The prize is never lost to sight.

Far up in yonder bending sky,
The blessed guerdon fills the eye—
The eye of which never tires,
Fixed on the mount of pure desires.

No idle, aimless dreamer he,
Whose end is in mortality;
Through labor, in the strength of grace,
He only hopes to win the race.

He stays not for the tide of chance,
Both day and night he makes advance,
Content if something more and more
Of heavenly beauty he explore.

Forever heeding duty's call,
Which unto him is all in all,
He bears his part of toil and strife,
Along the troubled ways of life.

About his early chosen path,
Which from his Lord no windings hath;
He finds abundance which commands
The labor of his heart and hands.

Unlike the Levite and the Priest,
In that dear legend of the East;
Where'er he sees a bleeding man,
He gives him all the cheer he can.

He does not need to travel far,
The wounded all around him are;
And who to pass them by would dare,
When God appoints him service there?

Whate'er his one great purpose be,
All works of love therewith agree,
And make him ever brave and strong,
For conflicts that to life belong.

He fears no foes of earth or air,
Nor tempts he God's paternal care;
And courage which does not presume,
The joys of victory illumine.

To what he may be hindered in,
Grace comes at length from others' sin,
While space is found for tempered thought,
On what his heart and hands have wrought.

The power of circumstance may frown,
But has no weight to hold him down;
His strength of will breaks every chain,
And he is free and bold again.

What time experience fills her store,
His wisdom grows from more to more,
Till with a half-prophetic sight,
He views all things of earth aright.

Confiding not in erring sense,
He puts his faith in Providence,
Discerning something everywhere,
Which conquers and disarms despair.

He works in God, and God in him
(God's eye is clear, though his be dim),
And those hard words are understood,
"All things together work for good."

So beautifies he present time,
By all that makes a life sublime;
And finds both joy and sorrow wings,
On which to rise to higher things.

And looking forward to the day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
He feels within his breast the calm,
As of some holy, peaceful psalm.

Such is the hero I would be,
In time and in eternity;
And if I gain God's recognition,
I will not pine for more fruition.

Christian Education.

THE CHURCH AND HER CHILDREN.

An Essay read before the Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Association of New York, on Monday evening, June 5, 1871, by the Rev. Alfred B. Beach, D.D., Rector of St. Peter's Church, New York.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION: The cause in which we are engaged may be hindered, instead of helped, by our discussions, if we fail to have correct views as to the purpose and limit of such discussions. There are some things belonging to this subject which lie as foundation-stones, and must not be disturbed. Surely the object of this Association is not entertainment, but improvement; not to engage in a trial of experiments, but to build upon the solid ground of experience; not to strike out into new paths, but to pursue with a clearer vision and a firmer step the old.

Besides, if you will bear with me in this a moment longer; to be perfectly frank, I have not been able to remove from my mind an impression it has received from what has been spoken here, on some past occasions; that, probably through my own faultiness in setting them forth, my views upon the subject of Sunday-school instruction have been misunderstood. Believing them, as I certainly do, to be founded in truth, and feeling very desirous to have them clearly and correctly apprehended, it has finally seemed to me that I should gladly embrace this opportunity, which you have so generously given me, to place them fairly and fully before you. This I now propose to do, and I trust that I shall be able to make them acceptable to every one here present.

The particular subject upon which I am

to speak is this: "The aim of the Sunday-school teacher, and how it may best be attained." I will not separate the two parts of this subject, but consider it as a whole, confident that before I conclude it will be seen that both parts *have* received their due measure of consideration.

Now, as this is the Sunday School Association of the Protestant Episcopal Church, I begin by taking it for granted that you will all agree with me in this, viz., that in looking for the aim to which any of our efforts in Christian work are to be directed, and for methods that give the best promise of success, we are to be guided by the Church to which we belong, if it so be that she has furnished us with any instruction upon the points of our inquiry. Of course, it is in the power of any individual Christian, in any religious undertaking to which his zeal may lead him, to ignore the Church, and proceed independently of her authority and direction. But I am sure such presumption would find no countenance here; for, if there be any one in this world who has learned from his duties to be humble, and sensible of his need of help, it is the Sunday-school teacher. *We* few poor workers are gathered together here that we may derive from each other some little measure of aid and encouragement. How then can it be supposed that we will not receive with profoundest gratitude the counsel of those wiser and better ones who have labored before us in this cause, and left their words for our guidance?

It is not to be thought that provision for the religious instruction of children began in the Church with what is now known as the Sunday school, or that this method of

imparting instruction came in to supply a want for which no mode of supply had previously existed. When it is considered how large and important a part of every Christian community children have always constituted, he must have strange notions of the kingdom of Christ who can imagine that their spiritual needs have ever been for a moment overlooked. As matter of fact, we find the care of our own beloved Church nowhere bestowed more directly, or more largely, than upon the religious education and training of children. Although the evidence of this must be familiar to you all, yet I will ask you to look at it again, and to open your minds that they may be duly impressed with it; for I fear it is not as carefully noticed and thoroughly considered as it should be.

Turning, then, to the Prayer Book, we find it ordered in the rubric immediately preceding the office for the private baptism of children, that as soon as may be after birth, every child is to be *baptized*. This is always to be done publicly, in the church, excepting when need (as extreme illness) compels it to be done in the private house; and even then provision is made for bringing the child afterward, if it lives, to the church, that its baptism may be publicly certified, and the baptismal promises duly made in its name. Now, they who make those promises are solemnly charged in every case to "remember that it is their parts and duties to see that the child be taught, so soon as he shall be able to learn, what a solemn vow, promise, and profession he hath made by them;" "and," the Church continues, "that he may know these things the better, ye shall call upon him to hear sermons; and chiefly ye shall provide that he may learn the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and all other things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health." And again, at the conclusion of the service, the sponsors are enjoined in the following words: "Ye are to take care

that this child be brought to the bishop to be confirmed by him, so soon as he can say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and is sufficiently instructed in the other parts of the Church Catechism set forth for that purpose."

Here, as plainly and distinctly as possible, the Church has given direction concerning the religious instruction of the children admitted into her fold. She has not only—I would have you observe—ordered that they shall receive a pious education, but she has most solemnly charged certain persons to see that it be given; declared what it shall be; furnished the matter of it; and fixed the aim to be had in view throughout, until that aim is reached. They who are to care for the child's instruction are the sponsors. The subject matter to be taught is all indeed that a Christian ought to know to his soul's health, but, in particular, the *Catechism*, as containing those very truths which are essential. And the object of all this is to bring the child, so far as instruction in truth and duty can do so, to understand the nature, and to acknowledge and feel the binding obligation of the baptismal promises, and openly to assume them in the solemn rite of Confirmation.

But *who is to teach* the baptized child? We must observe that the sponsors are charged simply to see that *he is taught*—to provide that he *may learn*. They who present themselves as sureties for the child, and very properly are received as such, may themselves be incompetent to teach, or may be so situated that it will be impossible for them to give their personal attention to his religious education. The Church, therefore, does not require the sponsor to be himself the religious instructor, but to do the best he can to have instruction given. But *who is to give it?*

If we turn to the rubric at the end of the Catechism, we find the answer to this question in the following language: "The min-

ister of every parish shall diligently, upon Sundays and holy days, or on some other convenient occasion, openly, in the church, instruct or examine so many children of his parish, sent unto him, as he shall think convenient, in some part of this Catechism. And all fathers, mothers, masters, and mistresses, shall cause their children, servants, and apprentices, who have not learned their Catechism, to come to the church at the time appointed, and obediently to hear and to be ordered by the minister, until such time as they have learned all that is here appointed for them to learn. So soon as children are come to a competent age, and can say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and can answer to the other questions of this short Catechism, they shall be brought to the bishop."

If now, finally, we look at the preface in the Order of Confirmation, we read as follows: "To the end that confirmation may be ministered to the more edifying of such as shall receive it, the Church hath thought good to order that none shall be confirmed but such as can say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments; and can also answer to such other questions as in the short Catechism are contained; which order is very convenient to be observed; to the end that children, being now come to the years of discretion, and having learned what their godfathers and godmothers promised for them in baptism, may themselves, with their own mouth and consent, openly before the Church, ratify and confirm the same."

From all this, now, we cannot but see with what precise and abundant care the Church has provided for the religious instruction of children, and how distinctly she has pointed out the end to be had in view by all who undertake to impart such instruction.

But are ordained ministers alone to impart this instruction?

From what has been spoken, it does in-

deed appear that the Church holds the parish minister responsible for the performance of this duty, and makes it a principal part of his office. Sponsors, and parents, and all others whom it concerns, are to see to it that the young and ignorant under their care are put in the way of receiving religious knowledge; but it is the minister of the parish who is to be found in that way authoritatively speaking and ordering, so that this knowledge shall be given to them that need it. Certainly, therefore, no parish minister is ever at liberty to neglect this duty, or leave it to be performed entirely by others, or allow it to pass from under his own supervision and control. There is nothing, however, to forbid his calling to his aid in this important work whomsoever he will, and assigning to as many as he may choose their relative positions and parts for the prosecution of it. And, in truth, few, if any, parish ministers are so situated in these days as to render such assistance useless or unnecessary. It is but too certain that sponsors and parents are not faithful in the discharge of their obligations. Most sponsors, I fear, are thoughtless of what they are doing when they assume the responsibilities which are laid upon them at the time they stand as sureties in the baptism of infants. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that multitudes of baptized children are left to grow up without experiencing any of that care which has been pledged in their behalf. Hence it has become an important matter in almost every parish that some special provision be made for seeking neglected children, and bringing them under religious instruction; and the Sunday school is probably as good a provision as any for this purpose. This I take to be, at least in our Church, its office. Regarded as an instrumentality at the service of the parish minister, to assist him in the performance of his duty to the lambs of his flock, it is very useful. But there is no place for it, and it cannot be approved

as an independent organization. Its office cannot be separated from that of the appointed spiritual overseer. Never, then, can it be justified in departing from the system, and order, and aim which the Church has appointed for that overseer to follow. It has no authority to set aside established methods and act for itself. The Church, as we have seen, marks out a certain course to be pursued in this matter of the religious instruction of children, and very solemnly enjoins her ministers to follow it, and every minister has promised gladly and willingly to obey that injunction. "It appertaineth to the office of a deacon," says the bishop to the candidate for ordination, "in the Church where he shall be appointed to serve, to instruct the youth in the Catechism. Will you do this gladly and willingly?" The answer is, "I will so do, by the help of God." What right has the Sunday school, the very existence of which can be justified only by a reference to the need and desire of the parish minister to have its aid—what right has it to preserve an aim different from that which the Church has fixed, and to adopt for itself a system of religious training independently of her authority? It has no such right whatever, but it is to do—not, indeed, the mere will of the parish minister, but what the Church has ordered to be done by him, and which he plainly has a right to appoint others to assist him in doing. I am aware that the parish minister may fail to perceive and perform his duty as the Church has placed it before him. He may, if he can so far forget his calling, entirely neglect this great branch of the pastoral office, and leave the children of his parish to derive their knowledge of Christian faith and duty from a Sunday school in which he takes no personal interest, and over which he never attempts to exercise control. Still, the question before us turns not at all upon fidelity, or want of fidelity, on the part of the parish minister. It is not his judgment

that we are seeking, but the judgment of the Church, which is above us all.

But the question has been asked, Is nothing to be taught in the Sunday school but the Church Catechism? My own answer to that question is, As much more as you please, provided always it be approved by proper authority, and provided, also, the Catechism be thoroughly taught. There are many excellent books of instruction, explanatory of the Church Catechism, prepared with great care, and recommended by the written approval of our bishops. Of course, any of these can be used, and a variety will be found among them sufficient for all practical purposes. I dare say we might discover something that would be more interesting to children; and, if it were the object of the Sunday school to amuse and entertain, and give them a good time, undoubtedly there are sources of enjoyment for boys and girls richer than the Church Catechism. But the Sunday-school teacher has something else to consider, of far more importance than the giving of pleasure to his class. He has a very grave duty to perform; and, in my view of it, not the least part of that duty is to impress upon the minds of the children whom he is instructing, that in seeking to know what they are to believe and to do that they may be saved, and with reference to the whole subject of moral and religious obligations, the last thing they are to think of is their own gratification. Make your instruction as interesting and attractive as you can; but don't sacrifice the great concern of the child for the sake of having him enjoy himself in the Sunday school.

But why so strongly insist upon the Catechism? I answer, It is not I—it is the Church to which we belong that insists upon it. And she does so, undoubtedly, because this Catechism is a summary, easily learned and planted in the mind, of all the fundamental principles of Christian doctrine and duty. When it is remembered by the Sunday-school teacher, how little

time he has with the children of his class—one hour a week—it becomes a serious question, a question which every thoughtful person will anxiously consider, how that little hour can be employed to the best advantage. You can easily spend it in teaching Bible stories, Scripture history, Church history, Collects, hymns, all good, all more or less useful, but, as I contend, not so good, not so useful, as those things which are necessary to be known and believed, that the soul may be saved. Besides, what is the Catechism but the very essence, so to speak, of the Bible? I must say that I have been astonished to hear expression given to an idea that the Church Catechism is a book of instruction in truths and principles separate and distinct from the teaching of the Bible. Why! it is the very opposite of this. It is the very epitome, the complete compendium of all in Holy Scripture that man needs for his salvation. In teaching the Catechism we are giving the very marrow of the Sacred Volume itself. And here a word or two, if you will permit, upon the subject of Bible-teaching.

Whatever may be the sentiment or practice among other bodies of Christians, it certainly is the mind of our Church that no man shall be permitted to expound Holy Scripture for the instruction of others until he has been qualified to do so by passing through a certain specified course of study. This, to be sure, may be supposed to refer exclusively to those who are to minister as pastors and teachers of grown-up men and women; and undoubtedly there are many engaged in Sunday schools who would shrink aghast from the idea of putting themselves in the pulpit on the Lord's Day, who yet are not troubled at all by any doubt as to their ability to interpret Scripture for children. But why this distinction between children and adults in this matter? Of the two, I would say that our care to avoid error, and deliver the exact truth, should, for obvious reasons,

be greater when we are teaching children than when we are teaching adults. The adult is able to think, and examine, and judge for himself—his knowledge and experience have taught him to be cautious how he receives what he hears. But the child trusts and implicitly believes you, and a false doctrine, or an erroneous principle from your lips, goes at once to find an abiding place in his mind, from which it will be very difficult indeed ever to remove it.

It was well argued and clearly shown in a former essay before this Association that a knowledge of the original language in which the Scriptures were written is quite necessary to a proper qualification for teaching those Scriptures. Both the argument and the conclusion were warmly approved by the Association, as they deserved to be; and I certainly supposed that this would be recognized by all as constituting a substantial and sufficient reason for accepting, gladly and thankfully, the instruction which the Church has provided, and for confining our efforts as Sunday-school teachers principally to imparting that. Whether it has been viewed in this light or not, this certainly is its exact significance; and I should be more than surprised if, among a body of intelligent teachers, probably not one of whom understands, or proposes to go into the study of, Greek or Hebrew, this very forcible reasoning made no impression. And yet, when once the great fundamentals of Christianity, as the Church has collected and set them forth, have been implanted in the mind of both teacher and scholar, I see no reason why the Bible should not be taught even by those who are not familiar with the ancient languages. I believe that a knowledge of those fundamental truths will serve as a key to open much that would otherwise be locked in obscurity, and as a guide to the true meaning of many a passage, the right import of which, without this knowledge, would not be found. Most

unquestionably every portion of Holy Scripture is "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." At the same time there are things in it "hard to be understood," and a great deal not absolutely necessary to salvation.

The question is whether we will deem it wisest and best to avail ourselves of the learning and wisdom of the Church, and lay hold of that which she has declared to be essential truth, and take it as our guide, or trust to our own knowledge, and run the risk of propagating error. Is there any one here prepared to say that errors have not been propagated by Sunday schools? For myself, I believe they have been very fruitful sources of error. I believe that they are always to be feared as such where they ignore the authority and depart from the order of the Church. I believe that this country of ours is full of terrible misconceptions regarding the Christian religion, which, if they could be traced back, would be found to have had their origin in the Sunday school. And this is another, and by no means the least among the many reasons, why I insist upon making the Catechism the great text-book for teachers and children in the Church to which it is our privilege to belong.

But it is time that I brought these re-

marks to a close. If I have presented my views as clearly as I desired, you cannot have failed to perceive that both parts of my subject have been considered. The aim of the Sunday-school teacher is, working under the direction of the parish minister as an assistant, to prepare the baptized child for confirmation—viewing confirmation not as a mere rite or ceremony, but as that solemn and momentous ordinance in which the individual is personally, of his own will and consent, to acknowledge the obligation of his baptismal promises. To prepare a child for this is no light task; for, be we very sure that no one is prepared for this till there has been given a full knowledge of what it is to be a Christian—a clear understanding of the covenant of redemption and of the conditions of final pardon and salvation.

The best and surest way of attaining this end is to follow the path which the Church has marked out, and faithfully employ her appointed methods. And still wide is the field left open for our discussion of ways for using and applying those methods, and making them most effectual in the great and blessed work in which it is our privilege to have part, that we may do something in this sinful world for the benefit of souls and the glory of our God and Saviour.—*The Church Journal.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AT WORK.

THE SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Collect.—What do we pray the grace of God may do? "Prevent and follow us."

When? "Always."

For what purpose? "To make us continually to be given to all good works."

Through whom do we obtain grace? and through whom are good works acceptable to God? "Through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Phil. ii. 13; Titus, ii. 11, 12.

What do we need to prevent and follow us? "The grace of God."

What shall we then be given to? "Good works."

What good works? "All good works."

When shall we then be given to them? "Continually."

Through whom? "Through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The Epistle.—Eph. iv. 1-6.—How are the Ephesians exhorted to walk worthy of the vocation where-with they were called? "With all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

How is the doctrine of spiritual unity laid down? "There is one body and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all."

The Gospel.—Luke, xiv. 1-11.—When Jesus "went into the house of one of the chief Pharisees to eat bread on the Sabbath day," and they watched Him there, how did He act? "Behold, there was a certain man before him which had the dropsy. And Jesus answering, spake unto the lawyers and Pharisees, saying, Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day? And they held their peace. And He took him, and healed him, and let him go."

What effect had the question which He next put to them, "Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fallen into a pit, and will not straightway pull him out on the Sabbath day?" "They could not answer Him again to these things."

What general instruction is conveyed in the parable which our Lord put forth "to those who were bidden when He marked how they chose out the chief rooms?" "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

THE EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Collect.—What do we pray the Lord would grant His people? "Grace."

For what purpose? "To withstand temptation."

From whom does temptation come? "From the world, the flesh, and the devil."

What does St. John say of worldly lusts? Answer by quoting I. John, ii. 16, 17.

What hearts and minds does the grace of God produce? "Pure hearts and minds."

Whom will grace lead us to follow? "The only God."

Through whom? "Through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Illustrate this from Scripture. Answer, II. Cor. xii. 9; Eph. vi. 10.

What purifies the heart? "Grace."

Explain the word "grace." "The favor and help of God."

What is the meaning of the word "flesh"? "Our sinful nature."

Who is the only God? "The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit."

The Gospel.—Matt. xxii. 34-46.—When the Pharisees had heard that Jesus had put the Sadducees to silence, what question did they propound to Him?

"Master, which is the great commandment in the law?"

How was this subtle question met? "Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

What question did our Lord then ask of them, and what did they reply? "While the Pharisees were gathered together, Jesus asked them, saying, What think ye of Christ? whose son is He? They say unto Him, The son of David."

How did Jesus answer this? "He saith unto them, How then doth David in spirit call Him Lord, saying, The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit Thou on My right hand, till I make Thine enemies Thy footstool? If David then call Him Lord, how is He his son?"

What effect had these questions? "No man was able to answer him a word, neither durst any man from that day forth ask Him any more questions."

THE NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Collect.—What are we not able to do without God? "We are not able to please Him."

What, then, do we pray for? "His Holy Spirit." For what purpose? "To direct and rule our hearts."

In what? "In all things."

Through whom? "Through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Rom. viii. 8, 9.

What do we need to enable us to please God? "To have our hearts directed and ruled."

Who alone can do this? "The Holy Spirit."

How are we to obtain the Holy Spirit? "By prayer."

How may we expect our prayer to be heard? "Through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The Epistle.—Eph. iv. 17-32.—How does St. Paul exhort his Ephesian converts to continue in the faith? "This I say, therefore, and testify in the Lord, that ye henceforth walk not as other Gentiles walk, in the vanity of their mind. Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart."

What does St. Paul state as an argument why they should depart from the sins of the Gentiles? "Ye have not so learned Christ; if so be that ye have heard Him, and have been taught by Him as the truth is in Jesus."

After exhorting his converts to speak the truth one with another, to give no "place to the devil" by the indulgence of angry passions, to be honest, and to be diligent in providing for their own necessities, and for those of others, how does the Apostle speak of the government of the tongue? "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers. And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."

Upon what plea does he exhort them to be "kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another?" "Even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

The Gospel.—Matt. ix. 1-8.—What miracle did Jesus perform in His own city? "Behold, they brought to him a man sick of the palsy, lying on a bed: and Jesus seeing their faith, said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee."

How did the Scribes notice this? "Certain of the Scribes said within themselves, This man blasphemeth."

How did Jesus reply to their thoughts? "Jesus knowing their thoughts, said, Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts? For whether is easier to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (then saith he to the sick of the palsy), Arise, take up thy bed, and go into thine house. And he arose, and departed to his house."

How did this affect the multitude? "When the multitude saw it they marvelled, and glorified God, which had given such power unto men."

THE TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Collect.—What is God called in this Collect? "Almighty and most merciful."

What do we beseech Him to do? "Of His bounteous goodness to keep us."

From what? "From all things that may hurt us."

For what purpose? "That we may accomplish those things which He would have done."

In what manner do we pray that we may accomplish them? "Cheerfully."

How do we pray that we may be ready? "Both in body and soul."

Through whom do we pray? "Through Jesus Christ our Lord."—I. Thess. v. 23, 24.

The Gospel.—Matt. xxii. 1-14.—In the parable of the marriage supper, who are meant by those who were first bidden? "The Jews."

How are they represented as making light of it? "They made light of it, and went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise: and the remnant took his servants, and treated them spitefully, and slew them."

How is the consequent destruction of Jerusalem and of the Jews, as a nation, foretold? "When the king heard thereof he was wroth; and he sent forth his armies, and destroyed those murderers, and burned up their city."

Repeat the two next verses. "Then saith he to his servants, The wedding is ready, but they which were bidden were not worthy. Go ye therefore into the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage."

Explain this by a passage from the Acts of the Apostles. (xiii. 46.) "Then Paul and Barnabas waxed bold, and said, It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you: but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles."

What part of this parable points out that among the Gentiles also would be found those who are unworthy to partake of the marriage supper of the Lamb? "When the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment: and he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless. Then said the king to the servants, Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. For many are called, but few are chosen."*

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Collect.—What do we beseech the merciful Lord to grant? "Pardon and peace."

To whom? "To His faithful people."

For what purpose? "That they may be cleansed from all their sins."

And for what other purpose? "That they may serve Him."

In what manner? "With a quiet mind."

Through whom? "Through Jesus Christ our Lord."—II. Thes. iii. 16; I. John, i. 9.

The Epistle.—Eph. vi. 10-20.—How does St. Paul teach us where our true strength lies? "Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil."

* See the Gospel for Septuagesima Sunday.

How is our spiritual conflict described? "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

How are we exhorted to "put on the whole armour of God." "Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

How is this armor to be kept always ready for service? "By praying always with all prayer and supplication in the spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints."

What prayer does the Apostle suggest for himself? "For me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the Gospel. For which I am an ambassador in bonds; that therein I may speak boldly, as I ought to speak."

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S MONTHLY LECTURE ON THE CATECHISM.

LECTURE III.

The Benefits of Christian Baptism.

By baptism you are born of God, born again, and so you are children of God. There are three ways by which we are made children of God: by creation, by adoption, and by regeneration. The sacrament of baptism is the sacrament of regeneration. By baptism you are made members of Christ. The Church is His body; Christ is the head, and baptized persons are His members. You are made members of Christ by adoption, as a child is adopted into a family where it is not born, or by baptism being grafted into Christ, as a scion is grafted into a tree. The third privilege of baptism is the being made an inheritor of the kingdom of God. That is, you are made partakers of the blessings and the happiness which God gives to His regenerated, or baptized children; which are pardon of our sins, holiness of life, and at last admission into

heaven. All these blessings are promised by God to properly-baptized persons who continue faithful; but no such promises are made to persons who are not baptized; they put themselves out of Christ's protection, they lose the privilege of Christ's kingdom and Church, and are left to their own ways.

We will now speak to you on the promise in baptism.

The words "promise and vow" mean an engagement, pledge, or covenant made by your sponsors to God for you. That promise includes three things, and things of the greatest importance to your souls.

First, that you "renounce the devil." The devil is a fallen angel and the father of all sin and wickedness, and he is the chief enemy of your souls. You are to "renounce" him, that is, to resist him, stand up against his temptations, and to fight against him and his works.

The "works" of the devil take in three things, which are, "poms," "vanities" and "lusts," or pleasure, wealth, and pride. The devil tempts us with the poms and vanities of this world when he suggests to us a love for pleasure, pride in ourselves, love of fine clothes, esteeming ourselves better than others; when he fills us with envy, malice, and falsehood. You must resist all pleasure that is sinful in itself, or that leads to sin. The lusts of the flesh are our sensual or bodily appetites, which if we do not renounce will lead us to spiritual and eternal death. We must then, if we would be holy in this life and happy in the life to come, keep our bodies in temperance, soberness, and chastity.

In how many ways may we be children of God?
—Rom. viii. 15.

What is the sacrament of baptism called?—Tit. iii. 5.

What is the body, and who the members of which it is the head?—Eph. v. 25-30.

What is the third privilege of baptism?—Rom. viii. 17.

To whom are the promises of God made?—Rom. vi. 3-7.

Are any promises made to unbaptized persons?

What did your sponsors, etc.?

What are you to renounce? Explain "renounce," and illustrate.—II. Cor. iv. 2.

What is the devil?—II. Cor. iv. 4.

Name some of the works of the devil. Deceiver—Rev. xx. 10; Liar—John, viii. 44; Murderer—John, viii. 44.

If we would be holy and happy, what must we do? James, iv. 7.

How must we keep our bodies?

WORD STUDY FOR THE MONTH.

Explain the words: Validity; Unity; Transgression; Tradition; Temporal; Eternal; Synod; Synagogue; Symbolical; Sacred; Sacrifice; Religion; Remission; Respond; Sponsor; Primitive; Offering; Oblation; Patriarch; Penitent; Repentance; Positivity.

FRANKLIN AND WHITEFIELD.—It was not only the ignorant and excitable that yielded to the extraordinary fascination of Whitefield's oratory. No shrewder listener ever stood before him than the celebrated Benjamin Franklin; and how little he was able to resist the charm is shown by the amusing story which he tells of himself. Whitefield had consulted Franklin about the locality of his proposed orphan house, but had refused to act on his advice; and the refusal had determined Franklin not to subscribe.

"I happened soon after," says Franklin, "to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give him the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all."

If any one could have resisted the spell, one would have thought it must have been Chesterfield; yet even of him it is related that on one occasion, when Whitefield was describing a blind man groping his way unawares toward a precipice, till he stumbled on the edge in the act of taking the last fatal step over, the peer could not help

springing forward in an agony from his seat, exclaiming "Good God! he is gone!"—*J. P. Gladstone.*

FOOTPRINTS OF THE CREATOR.—A French infidel, a man of some learning, was crossing a desert in Africa, called the Great Sahara, in company with an Arab guide. He noticed, with a sneer, that at certain times the guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and kneeling on the burning sands, called on his God. Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed to do this; till at last, one evening, when he arose from his knees, the would-be philosopher asked him, with a contemptuous smile,—

"How do you know there is a God?"

The guide fixed his eye on the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then said, solemnly: "How do I know that a man, and not a camel, passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his feet in the sand? Even so," said he, pointing to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert, "*that* footprint is not of man."

MRS. KING, of Adrian, Mich., has a baptismal robe, composed of linen and lace, and richly embroidered, which is over two hundred years old, and has been used by five generations: first at the baptism of her great grandmother, and last at that of an infant, about two years ago.

Reviews and Essays.

WILLIAM COWPER.

BY THE REV. W. B. MUSGRAVE.

WILLIAM COWPER, the refined, gentle, amiably selfish, melancholy, and truly Christian poet, has been lately brought again into notice by the republication of his works in the "Globe" edition of the English Poets, with a biographical sketch, and more recently still, by the appearance in *Blackwood's Magazine* of a most able and interesting paper on "William Cowper," the first of a projected series entitled "A Century of Great Poets." This brilliant essay is now lying before us, and we shall make ample appropriation from it in aid of the slight outline we propose to draw of the life and character of this pre-eminently Christian poet; for we mean to speak of the *man* only without attempting any criticism of his poetry, of which, however, we may remark that while some readers, whose judgment is by no means to be despised, pronounce it to be little more than measured prose; others, on the contrary, have not hesitated to elevate the poet to the rank of a distinguished and original genius.

William Cowper was born at the Rectory of Great Berkhamstead, of which his father, John Cowper, D.D., was incumbent, on the 26th of November, 1731. He lost his mother while yet in very early childhood, a loss which he sadly commemorates not many years before his death in those exquisitely beautiful and pathetic lines, "On the receipt of my Mother's Picture out of Norfolk." A frail, delicate, and sensitive boy, he was pitilessly sent away from home by his reverend surviving parent, who, before very long, succeeded in filling the vacant place of his departed

wife by another, and consigned to the tender mercies of a boarding-school, "tender mercies" which, like those of "the wicked," our poor little poet in embryo found to be "cruel" indeed, and in the extreme. We know little of the pedagogue to whose care the shy, sickly orphan child was nominally intrusted, but we do know that in accordance with the abominable system of fagging, which is supposed to discipline young English Christians, he was compelled to submit to the insults and ill-usage of a muscular fellow-pupil of fifteen, until at length the little, helpless fellow's wrongs came to light, and his persecutor was ignominiously banished from school. It was no doubt the bitter recollection of those miserable days which in after times prompted the poet to utter the lines:

"The rude will scuffle through with ease enough;
Great schools suit best the sturdy and the rough."

He did not long remain in the school in which his first experiences had been so unkindly felt. A disorder in his eyes compelled his father to transfer him to the care of a London oculist, under whose charge he continued two years, and in whose house he enjoyed kind and tender treatment. Thence he passed to Westminster School.

Cowper gives a very gloomy account of his school days in his letters to his friends; letters, we may observe, universally allowed to be among the very best and most readable ever penned by ancient or modern epistolizers. We might, by taking for literal truth what he has to say upon that subject, imagine him to have been a loathsome little exemplar of total depravity in

his school-boy days, and deservedly as wretched as he was guilty. But dark shadows had passed over the gentle poet's life when he penned those strange, sombre descriptions of his early years, the shadows of madness, and what we unfortunately call "religious melancholy," the abiding effects of a disordered intellect,—and we must make allowances. The religious guidance to which he had submitted himself had worked damage to a mind already disposed to take dark and desponding views of whatever related to his own spiritual state and prospects, and to exaggerate, even to absurdity, his own spiritual imperfections. One ought not then to be surprised at reading what Cowper, the melancholy Calvinist, in his mature age, writes about his irreligiousness, his want of contrition, and his general depravity when a school-boy. Other people, who are destitute of the poor poet's plea for his extravagant and unreasonable assertions with regard to his youthful criminality, have written and talked just as wildly and absurdly about their own unregenerate childhood, and that of other people of God. It is sensibly observed by the writer in *Blackwood* that in all the representations which Cowper gives of his childhood there is a very evident self-delusion, and that the boy, however gloomily portrayed by the man, was in truth neither very wicked nor very unhappy. "Nearly all Cowper's recollections of his school-days," remarks one of his numerous biographers, "appear to have been painful ones." But in all likelihood, he was just about as naughty and as unhappy as boys at school usually are; he was no prodigy of early piety, but a little monster of iniquity. Such as his letters make him, he as certainly was not. And although it is very plain from his poem called "Tirocinium," that he disliked the school system, passages of the same poem make it equally plain that the guilt and misery which he says characterized his school days are but spectacles of his diseased and melancholy imagi-

nation. Cowper's early religious training had been scanty and insufficient, no doubt, parson's child as he was; but in his poetry he can nevertheless speak of his "innocent, sweet, simple years."

He left Westminster at eighteen, and, at his father's desire, who wished his son to be eminent in a profession in which several members of the family had already distinguished themselves, entered the office of a Mr. Chapman, a London solicitor, where he remained three years. Gloomy years they were, according to the account which the gentle-hearted Calvinist afterward gave of them; but if we may believe the writer quoted a few lines above, himself evidently a disciple of the same religious school which claims Cowper for its own, the period is one "to which the biographer of Cowper must look back with peculiar pleasure, as one of the brightest eras of his sad and strangely chequered life." The young student, with his friend Thurlow, the future Lord Chancellor, spent all his leisure time at the pleasant home of his father's brother, where there were the usual amusements and recreations of a gentleman's house, and also agreeable female cousins, with one of whom, Theodora, he fell in love, and had the happiness of knowing that his affection was warmly returned. Poor Cowper, in the decline of life, had conceived the idea that he was one of the unhappy ones preordained by the Deity to eternal rejection, and with such a prospect before him, it is in no way strange that he should have fancied his whole life to have been one uniform consistent *scheme* of wrong-doing and suffering. To quote from the writer in *Blackwood*, "the house in Southampton Row, it is evident, more than counteracted the irksomeness of the attorney's office." "Evident," from a well-known letter written to Lady Hesketh, one of the fair cousins, sister to the object of his affections, and one of the best and dearest friends the poet ever had. Cowper appears always to have spoken most truthfully of himself when he

could banish from his mind all reflections upon his spiritual state and eternal prospects, and one is almost provoked to anger, sometimes, at this pure, pious man's persistence in the gloomy conviction that he was a helpless object of the Divine displeasure, destined to be shut out forever from the joys of paradise.

His apprenticeship to Mr. Chapman being ended, our poet entered the Inner Temple, where he resided twelve years, a long period, "spent," as he says, "in an uninterrupted course of sinful indulgence;" a rough mode of describing a sufficiently careless, idle life. Idle, Cowper undoubtedly was; he was not obliged to work for his living, and his future maintenance was secure; there being no necessity for exertion, he made none; for of ambition no trace can be discovered in his mental composition. "He was free to dally upon the primrose paths, and he did so." That he was sincerely attached to his fair cousin there can be no question, and if circumstances had not prevented the step, he would have married the faithful Theodora; for constant and faithful she remained to him through life; but his love was not strong enough to conquer his idleness, and induce him to work, when steady work might have been his salvation. His descriptions of himself and his mental condition, while a student in the Temple, are of a piece with his former self-representations, and are to be taken, like them, with much allowance. The letters written by him during the period of his residence in chambers show that he lived very much as an average young man similarly circumstanced would live, and enjoyed himself, upon the whole, tolerably well, although in his *religious* correspondence (we do not much like the term, but know of no better one) he speaks of having been "struck with dejection of spirit," of having "lain down in horror and risen up in despair." He made some contributions to literature, both in poetry and prose, during this period, and

enjoyed the society of literary friends. He also engaged in classical pursuits, just deeply enough to interest and amuse him, without rendering any great expenditure of mental energy necessary.

This smooth and gentle course of life, however, suffered a terrible check, and that sad misfortune (the greatest of all human miseries) befel him which, in the estimation of every charitable judge, excuses and atones for short-comings and defects far greater than any of which Cowper was ever accused. Several vacant clerkships in the House of Lords were offered him by his cousin, Major Cowper, who had them at his disposal. The bare notion of being obliged to show himself in public was horrible to this absurdly bashful and timid young man, and after a week of agitation he concluded to qualify himself as well as he could for the appointment of clerk of the Journals, the duties of which he understood were strictly private. He began the process of preparation, and went on successfully for a while; but, alas! poor Cowper was informed that the new placeman must make one public appearance at the bar of the House. The effects of this announcement on the nervous system of the unfortunate poet were deplorable. The prospect of being obliged to make himself the observed of a crowd of unsympathizing observers so wrought upon his diseased imagination, that in his wild despair he more than once attempted suicide to escape the horrible necessity. He had gone mad under the pressure of difficulties which a man of ordinary strength of mind would have laughed at. Fanciful as his sufferings were, they proved terribly real to him, and ended in the first paroxysm of that cruel mental malady which blighted all his after life.

This first attack lasted about a twelvemonth; he himself attributes his recovery to a sudden conversion from spiritual darkness to the light of the Gospel; but in Cowper's days insanity was viewed less as a *bodily disease* than it is in our own time,

and more as a direct visitation of Providence. He was for two years under the charge of Dr. Cotten, a physician of St. Albans, a man of great prudence and professional skill, and equally distinguished for humanity and benevolence, and at the end of that time he retired to Huntingdon, where he became acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Unwin, of whose family he by and by became a member, leading a quiet life of almost monastic regularity, whose very monotony would have been maddening to some dispositions, although to the saddened, heart-weary poet, it seemed like the life of heaven upon earth. There were some interruptions in the dead level of existence. The worthy clergyman's son, who was himself in holy orders, obtained a living and left the little evangelical community, his daughter married and also departed, and at length the daily routine of Huntingdon was rudely disturbed by the death of Mr. Unwin, in consequence of a fall from his horse. His widow and Cowper were the sole surviving members of the family, and the anomalous union between them—a union of friendship and mutual dependence only, for there is no evidence of the existence of any tenderer feeling between this strange pair—lasted until Mrs. Unwin's death. They did not long remain in Huntingdon, however. An acquaintance formed with the Rev. John Newton, then curate of Olney, led to their removal to that parish, in order to enjoy the privileges of his pastoral ministrations, privileges somewhat doubtful, to say the least, all things being considered.

For, to use the language of the writer in *Blackwood*, Mr. Newton, undoubtedly a sincerely religious and well-meaning man, "was one of the greatest apostles of that new gospel of self-examination which a real Christian impulse had tacked to the real Gospel, and which a great many simple folk received without doubt as a revelation from Heaven." Mr. Newton's influence over Cowper and Mrs. Unwin was great, and, we

fear, was used, at all events in Cowper's case—(one which assuredly required much more careful and delicate spiritual manipulation than Newton was capable of executing)—with much greater zeal than discretion. Cowper, in his then existing mental state, needed cheerful society, moderate and regular exercise, stated employment, sufficient to occupy his mind without fatiguing or exciting it; but *self-introspection*, such as that which his spiritual adviser (we had nearly said confessor) prescribed, was one of the last occupations which any judicious counsellor would have recommended to one in his feeble and critical state of mental health. Cowper needed to be drawn out of himself; self-observation was what he was naturally only too much inclined to. The language of some of his hymns, *e.g.*, that of an exceedingly unsatisfactory composition sung in many churches, commencing,

"Lord, my God, I long to know,"

is a striking proof of what we are saying. Cowper was not a mere self-contemplator, however, nor did Newton intend his spiritual patient to devote himself wholly to idle, useless reflection upon his own religious condition; he allotted him work in the parish among the poor, the sick, the ignorant, and the afflicted, in which Cowper felt a deep concern, and which he faithfully performed.

But this life, passed in what was meant to be the fulfilment of the sublimest type of Christian duty, has been described as a "time of ripening misery." He was gradually withdrawing himself from the influences of nature, in which he was of himself disposed to delight, from intercourse with his friends, and with the world in general outside of Olney, and the pious monotony of Newton's parish ended in a second paroxysm of madness, which lasted four years, and during which he was faithfully and affectionately tended by Mrs. Unwin. It was at this time that he became pos-

sessed by the dreadful conviction that the Almighty had preordained him to eternal destruction, and this horrible idea seems never afterward to have left him.

When he began to come to himself again, he devoted himself to innocent out-door amusements, built a green-house, worked with carpenter's tools, tamed and petted hares, etc., like a school-boy. At the end of the year 1779, Mr. Newton left Olney, and Cowper was bereft of his religious counsel and guidance, but the poor poet's religion seems to have been a curse rather than a blessing to him. In him, certainly, joy was not one of the fruits of the spirit, and candor compels the confession that the poet's brightest days followed the departure of his friend to another sphere of pastoral labor. A letter, written to one of his lady correspondents, pleasantly describes some of the occupations in which his disordered, diseased mind and spirit found health and repose.

But gardening, carpenter work, and sketching did not make up the sum of Cowper's employments. His friend and benefactress, Mrs. Unwin, persuaded him to resume the pen which he had thrown aside so long, and to attempt greater things by it than he had ever yet accomplished, and in the course of a few months he had finished the composition of several poems, or rather essays in verse, all of a moral and religious character and design; these were "The Progress of Error," "Truth," "Hope," "Retirement," and "Conversation," and made up his first published volume, which was issued about the end of the year 1781. But in the interval between the completion and publication of the poems, an event took place which not only materially influenced his future literary career, but produced a marked effect upon his life; it must be acknowledged that the story does not display Cowper's character in a wholly favorable light.

We are alluding to the poet's acquaintance with Lady Austen, which began in

the summer of the year 1781, when this brilliant and amiable lady was visiting her sister, Mrs. Jones, the wife of a clergyman residing near the dull and prosy village of Olney. The two ladies having called at a shop opposite Mrs. Unwin's home, were noticed by our poet, who was so struck by the appearance of the fair stranger that at his request Mrs. Unwin invited them both to her house. The acquaintance thus formed between Lady Austen and the poet soon ripened into an intimacy which took the form of a pseudo-fraternal attachment, a species of affection which is tolerably certain to result either in a down-right love affair, or in a gradual dissolution of intercourse, the fire dying out for want of fuel. In the case of Cowper and his fair "Sister Ann," the latter was the result. The friendship between them was, to use a common phrase, "too violent to last," and the brief space of three years limited the existence of an intimacy begun under auspices so favorable. Cowper's own brief accounts of the breaking off of this tender intercourse have a cold, indifferent, self-satisfied air, which to an unprejudiced reader must be intolerably disagreeable, especially when he compares with them the glowing language in which Cowper again and again speaks of his charming friend in letters written during the continuance of their intimacy. He owed much, very much, to her. She inspired his best literary efforts (and Cowper seems always to have needed some external influence to make him work), and the few years during which he enjoyed her friendship and basked in the warm, cheerful light which this radiant woman ever shed around her, were among the happiest he had known. But Cowper chose to be happy in his own way, and because the woman who had given so much to him seemed to require an undue allowance of his time and attention, he allowed her to pass out of his life and went back into his old sunless monotony, as soon as he had finished the composition of his

greatest work, "The Task," the design of which first occurred to him in consequence of a playful remark of Lady Austen.

But the place left vacant by his alienated "Sister Ann" did not long remain empty. His cousin, Lady Hesketh, reappeared upon the scene. After a long period of silence between them, she one day wrote to him in terms which encouraged the poet to throw himself upon her kindness; pecuniary help (Cowper had all this time been dependent upon his family for support) was freely and generously offered and accepted without hesitation; the correspondence was continued, and through Lady Hesketh's kind offices he was again brought into intercourse with other members of his family. His literary labors were not intermitted. Shortly after the completion of the "Tirocinium," in which he inveighs so sharply against the system of public education then popular, and which was published in connection with the "Task," he undertook his translations from Homer.

But here Mr. John Newton disagreeably interposed himself. Cowper's relations not being among those whom Newton thought right to consider fit associates for a godly-minded person, his spiritual adviser, with whom he had continued regularly to correspond, wrote to him expressing his fears that the society of these worldly-minded people would do him harm. He saw fit also to condemn the work he had in hand, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* being heathenish poems, and therefore beneath the notice of a Christian poet. Cowper replied, but in gentle terms, not resenting the interference, but not promising to give up either Homer or his friends. After a time the poet and his faithful Mary Unwin, from whom he had never been severed, were rescued from Olney, its fogs and fevers, and from the house in which, as he writes to Newton, he "sat sometimes for months over a cellar filled with water," and which, when he revisited it after his removal, he describes as suggesting to him the image of a God-for-

saken soul. Kind Lady Hesketh rented for the lonely pair a pleasant, airy house in the neighboring village of Weston, and there accordingly they took up their abode. Cowper wrote to Newton, giving him an account of his cheerful new home and surroundings; but such material and transitory considerations were of importance too trifling to deserve his pious pastor's regard, and instead of replying with kind congratulations upon his happy change of residence, as common sense would have dictated, we are amazed by reading of letters from Newton to poor, old, Mrs. Unwin, in which this injudicious clergyman accused both her and her afflicted charge of spiritual declension, of leading a life at variance with the principles of the Gospel, of taking pleasure in things and people of the world, and of other imaginary delinquencies, expressing cruel doubts as to the restoration of the unhappy poet to Christian privileges. Instead of roundly asserting his right to judge for himself as to the propriety and expediency of his own conduct, the persecuted Cowper condescends to defences and explanations. It is pleasing to know, however, that for a while things went on well with the poet in his new home. Many bright hours were spent at Weston, and some of the most interesting of his cheerful and highly amusing letters (cheerful and amusing we mean, of course, when they were not concerned with his own religious state and spiritual prospects) were written amid its pleasant scenes. In the spring of the year 1787, he suffered from a severe attack of his mental disorder, and for some months was wholly unfitted either for literary work or for social intercourse; but from this melancholy condition he suddenly recovered, and recommenced that holy and agreeable course of life which had been so harshly broken in upon. Lady Hesketh visited him repeatedly, and he made several new acquaintances from whom he derived much pleasure. Little now remains to be told. His recovery to health

and cheerfulness did not last long. After a few years of literary labor, letter-writing, and social enjoyment, the clouds again gathered over his head. His kind and skilful attendant, constant companion, and unfailing friend, Mrs. Unwin, to whom one of the last and best of his minor poems was inscribed, began to sink under the weight of years and infirmities, "and when helplessness fell upon Mary Unwin, Cowper's days of possible comfort had come to an end." But his friends were faithful, and Lady Hesketh undertook the guardianship both of him and his now aged and helpless Mary. Then another friend, in hope that a change of air and scene might be serviceable to the happy pair,—one sink-

ing into the melancholy from which he was never to be aroused, the other palsied and imbecile,—removed them from Weston. But all to no purpose. Mrs. Unwin died, and in less than four years poor William Cowper, at the age of sixty-eight, laid down the burden of life. Sad years they were, cheered but by few rays of Christian hope. His last poem, the "Castaway," founded upon an incident related in the story of Anson's Voyage, portrays his own condition, as one whose hopes for eternity had been wrecked and utterly ruined. But surely we may believe that this afflicted despairing servant of God found beyond the tomb the peace so mysteriously denied him here.

PALESTINE AND THE ERA OF THE INCARNATION.

BY THE REV. DR. PENDLETON.

II.

THE singular *relative position* of their appointed home was, if possible, even more important in determining the character and destiny of the chosen people than its diminutive extent and special peculiarities. In the position of the Holy Land there are two distinct classes of facts, each of which distinguished it from other centres of civilization, and exerted a mighty influence toward the formation of that unique character which has, throughout their career, clung to the descendants of Jacob and countrymen of Moses, David, and St. Paul. These circumstances are, the marked *isolation* of Palestine, and its *centrality* with respect to the chief seats of early cultivation and power.

It is impossible to observe the relation of Jewish to universal history, without being struck by the fact, that both in their own habit of mind, and in the estimation of foreigners, they were a nation secluded, *set apart*, from the rest of the world. This, as a sentiment, has been more or less cher-

ished by, and observed among, many communities; but never, perhaps, in any other instance, with the force and persistency of its operation in the case of the Jews. And with this peculiarity of character the position of the country singularly agrees. Observe its boundaries. That on the east is in this respect most important. For, in the early age when the covenant people were conducted to their home, the great communities of the East constituted what was regarded mainly as the world. The recent surprising memorials, dug by Layard and others from the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, remind us how those vast hives of humanity were of old, what the mystical Babylon of the Apocalypse represents, the rulers and corruptors of the nations of the earth. Between these dangerous though distant neighbors, and the Israelites, two barriers were interposed: that immense desert, which was a formidable obstacle in approaching even the outposts of Palestine, those pastoral tribes which dwelt east of the Jordan. And should this be passed, the

deep fissure of the Jordan valley served as a protective trench, within the outer rampart of the desert and the hills skirting the river on the east.

Between the goodly land of their inheritance, and the Egyptian power beyond their southern border, was interposed a barrier even more thoroughly guarding the Israelite tribes, for several centuries, than those on their eastern frontier. Up to their own domain stretched "that great and terrible wilderness," which rolled like a sea between the valley of the Nile and that of the Jordan, and effected by natural law, an extension, till Solomon, of what supernatural declaration had in a special sense announced: that the Egyptians whom the chosen people "saw on the shores of the Red Sea they should see again no more."

Thus on the east and south, the isolation of this race was sufficiently complete to give fair opportunity for early development, unhindered by outside assault. The west and north were their accessible frontiers. But the sea coast on the west was an effectual guard, both because active navigation was as yet but in its infancy, even among the enterprising Phœnicians, just northwest of Judea, and for the reason, besides, that, unlike the coasts of Europe and America, the Palestine border of the Levant is destitute of safe harbors. The country thus presented an inhospitable front to the Western world. On the northern frontier the double ranges of Lebanon formed important ramparts. But the valley of Colossyria between them constituted a gateway, through which invaders might approach, and accordingly here Syrian and Assyrian armies, and probably Scythian, in their time, gained devastating entrance.

Such were the natural protections of that vineyard, which was "hedged round about," with tower and trench, sea and desert, against the "boar of the wood," and the "beast of the field."*

But, if this isolation of the race was influential toward the development of their peculiar character, the *central situation* which they occupied relatively to the great States of the early world was no less significant, as bearing upon their general cultivation, and ultimately upon their capacity to impart the revealed religion, of which they were the depository, to the rest of mankind. Indeed, it may be safely affirmed that there is upon the globe no other spot whose position can, in this respect, be compared with that of Palestine. We know of nothing in the entire range of history more instructive than the manner in which this peculiar people, so signally set apart for the great purpose of starting the religious education of the human race, were successively brought, by reason of the central location of their divinely-assigned residence, into intimate contact with almost every influential form of ancient natural culture.

Their venerated ancestor, himself a Chaldee, comes from the mountains beyond the upper Euphrates, and settles as a nomad chief in the then thinly-peopled land west of the Jordan, which is, by Divine covenant, pledged to his descendants. He himself visits the bread-producing valley beyond the southern desert, where already, perhaps, colossal structures, pyramids, and temples, rear their giant forms. And his children's children of the third and fourth generations are, by a memorable providence, transferred to the Egyptian garden. Here, amid teeming abundance, cyclopean architecture, and an elaborate social system, they dwell for several ages, rapidly multiplying, and becoming familiar with "the learning of the Egyptians." After being in that temporary home, severely disciplined and trained to a state of mind suited to their peculiar mission, they are taken thence, and, by a series of events among the most wonderful in the history of Providence, natural, or supernatural, conducted to the land promised to Abraham. Moving toward

* Ps. lxxx. 8-15; Is. v. 1-8.

and taking possession of their appointed residence, they encounter successively Arabian, Moabite, Syrian, and Canaanite forms of semi-civilization; from some of which they derive lessons not altogether worthless, as in the advice given Moses by his father-in-law; though the chief effect is discipline, to correct native and acquired corruptions, and weld them together more closely as the covenant people of Jehovah.

With Phœnician culture, perhaps the most justly celebrated of the early Mediterranean world, they are, from the date of settlement in Palestine, thrown into intimate relations, and its effect, both for good and evil, is conspicuously seen in the great architectural works of Solomon, his navies, and his wealth, and also, alas! in his sad fall into idolatry and iniquity. In punishment for defection from their Divine Benefactor thus inaugurated, they are subsequently delivered into the hands of the oppressive powers on the Tigris and Euphrates, just before these are themselves supplanted by the Medo-Persians. During their long captivity the Jews are thus made acquainted with the ideas and customs of Chaldea, and with the less debased character of Persian culture, itself perhaps influenced by the most venerable of all mere human learning, that of the hoary inhabitants of India.

The impress of these associations upon the Jewish mind is seen in the books of Esther, Ezra, and Nehemiah, and in the prophecies of Ezekiel, Daniel, Haggai, and Zechariah. By Persian liberality a large remnant of the covenant race is restored to the land of their inheritance, cured of their perverse inclination to idolatry, partly, perhaps, by having witnessed so much of its degrading effect, but chiefly, no doubt, by hard discipline, compelling them to seek support in their Almighty Father. It is a striking fact that Persia alone, of all those ancient empires, is to this day a recognized nationality. And the inference is not altogether unwarranted, that the Divine favor

has in such wise attended that people, because of their kindness of old to the suffering Jews.

Within the century following that of their restoration, the chosen race, pursuing its new career, is brought into close relations with Greek civilization. Alexander, in accordance with the prefiguration of his conquests given by Daniel, sweeps, like a four-winged leopard, over all the East, and comprehends within his empire the vast expanse from the shores of the Ægean to the banks of the Indus. With more than the intuition of genius, he recognizes the superiority of the Jewish religion, and receives the people to favor, notwithstanding their honorable refusal to propitiate him by breaking faith with their Persian friends. With the fate of the African and Asiatic Greek kingdoms, into which that part of Alexander's empire divides itself, the covenant people—their nationality now, if not more distinctively a theocracy than ever before, at least more remarkably administered by a royal priesthood—become inextricably involved; and for nearly three centuries—though for the most part successfully as well as heroically maintaining their independence against Antiochan and Ptolemaic assault—the Jews are thoroughly pervaded by the influence of the Greek language, and its attendant modes of thought, existing in Syria and Egypt. Indeed, multitudes of the people, in most respects completely Grecianized, but without renouncing their creed, and its customs and hopes, or amalgamating with foreigners, became permanent residents in Alexandria, Antioch, and other centres of Greek dominion and culture.

The effect of all this we distinctly behold in several conspicuous phenomena. We see it, for instance, in that venerable Greek version of the Jewish Scriptures, the Septuagint, made under Ptolemy Philadelphus, nearly three centuries before our era. It is also obvious in the Grecian element prevailing in the mixed speech of Judea at

the Christian era; and in the significant circumstance that when the Divine Teacher Himself, and his followers, quote the Old Testament, they use the Greek version. More impressive still is the fact that the entire New Testament, or possibly with the exception at most of one or two documents, was written in Greek. The kindred circumstances will also occur to many, of the ready access of apostolic missionaries to Greek communities, and the aid they often had in the coöperation of converts of half, or entire Hellenist blood, as Timothy and Titus, and of Grecianized Jews, as Apollos of Alexandria, and Aquila and Priscilla of Pontus.

This whole series of experiences for the culture of the people and their influence, as the custodians and dispensers of revealed religion, resulted, it cannot but be seen, in great measure, from the remarkable central position of Palestine relatively to Egypt, Arabia, Chaldea, Persia, Syria, and Greece. But they were to be followed by another result, of no less significance, due also very largely to the relative location of the Holy Land. That gigantic power, doubly figured in the prophecies of Daniel as the "crushing iron," and the "dreadful devouring beast," which, during seven hundred years had, from the banks of the Tiber, been expanding into resistless proportions, was, about two thirds of a century before the birth of Christ, so near its fulness of dominion as to have embraced within its grasp the more important portion of Alexander's empire; and the Jewish commonwealth, always restricted in strength, fell an easy prey to Pompey's conquering legions. From that time India became virtually a Roman Province, though, through the craft of the Idumean Antipater, and the skill of his able son, the celebrated but unscrupulous Herod, it was allowed by Cæsar to be erected for a season into a comparatively independent kingdom. This, at the close of a lifetime, was in effect superseded; so that the Augustan age, synchronal with our

era, which witnesses the unresisting submission of the known world to Roman supremacy, saw the anciently-assigned inheritance of the chosen people subject, not only to alien, but to heathen dictation, and a prey to the exactions of imperial officials, under which the Provinces groaned.

Of all this the effect is seen, as in the obvious approach of the Old Dispensation to its dissolution, preparatory to the inauguration of the Christian Church, so also in the details of Gospel history; the tax-decree of Augustus, for instance, under which the birth of the Holy Child occurred at Bethlehem; the prominence of publicans, or tribute-officials, in connection with the ministry of the Prince of Peace; the mode of His death in accordance with ancient prophecy, and the atrocities perpetrated against Him by the iniquitous Procurator, Pilate, and his attendant unfeeling soldiers. Results of this world-embracing dominion, at that great juncture, are also seen in the persecutions, on the one hand, to which, from heathen imperialism, St. Peter, St. James, and St. John, and other eminent disciples of the new faith are subjected, and in the protection, on the other hand, and facilities of travel along great Roman highways, which St. Paul, and his fellow ambassadors of the cross, experienced, under the all-recognized authority.

But, although the small compass of Palestine, its peculiar features, and its double relation, of early safety by reason of isolating frontiers, and of later universal associations through centralness of situation, were thus obviously important toward the part appointed for the people in the world's recovery, it is equally certain that these were but circumstantial agencies; that *the essential forces in the case were interior and vital*; complex human energies peculiarly situated and modified, and Divine influences variously exerted, to prepare, instruct, direct, and control. As in a general sense these vital elements constitute the chief interest of all history, so especially is it the case

with that in which the Supreme Wisdom is most clearly seen operating, and human character developing toward the establishment of truth and righteousness on earth.

Let us glance at a few of the more noticeable of these essential processes, partly Divine and partly human, in that marvellous history, which made the covenant people a portion of the very revelation they were commissioned to convey to mankind.

The occurrence of such a *character* as the grand old patriarch Abraham, at the fountain head of their race, is a phenomenon in the career of this people, elsewhere wholly without parallel. That he is so perfectly historical, so undeniably clear of possible imputation of myth or legend. That his faults are so honestly uncovered, and his companionship with common human infirmities is so fairly exhibited. That his comparative insignificance and rudeness as a wandering shepherd chief, are in nowise concealed, while his largeness of soul, his princely spirit, and his courtly bearing, are simply left to speak for themselves. And above all, that his spiritual discernment has in such an age become, in some way, so clear, his conscience so effective, and his piety so true, as to earn for him, and to justify through all time as thus applied, those epithets of matchless honor, "the Friend of God," and "the Father of the Faithful!" Eminent, indeed, is the distinction of descent from such an ancestor. Nor is it difficult to understand how his Arab offspring in the line of Ishmael, and those afterward descended from Esau, derive from the memory of this their great progenitor, some of the best sentiments of their misdirected Mohammedan creed. But in the case of the chosen stock, it is not merely the fact of direct descent from Abraham which is calculated permanently to effect mind and character, but their inheritance in the covenant line. The extent to which heart and life among the Hebrews have, through all their generations, been

influenced by this ancestry, may be partly inferred from the frequency with which they are both warned and encouraged in the name of "the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob."

The mixed career of the last mentioned of these worthies, *the special progenitor* of the Israelite nation, may perhaps be regarded as even more potential than that of his higher-toned grandsire in determining the characteristic qualities of his descendants. Here, again, the ever-to-be-honored truthfulness of Scripture is conspicuous. How fairly is all the mean selfishness of Jacob brought to light, in deceiving his father, defrauding his brother, and even bargaining with the Almighty in his prayers! How tame he seems in spirit, and lacking in boldness! Sympathy, no doubt, inclines almost universally to the less calculating, reckless Esau. And yet, in the end, as, under the influences they accept, the two characters work out, how fully is the anticipative Divine judgment vindicated! The unreflecting, self-indulgent elder brother forfeits esteem by the lowness of his aims, and passes unrepelled from view; while the younger, at first so unworthy, and justly condemned by considerate improvement of celestial intimations, by patient, persevering pursuit of a distant end, by tenacious hold upon the hopes pledged in his father's blessing, and by resort under trial to prayer, becomes of higher spiritual view, truer moral sense, and greatly enlarged soul. He is to the end marked, indeed, by perhaps an over caution, careful balancing of considerations, and keen eye to the practical; but he is scarred by the scourgings of Providence; his heart is kept sore under bereavement; and his spirit bows beneath sorrow. He is an earnest penitent. He has secured the favor of the Holy One, and has earned the name Israel, as having power on high. And when he departs, there remain to his descendants, with the name, an example charged with admonition and encourage-

ment, and a renewal of the Abrahamic covenant.

The marvellous *deliverance from Egypt* of the great multitude, which the stock had become at the time of the exodus—between two and three millions—in the face of gigantic, relentless hostility, could not but leave its indelible impress upon the mind of the nation; and accordingly it is not only celebrated in lofty strains throughout their literature, but it is to this day commemorated in the solemn observances of the Passover, wherever, on the face of the earth, Jewish households exist. In fact, its memorial is borne throughout Christendom, in association with a greater rescue, of which it was a type, when the Church recalls her Easter mercies.

The series of events, also, connected with the exodus, constituting altogether, that crisis, not only of Jewish, but, as Bunsen remarks, of all history,* were severally and in total, ineffaceably stamped upon the destinies of the Israelite tribes, and upon the thought of all coming ages. How lasting, for example, is the recollection of that miraculous passage of the Red Sea, celebrated in the song of Moses,† yet painted more vividly, if possible, in later literature,‡ with its awful accompaniments of darkness and tempest! The incredible difficulties, also, could never be forgotten, of the march, by an immense multitude, including delicate women, tender children, tottering grandparents, and feeble invalids, with a thousand nameless encumbrances, through the parched, trackless sand and rock, and along the defiles of the frightful, desolate approach to Sinai, where, with all modern skill, considerate travellers now make their way not without hazard.§

The like experience of hunger, thirst,

* "Egypt's place in Universal History," vol. i. p. 165.

† Exodus, xv.

‡ Psalms, lxxvii. 15.

§ See Lepsius' "Letters from Egypt, Ethiopia, and Sinai," Letter xxxi. pp. 281-285.

peril, toil, and weariness, with ever and anon timely Divine interposition, through the long primitive and disciplinary wilderness-wandering from Sinai to Pisgah, how could it ever be erased from the tablets of the national memory? Nay, the enduring lesson has passed far beyond that entire dispensation, so that through the civilized world that pilgrimage, with its vicissitudes on the human side, and its visitations of corrective and sustaining mercy on the Divine, is looked to as a symbol of the way to be trodden heavenward by the children of men. Then the scene at Sinai itself! How, even apart from the living record, must it have been handed down from parents to children, generation after generation, as the beholders recalled its solemn grandeur, so mightily impressive with evidences of His majestic presence who fills eternity and immensity; and as those who from eye-witnesses caught the glow, transmitted the spectacle to their successors! But the awful manifestation was not left merely to traditional description. It was committed to imperishable record, and will, to the end of time, from those ancient documents variously reproduced, speak to the imagination and moral judgment of mankind.

The Law given at Mount Sinai, apart from the circumstances of its delivery, is another of the agencies distinguishing the chosen people from all others, and intended not only for their use, but, through them, also eventually for the benefit of the human race. Regarded as a revelation of the being, character, and will of the Almighty, the statutes proclaimed from that sublime summit of Arabia, are to us, as they were to the wandering tribes at its base, of inestimable import. How transcendently superior those enactments to all the ideas of pagan theology, classical or barbarous! Considered in their moral aspect, they exhibit human duty with a simplicity, comprehensiveness, and authority not elsewhere approached, till that more spiritual code

was promulged of which they contained the germ. And viewed as an elaborate religious ceremonial, they are scarcely less instructive. Since, costly as are the appliances involved, and burdensome the observances, they speak so much the more impressively to fallen creatures in their senseless apathy, of the purity on high to be propitiated, and of the dreadful degradation of soul and life to be remedied; while, by their very pressure upon the conscience, and their symbolic, predictive significance, they both point to the spiritual liberty of the Messiah's kingdom, and awaken a long-ing interest in that coming golden age.

Associated with the Divine Law and its religious ritual, for the spiritual culture of that people and ultimately of mankind, was another great element of the system, derived partly from superior mental endowments, but chiefly from the mysterious gift of supernatural insight, moral and spiritual. We mean that wondrous power of combining spiritual truth, pure and lofty, with the soul-stirring attributes of living poetry, *the gift of sacred, inspired song*; song adapted at once to instruct and to elevate, to stir the heart and move it to devotion, and to furnish aids for the outgoing of adoration and prayer. This high endowment, in beneficent influence upon the human soul so far surpassing all the finest productions of mere poetic genius, seems to have been first exercised in that antiphonal psalm of Moses and Miriam, which celebrated the praises of Jehovah, on the morning after the stormy passage of the Arabian Sea. Illustrations of the same sacred gift occurred again in that grand anthem, set forth by the venerated law-giver just before his disappearance at Mount Nebo,* and long after, under the tribal Theocratic confederation, in the days of the Judges, when the prophetess Deborah sang of heaven-bestowed deliverance from threatening enemies!†

Farther on, however, in the Divine plan for bringing out agencies to cultivate the chosen race and bless mankind, was the power of inspired song fully developed. In the more than earthly strains of the son of Jesse it burst forth with the freshness and fulness of a new revelation. Thenceforward the Jewish Church possessed an aid to spiritual worship, individual and social, of priceless value, in the Psalter of David, enriched by contributions of other poet-prophets from age to age. And this Divinely-granted benefit, recognized, and, under associations of utmost solemnity, used, by a far greater than David,* has passed to the Christian Church as a precious legacy from the Hebrew age, charged with blessing for all subsequent generations.

In wondrous suitableness to all conditions, rich abundance for every kind and measure of human feeling, in sacred light, fervor, pathos, purity, and sublime rapture, as well as in simple practical utterances of trustful, working piety, this portion of the old revelation is really among the most amazing of all the phenomena connected with the history of the ancient chosen people. Its hold upon the best minds of the world, coming from the age it did, and from an inconspicuous Oriental community, is scarcely short of a standing miracle. "There is no book which has played so large a part in the history of so many human souls. By the Psalms, Augustine was consoled on his conversion, and on his death-bed. By the Psalms, Chrysostom, Athanasius, and Savonarola, were cheered in persecution. With the words of a Psalm, Polycarp, Columba, Hildebrand, Bernard, Francis of Assisi, Huss, Jerome of Prague, Columbus, Henry the Fifth, Edward the Sixth, Ximenes, Xavier, Melancthon, and Jewell, breathed their last. So dear to Wallace in his wanderings was his Psalter, that during his execution, he had it hung before him,

* Deut. xxxii. † Judges, v.

* St. Matt. xxvi. 30; St. Mark, xiv. 26.

and his eyes remained fixed upon it as the one consolation of his dying hours. The unhappy Darnley was soothed in the toils of his enemies by the 55th Psalm. The 68th Psalm cheered Cromwell's soldiers to victory at Dunbar. Locke, in his last days, bade his friend read the Psalms aloud, and it was while in rapt attention to their words that the stroke of death fell upon him. Lord Burleigh selected them out of the whole Bible as his special delight. They were the framework of the devotions and of the war-cries of Luther; and they were the last words that fell on the ear of his imperial enemy, Charles the Fifth."*

Side by side with this spiritually cultivating power of inspired song, indeed thoroughly interblended with it, though in form distinct, was another grand sacred agency, helping the Jews to struggle on through their mission, and constituting an exhaustless treasury for the enrichment of human intelligence to the ends of the earth, and the last beat of time. That course of consecrated heroism, and all-comprehensive teaching which marked *the ministry of the Prophets*; "holy men of God, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Of these, male and female, prince and peasant, renowned and obscure, so surprisingly numerous, what magnificent specimens of wisdom, goodness, and power, are given in the characters of Moses, Samuel, Elijah, Isaiah, and Jeremiah! And in their recorded utterances how impressive is the tone of conscious divinity! How simply, yet solemnly authoritative they are! How withering is their invective against obstinate wrong-doing! How cheering the encouragement they hold out to the honest-hearted before heaven! With what grandeur they invest the eternal, undivided, self-existence, of the Holy, Personal Jehovah, in whose name, and by whose commission, they speak! And what

sacred significance they attach to the human conscience, and the law written upon the heart, as leaving the atrocities of the world without excuse! With what earnest energy they visit wrath upon the deceits of philosophy and fashion, the cruelties of iniquitous force, and the deep pollutions of licentiousness! And how serious are the sanctions with which they summon mankind to the observance of veracity, equity, and chastity!

Identified with their own times, as are the Prophets, and crowded as are the prophecies with passing events, the mighty future is their chosen sphere. Tenderness for their own people, and fond love of their own land, eminently distinguish them; yet their view embraces the destinies of surrounding nations, and falls especially upon the foreseen empire of the Prince of Peace. With a sympathy wondrously large for their era, they feel for the suffering of all lands, and rejoice in the prospect of relief from wretchedness throughout the earth, under the Messiah's reign. "It is this which gives to the Bible at large that hopeful, victorious, triumphant character, which distinguishes it from the morose, querulous, narrow, desponding spirit of so much false religion, ancient and modern. The power of the Future. This is the fulcrum by which the old Seers kept up the hopes of their country."*

As the bright centre of illumination in this cheering vision there is one object fixing the prophetic gaze, and recognized as the source of life and joy, for Jew and Gentile around the globe; a King, Deliverer, and Prophet, to rule the world in righteousness. "Sometimes He is named, sometimes He is unnamed. Sometimes He is almost identified with some actual Prince of the coming or the present generation. Sometimes He recedes into the distant ages. But, again and again, at least in the later prophetic writings, the vista is closed by

*Dean Stanley's "Jewish Church," Second Series, p. 147.

* Dean Stanley's "Jewish Church," vol. i. p. 473.

His person, His character, and His reign. And almost everywhere the prophetic spirit, in the delineation of His coming, is true to itself. He is to be a King, a Conqueror, yet not by the common weapons of earthly warfare, but by those only weapons which the prophetic order recognized, justice, mercy, truth, and goodness,—by suffering, by endurance, by identification of Himself with the joys, the sufferings, of His nation, and by opening a wider sympathy to the whole human race than had ever been opened before. . . . The existence of this expectation is no matter of controversy. It is a simple and universally recognized fact, that, filled with these prophetic images, the whole Jewish nation, nay at last the whole Eastern world, did look forward with loving expectation to the coming of this future Conqueror. Was this unparalleled expectation realized? And here again we speak of facts which are acknowledged, . . . by critics and by sceptics even more fully than by theologians and ecclesiastics. There did arise out of this nation a character by universal consent as unparalleled as the expectation which had preceded Him. Jesus of Nazareth was, on the most superficial, no less than on the deepest view we take of His coming, the greatest name, the most extraordinary power, that ever crossed the stage of history. And this greatness consisted not in outward power, but precisely in those qualities, on which from first to last the Prophets had laid the utmost stress, justice and love, goodness and truth."*

We contemplate for a moment one other of the great agencies developed in the career of the Jews, and by Divine direction made tributary to their important mission toward the religious education of the world, the concentrated illustrative lesson of *their National Life*. It has been justly remarked, as more than an offset to the absence of any great epic poem in Hebrew

literature, that the historic life of the race of Israel is a grander epic incomparably than ever found embodiment in Homeric or Virgilian verse; and never, while the world endures, can the rise of this people, its trials, and its destiny, prove less than among the most thrillingly impressive of the spectacles offered to human contemplation. Its favors from the Almighty, and its faithlessness toward Him, invest it with a significance altogether its own; as do the holy men and women it contained, yet also the shockingly vile; the Divine oracles it held, yet often dishonored; its separation from, yet association with all progressive countries around; its severe discipline, protracted sufferings, and virtual ruin, yet its restoration to vigor, its brave resumption of endeavor, and its achievement, amid incredible difficulties, of the highest intellectual range ever realized by an Oriental people, and of a moral position unattained by the most enlightened classic races. Who among the literati of Augustus's court or age equalled in endowment or culture the Hebrew boy of Tarsus? And how vainly had been sought in Attica or Italy such specimens of individual and domestic virtue as Nathaniel in Palestine, an Israelite without guile; the home of Bethany, whose household graces cast a charm over their story; and those veteran watchers at the temple, the aged Simeon and Anna!

But the crisis of the world has now arrived, and the last tragic scene of the Hebrew national existence approaches. That pattern life is beheld in Palestine, which includes in itself all truth and all goodness. That sacrifice is offered which fulfils all types, and forever for the true-hearted satisfies perfect justice. That conquest of suffering love is achieved, which is eventually to gain the willing submission of ransomed humanity; and that mercy is proclaimed which carries hope to the ends of the earth. The old Pentecost becomes illustrious as inaugurating the new Dispensation; and as fire that penetrates and

* Dean Stanley's "Jewish Church," vol. i. p. 471.

purifies, and wind that pervades and powerfully implies, the Divine Spirit descends to animate the Christian Church, and qualify its ambassadors.

Wonderfully is the scene in harmony with the transition era. Representatively there, in the holy city, is the greater part of the known world; "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judæa and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Lybia about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, hear in their several tongues the wonderful works of God." * These returning carry far and near the strange tidings. The appointed heralds of the spiritual kingdom discharge, too, their office with intrepid zeal and wise efficiency; and the sacred mission of grace and truth enters upon its career of conquest and triumph.

The prejudices, however, and the passions of the sacerdotal oligarchy in Jerusalem, which of old had subjected the nation to heavy wrath, again calls down the burden of their own awful imprecation, "His blood be on us and on our children!" And the doom comes. With pressure under the hands of Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, heavier and still heavier the Roman yoke galls the national neck, and chafes the ungentle Jewish spirit. Defiantly it is tossed aside, and fierce war provoked. Obstinate valor is displayed by the claimants of independence, never surpassed in the struggles of freedom, and desperate determination, amid unparalleled horrors, to endure and perish sooner than submit. It is in vain! Material power prevails. The wars, foreseen and wept over by celestial compassion, descend. He who would have protected his countrymen, as a bird her brood, but they would not, leaves them to heathen mercy! Jerusalem is destroyed. And organized existence remains no more to the

Israelite Commonwealth of sixteen hundred years!

Still, the people do not die. Scattered through all lands, they maintain uncorrupted their Scriptures, their creed, their ancestral claims and hopes, and the enduring traits of their race. Their imperial destinies shall pass away. The fiat overhangs their future, and it will fall.

"Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.
Rome, for Empire far renown'd
Tramples on a thousand States;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,
Hark! the Gauls are at her gates!"

Yea, so entirely has this been realized, so utter has been the destruction, so wholly has the blood ceased to course in living frames, which warmed in the veins of the Ciceros, Cæsars, and Senecas, that not a drop of it can be certainly detected on the face of the earth. And yet the harrassed, butchered, tortured, desolated, and scattered children of Israel live on, everywhere; tenacious of the past; looking to the future; uncrushed by calamity; victorious over difficulty; oft accumulating wealth; never despairing; a witness to the Scriptures old and new; a monument of Divine justice and Divine mercy, and both a warning and a promise to mankind. This is part of the warning of their great epic, national life. In the striking language of Goethe, "The Israelitish people possess . . . most of the faults of other nations; but in cohesion, steadfastness, valor, and when all this could not serve, in obstinate toughness, it has no match. It is the most perseverent nation in the world.

. . . It is, it was, it will be, to glorify the name of Jehovah through all ages." *

Of this race, as of the classic stock, and of the enlightenment of mankind, the Christian Era was, we see, the great crisis.

* Acts, ii. 9-11.

* Wilhelm Meister, "Nately," ch. xi.

There, on the hills and plains of Palestine, the healing stream of Christian light and love meets the confident currents of Jewish religious culture, Grecian intellectual development, and Roman organizing control, and into the combined flood pours a sacred remedial power, that promises, with in-

creasing benefit, to bless the world, as onward flows, with clearer, deeper, broader sweep, the vast tide of sanctified civilization, for the healing of the nations. Let all to whom the privilege is given do what they can to clear away obstructions, and speed the coming joy.

GEMS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

It is not commonly borne in mind that there is a distinction to be made between gems and precious stones. The term gem belonging more appropriately to a stone bearing upon it some engraving or other mark of the artist's skill. In all ages precious stones have exercised some strange fascination over the human mind. Who has not seen a child go off in ecstasy over a piece of rock crystal which his imagination had magnified into a real diamond? while eastern barbarians delighted in nothing so much as in accumulating vast stores of precious stones, which were regarded by them as possessing qualities of moral and spiritual virtue. What visions of oriental magnificence are suggested by the dazzle and glitter of the jewels and precious stones scattered around in such lavish profusion in all eastern tales. Who does not remember Sindbad the Sailor and the valley of diamonds, and Aladdin and his wonderful palace, with its twenty-four windows enriched with all manner of precious stones? The fancy runs riot in contemplating the gorgeous radiancy of the diamond; the cool, green lustre of the emerald; the deep azure of the sapphire, surpassing all things earthly in the intensity of its blueness; the rosy flash of the ruby; the glorious iridescence of the opal, swimming as it were in a sea of light. St. John, to whose eagle eye it was given to see into the glorious mysteries of the celestial city, portrays the twelve foundations

of the Lamb under the figure of as many precious stones,

"With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardins and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced."

Bernard of Cluni.

These different stones of the heavenly foundations have been made by the early commentators the groundwork of much fanciful and mystical analogy.

The Jewish high priest, in the exercise of his office before God in the Holy place, bore upon his breast the names of the twelve tribes engraved upon precious stones. In this breastplate were lodged, in some mysterious manner, the Urim and Thummin, signifying light and perfections, by means of which the Divine will was made known to the high priest when he inquired of the Lord concerning the subject on which he wished to have light and counsel. In what way this was revealed has never been clearly ascertained. Several opinions have been brought forward, one of which is, that if the response was favorable, the gems shone forth in their full glory and brilliancy; if contrary, they became clouded and dim. An English writer, in a work upon antique gems, published not long ago, argues from the nature of these gems that they must still be in exist-

ence somewhere. True, they are indestructible in the same way that all matter is indestructible, but long ere this they may have been ground to impalpable powder, or they may have been placed for temporary security in some secret, and now inaccessible, hiding place. If, indeed, these earliest recorded instances of the gem-engraver's art should ever be recovered, it will be matter of rejoicing in an archæological, as well as religious point of view.

The diamond is, of all created things, the hardest. The ancients called it adamant, the indomitable, the untamable. It was an old idea that if placed upon the anvil and struck with the hammer, it would sooner bury itself in the anvil or break the hammer, than suffer itself to be broken. Says Camillus Leonardus, "It gives way to no sort of matter, neither fire nor iron, but despises all." But Camillus lived before these days of scientific precision, in which it has been proved that the diamond is combustible, and can be reduced to a little heap of white ashes.

Although it is well known that the diamond is pure carbon, yet with all the appliances of the laboratory which modern science affords, the skill of the chemist has not proved availing to produce a single diamond of the size of a pin's head.

Until within the last fifty years, diamonds had been found only in tropical countries; but in 1829 they were discovered in the gold-bearing regions of the Ural, in consequence of a search instituted by the Count Von Humboldt, who felt convinced from the formation of the country that diamonds were to be found there. Some few specimens have been found in the United States. It is said one weighing twenty-four carats was found near Richmond, Virginia. But it is in tropical countries where the largest and most perfect are found, especially in India, Borneo, and Brazil. "It would seem that where the sun shines with the greatest splendor, where the vegetable and the animal crea-

tion put on their most gorgeous colors, there also, in the depths of the earth, the vivid lustre of this gem shines the brightest, and assumes the largest proportions."

In these prosaic times no one dreams of fishing for diamonds in the way described by Sindbad the Sailor, viz., by throwing down pieces of meat into places inaccessible to man, where they would serve as baits for the eagles who bring them up again studded with diamonds like raisins in a pudding. But those delightfully mythic days are past, and we are left to mourn for them, as did Mr. Burke for the age of chivalry.

The search for diamonds is now carried on in a regular system after the most scientific manner. The laborers work without clothes, and are closely watched, as they sometimes secrete the diamonds by swallowing them. Indeed, I have read of a slave who managed to conceal one in the corner of his eye, but he gained nothing for his pains, and I dare say, suffered for his rashness. Sometimes diamonds are farmed out, royalty claiming for itself all over a certain weight. In Borneo the operations are carried on in complete silence, not a loud word being spoken for fear of offending the genii of the mines.

The value of the diamond depends upon its size, purity, and brilliancy. The magnificent lustre of the diamond is owing to its power of refracting the light. After it is cut and polished, and placed where a ray of light falls upon it, this ray is immediately multiplied into countless others, so producing an intermingling of light and color marvellous to behold.

The diamond in the rough is a very commonplace looking object, and it is not until cut by a diamond that it shows itself to be a diamond of the first water! A diamond whose transparency is clouded by flecks of color or any other impurity may be made perfectly clear by subjecting it to a moderate heat, thus adding another example to the Scriptural one of refining by fire. A

pure diamond is perfectly colorless; there are, however, some very beautiful colored diamonds. One very curious specimen was shown in the Great Exhibition in London in 1851. It was perfectly black, very hard, and weighed three hundred and fifty carats. A glorious green diamond, weighing forty eight carats, was worn in the state hat of the King of Saxony; there is a fine red diamond of ten carats among the imperial treasure at St. Petersburg; and there is the Hope diamond, a magnificent sapphire blue, which has taken the place of the famous French blue diamond so mysteriously lost.

Most readers will remember the story of the youth who was reading the Koran by the light of an enormous diamond of the size of a hen's egg; and as a pendant to it there is the one in the Arabian Nights of the diamond in the palace of that hapless king who was turned into stone, which was as large as the egg of an ostrich, and whose brilliancy was so intense that it could scarcely be endured. There is also a Talmudic legend that the ark was lighted by precious stones, the diamond, doubtless, being among them.

The Indian lapidaries, in cutting the diamond, generally followed the outline of the stone, and cut it into four plane surfaces, whence the name table diamond. When the rose or brilliant cut is adopted, the beauty of the stone is greatly increased, as there are then so many facets to refract and reflect the light. These methods are very wasteful, reducing the size of the stone very much. The refuse, however, is sold for various uses at about £50 the ounce. From its extreme hardness there are but very few instances of engraving upon the diamond; that in the high priest's ephod being one. Charles I. of England had in his possession an engraved diamond which was one of the rarest ever known. After various vicissitudes it eventually passed into the hands of the celebrated conqueror Nadir Shah, who, by the by, was quite a connoisseur of gems in his way.

Diamonds fluctuate in value like everything else. Sometimes they are in excess of the demand, while at other times there is a scarcity of them. They generally, however, prove a good investment, for in times of internal commotion they are portable and are easily converted into money. A touching incident is related of Hortense, the mother of the illustrious exile now at Chiselhurst. After the defeat at Waterloo, Napoleon was taking leave of Hortense when she handed him a belt, entreating him to wear it for her sake. Upon his asking her what it contained, she confessed she had sewed up her diamonds in it, thinking that possibly they might be of use to him in the future.

All diamonds of any celebrity, being worth a king's ransom, and so beyond the reach of ordinary mortals, generally find their way into the coffers of crowned heads. But as thrones are not set upon foundations of granite, as the events of the last three quarters of a century alone abundantly prove, those diamonds possess in consequence a checkered and eventful history.

Diamonds exceeding one hundred carats in weight are called Paragons; of these there are six now known to be in existence. The largest, weighing three hundred and sixty-seven carats, but in an uncut state, belongs to the Rajah of Mattan, in Borneo. Nothing can induce his Rajahship to part with it; not even the offer of \$150,000, and two ships of war completely furnished with guns, ammunition, etc. This unwillingness to part with it may be attributable to the mystic and talismanic powers inherent in the diamond.

The Orloff, or Grand Russian, or Moon of the Mountain, as it was called, possesses quite a romantic history, as indeed does each one of the Paragons. It once adorned the famous Peacock throne of Nadir Shah, or according to other accounts it formed one of the eyes of the idol Scheringham in the temple of Brahma. It was stolen from here by a French soldier, who disposed of

it to the rich Armenian merchant, Shafras of Balsora. It then found its way to Amsterdam, when it was purchased by the Count Orloff for his imperial mistress, Catharine II., for \$450,000, a pension, and a grant of nobility. It now adorns the imperial sceptre. It weighs one hundred and ninety-three carats, and is as large as a pigeon's egg.

The Grand Tuscan or Florentine, now in the possession of Austria, weighs one hundred and thirty-nine carats, and is of a yellowish tinge. It is one of the three lost by Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, at the battle of Granson, 1476. It was perhaps after this that it was exposed for sale upon a stall in Florence as a piece of rock crystal. Its value being discovered, it passed through Pope Julius II. and the Grand Duke of Tuscany into the possession of the Austrian Emperor.

The Pitt, or Regent, weighed in its original form four hundred carats, but in cutting it was reduced to one hundred and thirty-seven carats, its present weight. It is said to be the most exquisite in form and lustre of all the great diamonds in Europe. It was stolen from the mines of Golconda, and sold to Thomas Pitt, the grandfather of the great Pitt, and Governor of Fort St. George in the East Indies. Scandal would have it that the governor stole it from the original thief. Pope has it:

"Asleep and naked, as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole the gem away."

More charitable accounts affirm that he paid £20,000 for it. He sold it in 1716 to the Duke of Orleans, then Regent of France, for £92,000, reserving the right to keep the fragments made in cutting, which gave him quite a considerable sum. The negotiations necessary for this sale cost about £5,000. The diamond was at first set in the French crown. During the French revolution it was stolen, but afterward restored. Napoleon I. had it set in

the pommel of his state sword. It was some time ago placed in the centre of the imperial diadem. What strange freaks of fortune it may yet witness, considering the times, can be known only in the future.

The Star of the South weighs one hundred and twenty-five carats. It was found in Brazil, and put an end to the exile of the three men who were the fortunate finders. It belongs to the King of Portugal. It is slightly pinkish in hue.

Sixth and last of the Paragons is the celebrated Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light, weighing one hundred and two carats. This marvellous diamond was found by a peasant guiding his plow in the field. Being attracted by the glitter of a pebble at his feet, he picked it up, and immediately coming to the conclusion that he had stumbled upon a prize, he left his plow standing in the furrow and made the best of his way to the mines of Golconda, not very far distant, where he disposed of it. The Hindoos themselves say that it belonged to Kama, King of Anja, three thousand years ago. Since then it has changed hands many times. Suffice it to say that about 1640, through the treachery of an Indian general, it came into the hands of Shah Jeehan, the father of the great Aurungzebe. By him it was entrusted to Hortensio Borgis, the Venetian diamond cutter, who managed somehow to reduce it from the weight of nine hundred carats to one hundred and eighty-six carats. The Great Mogul was so enraged that he fined the lapidary an immense amount of money, more, in fact, than he was ever able to pay. It is to be wondered at that the Great Mogul did not at once order his head to be taken off without any preface or ceremony. The diamond passed into the possession of the Afghan princes, and finally into the possession of Runjeet Singh, King of Lahore and Cashmere, who obtained it in this audacious manner, as related by Madame Barrera: "Having heard that the Khan of Cabul possessed a diamond which had be-

longed to the Great Mogul, the largest and finest known, he invited the unfortunate owner to his court, and there, having him in his power, demanded the diamond. The guest, however, had provided himself against such a contingency with a perfect imitation of the coveted jewel. After some show of resistance, he reluctantly acceded to the wishes of his powerful host. The delight of Runjeet was extreme, but of short duration; the lapidary to whom he gave orders to mount his new acquisition pronouncing it to be merely a bit of crystal. The mortification and rage of the despot were unbounded. He immediately ordered the palace of the Khan to be invested and ransacked from top to bottom. For a long time all search was vain. At last a slave betrayed the secret; the diamond was found concealed beneath a heap of ashes. Runjeet Singh had it set

in an armlet between two diamonds, each the size of a sparrow's egg." It was deemed by him so valuable that when it was worn all other jewels were dispensed with. In 1850, when the Punjaub was surrendered to the British, this also came into their hands and was conveyed to England as a present to the Queen. Since then the Messrs. Coster of Amsterdam were employed to cut it as a brilliant. The cutting took thirty-eight days of twelve hours each, working without intermission. The Duke of Wellington "gave the first touch to this work, as a sort of honorary amateur diamond cutter." The Koh-i-noor is now lodged with the crown jewels in the tower of London, suspended in such a manner as to show the facets on both sides. Models of it in its present and former state are to be seen in the British Museum.

(To be continued.)

BISHOP BURGESS.*

BY THE REV. JULIUS A. WARD.

"BISHOP BURGESS was a good man." That was the expression which greeted me, soon after the bishop's death, on entering a new missionary field in the Diocese of Maine, a section in which the Church was unknown, in which the bishop himself had never preached, and where the dominant Puritanism had inculcated every prejudice

against our primitive and catholic teachings. The saintly and exalted character of Bishop Burgess made his faith respected, and even prepared for it a favorable reception in hundreds of communities throughout Maine, where the voice of the Church has never yet been heard. The prevalent feeling till Bishop Burgess came was that the Church was indifferent to the graces of onward piety and did not cultivate a truly religious life. His deep interest in whatever pertained to the civil welfare of Maine made his name a household word through that vast district which embraces one half of New England, and with his name went the impress and weight of his religious character.

It is not often that the leader of a communion to which the majority are opposed or indifferent, gains among all classes the

* *Memoir of the Life of the Right Reverend George Burgess, D.D., first Bishop of Maine.* Edited by the Rev. Alexander Burgess, D.D. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 8vo. Pp. 419. 1869.

This volume is entirely unique in the literature of biography. Edited by the Bishop's brother, it is made up of the separate contributions of those who knew the particular features of his life the best, and is thoroughly good and interesting from beginning to end. The facts, and often the very words of the biography in stating them, have been freely used in preparing this article.

ascendancy or personal influence which belonged to the first bishop of Maine. He changed the prejudice of a generation; and he did it not by the least appeal to the passions and prejudices of the hour, but simply by the faithfulness, integrity, and ability which he brought to the discharge of every duty. He was a remarkable man; and that influence which he exerted upon the people of Maine, and particularly upon the clergy and people of his own communion, he impressed unconsciously upon the whole American Church. He was beloved and respected in every diocese as a father in Israel. The ablest of the New England bishops once told me that he never published anything of importance which he did not submit to Bishop Burgess for revision. His weight in the House of Bishops we all know to have been great, as a man of sound judgment; and it was felt by many before he died, and it has been a growing impression since, that, in some respects, he was to us a faithful representative bishop, not having the grandly rough personal endowments of Bishop Philander Chase, nor the progressive pioneer spirit of Bishop Kemper, nor the broad philanthropy and philosophic strength of the late Bishop Potter, but still not the less, in his own sphere, a man whose like we shall not soon see again.

It is well to keep the memory of such men fresh. You think of them amid the noisy discussions and controversies of the hour as you gaze through the fleeting clouds of night into the silent star depths beyond. The bright instructive example of their life shines out upon the fevered spirit of the hour, and imparts rest, refreshment, and peace. It is the feeling that the life of Bishop Burgess presents such an example as this, which has prompted the following sketch.

George Burgess was born October 31, 1809, at Providence, R. I. His father was a lawyer, and later on in life a judge, and both parents were from an early period devout

Christians. In his childhood he was a diligent reader and student. He was not over seven years old when he read through Benedict's History of the Baptists, a volume of over nine hundred pages. Before he was ten he had finished Mavor's Universal History. At this age also he began to make rhymes, and to read and write poetry. His family remember him, as a child, lying upon the floor, surrounded by books from which he read by turns by the light of a wood fire. Shakespeare was his favorite author. When only twelve years old he was prepared for Brown University, but his extreme youthfulness compelled him to wait a year, which he spent in studying French, and in miscellaneous reading.

His college course was marked by the same traits which were disclosed in his childhood. He was never tardy or absent from prayers or recitations during his four years of college life, and was never excused from any assigned duty. His attendance at college at a given hour was so exact and prompt that his classmates made his arrival their timepiece for recitations and prayers. He was not a good mathematical scholar, nor eminent in metaphysical studies, but he stood first in the classics and was graduated with the highest honors before he was seventeen years old. He gave much of his time in college to general reading in English literature. This was his recreation, and in this way every hour was given to the acquisition of knowledge.

His student habits followed him into life. He always had a number of books and papers around him, resting his mind by variety; writing a section of his sermon and then reading a page of history, a few lines of poetry, or an item in a newspaper. He was never idle. Books and papers were before him even while making some slight changes in his dress. He did not believe in vacations for rest, any more than Bishop Kemper did, but took his rest and recreation as he went along. These habits

of constant occupation were the secrets of his vast attainments in almost every department of human knowledge. He always read while travelling, and if his walks were in the less-frequented streets or roads, a newspaper or book was drawn from his pocket to beguile the way. He read newspapers more thoroughly than most men, and said of religious papers that the more carefully he read them the more valuable he considered them. Thus his mind was overflowing with subjects for valuable books, which yet he never found time amid other cares to write. He excelled in making statistics, lists, and catalogues on subjects connected with history and biography; and in wakeful hours at night used to go over these lists of writers in prose and poetry. He once "took the trouble to study the reports of all the religious denominations in Maine, and prepared a long paper, stating the number of places of worship and of communicants, and marking particularly the universal neglect, almost disuse, of infant baptism." "In buying books he preferred double columns and narrow margins, urging that he liked to find a great deal of reading on a page." He was not a great collector of books, and when he had once read a volume his memory was strong enough to retain its contents and not compel a second reading.

Bishop Burgess was not brought up in the Church. His parents were Congregationalists. From the time he was fifteen years old his mind dwelt much on religious subjects, and, in November, 1828, after much study, he became a communicant in St. John's Church, Providence, then under the rectorship of the Rev. Dr. Crocker. He was led into the Church by reading ecclesiastical history.

After leaving college he studied law with his father, but was never admitted to the bar. He was presently called to a tutorship in the college, and during the three years thus spent was pursuing his theological studies under the direction of his

rector. It cost him a struggle to give up the law for Holy Orders, but the decision once made he never looked back. In April, 1831, he went abroad and spent three years on the continent, two in attending lectures at the universities of Göttingen, Bonn, and Berlin, and one in travelling over other portions of Europe. Returning home in April, 1834, he received deacon's orders in Grace Church, Providence, on the 10th of June, at the hands of Bishop Griswold, and preached in the same church his first sermon on the next Sunday. He was now invited to take charge of St. James's Church, New London, Connecticut, but on going to Hartford to consult Bishop Brownell, was persuaded to become the bishop's assistant for two months in the parish of Christ Church, and before this brief time had passed the parish invited him to become their rector, and requested the bishop to admit him to priest's orders. He was admitted to the priesthood and instituted as rector on the same day, Nov. 2, 1834, preaching his own institution sermon, at the express wish of the bishop, who now in a sense became his parishoner.

His Hartford life lasted till he was elected to the Episcopate of Maine, a period of thirteen years, and is worthy of notice as the time when his habits were formed as a pastor, where he obtained recognition as a competent leader in the Church, where he did most effectual service both as a teacher and as a priest. In March, 1835, he writes: "I preach twice on the Sunday, hold a Biblical lecture on Tuesday evenings, which is always attended in fair weather by almost as many as can obtain seats in the lecture room, and have a meeting of the Sunday-school teachers on Thursday evening. My afternoons I give to visiting, my mornings to study; my other evenings are variously employed. The first lecture in each month is a missionary lecture. All these lectures are extempore. Our church is very well attended, and the congregation is without

exception the most regular in all the observances of public worship, of all that I have ever seen in America." His ministry was not marked by anything to attract special attention. "He was not the man to strike out new courses when the old did not need change: he went on quietly, and the result of those first years was St. John's Church. When he came, in 1834, Christ Church was large enough for its congregation. Without unusual measures or new arrangements, he ministered, as the sun ministers, to a steady increase and growth." In that city, other denominations, and Congregationalists especially, had always disliked the Church and opposed it, but they honored, respected, and loved him, and many came and joined the church where he ministered. Thus his flock grew too large for his accommodations, and within seven years after his rectorship begun, St. John's Church had been consecrated, and a new parish of excellent material successfully and harmoniously built up.

A prominent trait of his life as a parish priest was his care for the poor. Dr. Hawes, the pastor of the First Congregational Parish, in Hartford, used to say that wherever he went among the poor he found Mr. Burgess's footsteps. "Who is the best pastor in Hartford?" was once asked by a stranger. The answer came prompt and decisive from the same Dr. Hawes: "The Rev. George Burgess, of the Episcopal Church; he is better than myself or any other." A characteristic anecdote is told of his Gardiner life, and illustrates the spirit of the man: "On one occasion he was called on to baptize a dying infant in a poor family who had lately moved into the place, one of those whose wandering habits seldom let them remain long enough in any town to obtain a residence. He visited the parents daily till the child died and then followed the little coffin on foot in a driving snow storm, through a road so blocked with snow as to forbid the use of a vehicle, with the father and sexton alone,

to the burying-ground of the poor, a mile and a half out of town, and read the service over its grave. He could not bear, he said, that one of Christ's little ones should be laid in an unhonored grave."

In 1846 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Union College, Schenectady, and the same year the same degree was conferred upon him by his own Alma Mater at Providence. On the 26th of October, in the same year, he was married to Miss Sophia Kip, sister of the present bishop of California. During his residence in Hartford he was a frequent contributor to the various periodicals of the Church. In 1844 he published anonymously a poem called "The Strife of Brothers," which grew out of his friendly discussions with the then rector of St. John's Church, now Bishop Coxe of Western New York, upon the Oxford Tracts and upon their common pursuits. In the spring of 1847 he printed his "Pages of Ecclesiastical History of New England,"—a statement of the growth of Unitarianism out of Puritanism. It excited much comment at the time, and the work was attributed to quite other hands than those of a young Episcopal clergyman. In 1846 he read a poem on "The Poets of Religion" before the House of Convocation of Trinity College, which is perhaps the ablest of all his poetical productions. He had not been long among the Connecticut clergy before his qualifications for public service in the Church were put to use. In 1836 he was elected a member of the Standing Committee, an office which he held during every year but one of his stay in the diocese. In 1841 and 1846 he was elected a deputy to the General Convention. In all these public positions his course was such as to direct the eye of the Church upon him for a yet more important post.

The Church in Maine had been under the supervision of the venerable Bishop Griswold, and was at this time in charge of Bishop Henshaw of Rhode Island. It

was almost too feeble to deserve the name of a diocese. In 1847 there were but seven parishes in all, and of these only one, the church in Gardiner, had much strength. The Church was brought to Maine, and the first religious service on the coast of New England was held in 1607, when the Rev. Richard Seymour as chaplain of the Pop-ham colony, used the service of the Church of England at the mouth of the Kennebec, but when Bishop Burgess entered upon his Episcopate, "there was hardly an individual under his charge whose views were sufficiently comprehensive, and who had the moral courage and enterprise necessary to aid the bishop in asserting the original claim which the Church had by priority of occupation to the State which was coextensive with his diocese." The Church was barely existing by sufferance. The surrounding bodies representing the two wings of Calvinism, the Congregationalists and Baptists, were the chief teachers of a positive faith, while Universalism was cropping out wherever there were people enough to allow of a vigorous opposition. Seven parishes among a population of over half a million, none of them strong, and beset by the prejudices of such bodies as these was not an attractive field for a man whose own parish represented almost the number of communicants in the whole diocese of Maine, whose position was well secured as a leader in Connecticut, who was surrounded by the pleasant things of life on every side, and who was recognized both in his parish and by the College to which he was a constant friend as doing a most useful and important work. Yet to a man in the prime of fresh, vigorous life, did this call come, first in an informal consultation, and then, on the fourth of October, 1847, at a special convention held in St. Stephens's Church, Portland, in an election without a dissenting voice, as the first bishop of Maine. The call was not attractive, but it was too important a matter to suffer the bishop elect to decline, and Dr.

Burgess had gone through all the agony of deciding what to do, and gone through it with the severest test of his own purpose before the news of his election came. It was looked upon by all his friends as a personal sacrifice, when he decided to go. No one can question that it was the call of duty, and that the new bishop entered upon his great work with the conviction that he was doing the will of God. It was just this self-sacrifice, this ignoring of personal claims, which makes all along one of the brightest features of his character. He was consecrated on the 31st of October, 1847, in his "own dear parish church" in Hartford. Alluding to that eventful day, when the evening service was over and all but himself had departed from the church, he says, "As I passed down the dimly-lighted aisle of that beautiful house, thoughts came which I could not have paused to indulge, and I left the doors with one brief prayer from the heart as I parted." A letter, written two days later, contains this passage: "The services were, to me at least, unspeakably solemn and yet peaceful. I am satisfied that I have done what I ought, and I shall go with a cheerful and strong heart to my future labors." The leave-taking of that parish almost crushed him. When it was over "he looked as if he had passed through a serious illness." He bore away the blessing of every heart, and often, as the leader of a forlorn hope in that new diocese, did the sweet and tender memories of his first parish stay his heart and hand.

The next Sunday found him in Gardiner, beginning his labors in his future home. Henceforth his career takes a wider range, and he shows abilities which he was hardly known to possess in the humbler sphere of a parish priest. He was now to be the rector of a rural parish in the interior of Maine, and to add to his pastoral labors the cares of an unworked, unshaped, undeveloped diocese. His task was, almost single-handed, and in the face of the

strongest prejudice, to create the Episcopal Church in the State of Maine. It was a work to be done not by sudden movements, not by single efforts, but through infinite patience and perseverance. The soil was so hard that men could with difficulty be found who would continue in charge of a parish long enough to bring forth substantial results. The bishop was once even driven to the expedient of advertising in the religious papers in order to obtain clergymen. If he succeeded in finding competent laborers, they were speedily called away by more prosperous parishes in other dioceses, and the work in Maine was left to struggle on as best it might. Under these circumstances, it is simply justice to say that the work done in Maine during the Episcopate of Bishop Burgess was chiefly the fruit of his own personal effort. His task was the most difficult that could be imagined, and yet through nineteen long years this man struggled with his work, carried it constantly in his prayers to God, loved it and clung to it to the neglect of his chosen tastes and pursuits, was faithful to every duty, was known and loved by every member of his flock (for all the Church people in Maine were but as one parish to him), made his influence felt in every section of the State, was the servant of every man for Christ's sake, and once and forever put to flight in Maine that ignorant and unreasoning prejudice, formerly so prevalent in New England, that the Episcopal Church is aristocratic, unsuited to the needs of the poor and uneducated."

His life as a parish priest in Gardiner was not different from that in Hartford. He was, in this respect, an example to his clergy. They all felt that in him they had a true friend, and few clergymen went from under the fatherly oversight of Bishop Burgess without afterward regretting the change. He had a large charity, and could overlook a man's failings. He never annoyed and fretted those under him. The

severest remarks he was ever known to make in regard to one of his clergy was, that he did not know what to do with him. "He recognized to the fullest extent the truth that every man worthy of manhood must be himself, if he would be successful, and must be left to work in his own way, and to carry out his own choices." He was as cordial and true to a High Churchman as to a Low Churchman among his clergy. He knew nothing of narrowness in his views of truth and of Christian work. "Nothing seemed to delight him more than to confer with them concerning the details of parochial work; on the hindrances to ministerial success that were peculiar to Maine; on the encouragements and discouragements occurring in their experience; on the subjects of preaching in which they might at any time be particularly interested; and on any special experiments they might have undertaken or contemplated in the administration of their cares. Nor was he less ready to adopt hints from their experience than he was to impart to them the benefits of his own. Sometimes he would afterward recall the subject of an interview of this sort, and mention that he had been acting on an idea which had then been imparted to him. Perhaps he would have written a sermon on some text, the treatment of which by the younger clergymen had impressed itself upon his mind. Or he might have adopted in his own parish some detail that had pleased him in the parish of another." "It was no doubt with a view to keeping himself thus in the closest sympathy with his clergy that he pursued the practice of making with them frequent informal exchanges. In addition to his official visitations, he liked to go to their parishes unheralded, like any brother rector, and have them in the same way come to his own church in Gardiner. The congregations delighted in these exchanges, which brought their bishop before them in an unofficial light; in which he appeared, not as the rector of the flock, but simply

as the meek and reverend dispenser of God's word." "That it should have been painful and even difficult to sunder the ties that bound one to such a bishop, cannot well be doubted. It was seldom done without an earnest struggle, in which he on his part left no resource of persuasion untried. He clung to his clergy with a tenacity which it was indeed hard to overcome, and no faithful minister could pass from under his oversight without feeling that the separation was to him unwelcome and distressing." The bishop's feelings, in view of these constant changes, finds expression in the following passage from one of his letters: "Anxious for Houlton, distressed, I might almost say, for Eastport, I do feel that with Calais left also at this moment, I must look with more single-hearted earnestness than ever to the Lord of the harvest, while I fail not to employ all means to bring laborers to our aid."

"The great staple of his conversation, when he was with his clergy, was of themes that had a bearing less on entertainment than self-improvement. He delighted in exchanging views with them on matters of general literature, on questions of theology, on points of Christian experience, on important movements in the Church, and on

such secular affairs as might appear to have a bearing on the higher interests of humanity. His talk was delightful, stimulating, and enriching. In conversations of this description, he had a habit of philosophizing much, and would often open up a train of the most profound reflection on the subject under remark. To social 'small talk,' probably no man was ever less inclined. With his enormous reading, added to his great capacity for thought, his utterances abounded both in suggestiveness and in wealth of illustration. Intercourse with such a bishop could but tend to produce a studious and thoughtful body of clergy. Both by word and by example, there was a great moulding power in his influence over those who were permitted thus to look into his habitual tone of mind. It was by this reflected and indirect agency that, for the most part, he sought to bring his influence to bear upon them, and not by mere dogmatic and perceptive methods. It was seldom, and only in extreme cases, that he resorted to direct appeals of remonstrance or of exhortation." "No one who ever knew him well could possibly suppose him to be one who was hasty to condemn or eager to punish."

(To be continued.)

THERE IS PLENTY OF ROOM.—One of the readiest answers made by those who oppose freedom of worship is, "There is plenty of room!" No answer is more tantalizingly absurd, and no answer is so captivating to the uninitiated. Let but that argument be urged, and at once there is a chorus of approval, and the whole argument in favor of free and open churches is considered quashed. Now, what does this "Plenty of room!" imply? It implies that there are many vacant seats, possibly in side aisles, in galleries, or in the free benches, and so long as such vacant seats exist there is no necessity for disturbing

the existing state of things. This view was corroborated recently at the Churchwardens' visitation, where one of these officers declared that, according to his view, a church was free as long as one vacant seat remained for a visitor to occupy. This sort of freedom, however, is one which its advocates decline to accept for themselves. If we were to suggest to such an one to vacate his centre aisle pew and occupy one of the "plenty of room" seats in the background, how instantaneously would arise his opposition to such a notion. This argument simply means, there is plenty of room in seats we do not and will not oc-

cupy—"Sit thou there!" And the majority of men are daily practically answering this selfish and illogical argument by severing their connection with a Church which so grossly ignores the principles of charity and brotherhood on which it was founded. Dissent thrives in rural parishes by the aid of the "Plenty of room" cry; infidelity and practical heathenism grow apace in large cities by reason of the same cry; and yet God-fearing men are to be found too readily, and we believe honestly, according to their light, use this delusive objection. Again, look at this excuse as it affects many churches, all the seats in which are appropriated to various families. Many families in these parishes have no appropriated pews—there not being sufficient in each church for one to be appropriated to each family. These families complain, and justly so, too; their rights legally are the same as their neighbors', still those in possession keep, and those outside cannot get in. Such complaints are met by the wardens and the friends of pewdom by urging that "there is plenty of room." Only come to Church after the Exhortation, Confession, and Venite,—parts of the service not at all important to you,—and then if we are not in our seats, by all means do you occupy them! In other words, use on sufferance that which is your right. Accept an obligation from a neighbor with whom you have little in common, and surrender a privilege of the Church, which is your national heritage and the benison of your God! An inquiry into the result of this system reveals a deplorable state of affairs, and produces a determination, God helping us, to bring about a change. But how can the objection, "there is plenty of room," be any answer to the great missionary and religious principles which we humbly advocate? Does it give equality of rights in God's holy house? Does it display itself as a symbol of justice to the outcast, the wayfarer, the backslider, and the penitent? Does it vindicate the

missionary precept, "Go preach the Gospel to every creature," or the religious dogma that "God is no respecter of person"? We fearlessly assert that such a reply to the appeal that the people's churches shall be given to the people, is an illusion, and that one great principle of our holy religion, viz., "That in the House of God all men are equal," can only be practically carried out by declaring every church as free and open as the people's park, museum, or library.—*Monthly Paper of Chester Diocesan Open Church Association.*

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. Beloved, now are we the sons of God.—I. John, iii. 1, 2.

THE wanderer no more will roam,
The lost one to the fold hath come,
The prodigal is welcomed home,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

Though clad in rags, by sin defiled,
The Father hath embraced his child,
And I am pardoned, reconciled,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

It is the Father's joy to bless,
His love provides for me a dress,
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

Now shall my famished soul be fed,
A feast of love for me is spread,
I feed upon the children's bread,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

Yea, in the fulness of His grace,
He puts me in the children's place,
Where I may gaze upon His face,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

I cannot half His love express,
Yet, Lord! with joy my lips confess,
This blessed portion I possess,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

It is Thy precious name I bear,
It is Thy spotless robe I wear,
Therefore, the Father's love I share,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

And when I in Thy likeness shine,
The glory and the praise be Thine,
That everlasting joy is mine,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

ATHANASIUS AND MIRAMEH.*

A Tale of Oriental Life.

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND HORATIO SOUTHGATE, D.D.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE next day, the Turkish authorities were on the alert for the detection of the culprits. The old Mohammedan temper, which, however it may slumber, is never extinct, was thoroughly roused. The boldness of the act, the unparalleled audacity which could prompt a gang of unbelievers to invade the house of a Mussulman, astounded, as much as it exasperated, the Faithful. As the news spread in the cafés and the public offices, the khans and the bazars, and, especially, when it entered the Medressehs and the Mosques, and got wind among the religious orders, it raised the old hatred into a furious flame. Threats were heard, on every side. Hardly smothered cries of vengeance were uttered. Even the houses were full of the talk; and, the excited voices of the inmates of the harems could be heard in the streets.

Selim Effendi was called to the Porte, and made report of the events of the night; which was corroborated, in part, by the captain of the guard that had reached the house soon after the departure of the Greeks.

Yani was, of course, seized, at an early hour, brought before the Reïs Effendi, and charged with the crime. He denied, firmly and unblenchingly, all participation in it, or knowledge of it; but, plainly told the Pasha, that he was sorry the attempt had not succeeded; for which, and for his implied threat in his farewell words at his former interview, he was thrown into prison.

The active spies of the government were abroad, throughout the city, especially in the Christian quarters; but, no trace could be found of the offenders. They, in the mean time, were rushing down the Dardanelles, before a strong north wind and a rapid

current, little recking of the tumult they had raised in the city.

But, the excitement was not confined to the Turks. It got among the Christians. From mouth to mouth, and from house to house, it spread like wildfire: and, the ever-excitable Greeks burst forth in a flame which threatened serious results. Thousands of them, through this occurrence, now learned of the abduction of Athanasius, for the first time; and, unlike their peaceful neighbors the Armenians, who are true descendants of Issachar,* they began to show signs of a rising rebellion. Their religion was touched. It was a very different thing from touching their purses: *that* they were more accustomed to.

Of the various classes of Rayahs, the Greeks, undoubtedly, have most of freedom in the exercise of their religion; either because they were the former occupants of the country; or, more probably, because, with their excitable nature and their spirit of independence, the Turkish hatred and contempt for them as Giaours are mingled with a salutary fear of them as a nation. Numbers of the more influential of them rushed to the Patriarchate; and, demanded, that the release of Athanasius should be procured. Here, where they could speak freely, they threatened vengeance, if this iniquity was suffered to pass unnoticed. The aged Patriarch assured them of his sympathy; but exhorted them to moderation and peace.

"The salvation of the youngest lamb in my flock is my care," he said. "But, leave the matter to me; and, do not bring upon yourselves the violence of the Mohammedans. I will do all that is in my power, for his rescue."

* Genesis, xlix, 14, 15.

The rumor of this turbulent disposition among the Greeks, soon reached the Porte, through the agency of its spies; and, the next morning, the Patriarch was summoned before the Reîs Effendi.

It was a part of the original policy of the conqueror of Constantinople, four hundred years ago, to recognize the Greek Patriarch as the head of his nation, and to make him responsible for its good behavior; thus giving him a *quasi* civil, in addition to his spiritual, authority. In this way, the Greeks had been ruled with comparative ease, having felt the pressure of the Turkish yoke much more lightly than they otherwise would have done.

The Patriarch appeared at the Porte, on the third morning after the inroad upon Selim Effendi's premises.

Two objects the Pasha had in view, in sending for him; first, to procure, if possible, his assistance in ferreting out the culprits; and, secondly, to warn him against the disorderly spirit manifested by his countrymen.

He was admitted to a seat on the divan; and, the customary compliments were extended to him; but, the two priests who accompanied him, were suffered to stand on the floor.

The Pasha began: "What is this I hear, my holy friend? Eight of your countrymen have penetrated into the house of a Mussulman, and attempted to carry off one of its inmates."

"I have heard the story," mildly replied the Patriarch.

"And, do you justify such proceedings?" asked the Pasha.

"I justify no violence or bloodshed," replied the ecclesiastic; "but, I understand, that in this case no injury was done to the family; and, that the boy who was sought for, is a Greek, who has been enticed from his home, and is held in that house against his will, and, certainly, without the consent of his father."

"That boy is a Mussulman," said the

Pasha. "He has declared it here, before me. His father has, therefore, no longer, control over him."

"My people will be slow to believe," said the venerable Patriarch, who felt himself sustained, not only by the power of his faith, but by the unanimous good-will of his nation, "my people will be slow to believe, that any disciple of Jesus, however young, is ready to abandon his religion, under a moment's temptation."

"Do you doubt my word?" asked the angry Pasha. "Am I a liar? I tell you what my own eyes have seen, and my own ears have heard."

"I do not doubt your Excellency's word," said the Patriarch, with an admirable mingling of meekness and firmness, in his tone and manner. "But, the matter has not been sufficiently investigated. The father of the boy has been driven away from your presence, without an impartial hearing; and, he has not been permitted to see his son."

"You speak boldly," said the Pasha, with a menacing tone. "I did not expect one of your venerable years, and who holds so high a position by favor of His Majesty, to exhibit the same spirit of insubordination which, I understand, is broken out among your people. And, I wished to speak to you, also, of this turbulent demonstration. It must be suppressed; and, you have power to do it. They will listen to your word."

"It is true," said the Patriarch, "that my people are roused. On that point your Excellency is rightly informed. They affirm, that a mighty wrong has been done; that a Christian boy has been kidnapped, and carried away by a Turk; that he is now kept in his house; that no one is allowed to see him; that he is deceived and beguiled by promises and flatteries; and, that the intention is to train him up as a Mussulman. His father has been thrown into prison, though he is believed to be ignorant of the attempt which has been made to rescue his son. Thus, injustice is done to

him; and his family is deprived of its means of support, in addition to the crime of robbing it of one of its members. Yes, your Excellency, my people are excited: you can judge whether it be without cause."

"I have, then, to convey to you," said the Pasha, "the orders of His Majesty. Report has been made to him, of these events; and, he knows the state of your people. His commands are, that your Holiness use your endeavor to arrest the perpetrators of this outrage; and, that you communicate to your nation, by your official precept and authority, the injunction to cease from all disorderly words and deeds, and not to disturb the peace of the Royal City."

"I am," said the Patriarch Anthimos, who, during the repetition of this Imperial warning, had been stroking gravely his long beard of snowy white, as it lay upon his aged breast, "I am the slave of His Majesty. I hold both my office and my life at his behest. I pray for him in the Holy Eucharist, that his days may be long, and his reign prosperous, and, that all may live in peace beneath his benignant sway. His commands are my law. So far as it is in my power, I am ever ready to obey his royal edict. But, all things I cannot do. If the religion of my people is insulted; if their children are taken from them, by force or fraud, to be trained in another faith; and if they themselves are liable to be cast into prison when they attempt to save their offspring from such a fate; even if I were willing to acquiesce in such proceedings, and to maintain, notwithstanding, the authority of the Sultan, I am powerless to do so. My people will not listen to my voice, if I too abandon them: and, in such a crisis, my office and my life are at the disposal of His Majesty; for, I cannot be responsible for their conduct."

"This, then," said the Pasha, stifling his rage, for, the words of the Patriarch filled him with alarm, "is the answer which I am to return to the Padishah?"

"Not this alone," said the Patriarch; who spoke as if an inspiration from on high rested on him; (and, who can doubt, that in him was fulfilled the promise of his Lord to His Apostles, that, when brought before governors and kings for His sake, it should be given them, in that same hour, what they should speak?) "Not this alone, I can, not only, do nothing to quell the excitement that is rising among my people, or help in the discovery of those who have attempted the rescue of the boy; but, if his father is not immediately released from prison, and his son brought before an open tribunal, where the truth may be ascertained, and justice rendered, I will not be answerable for the consequences."

"Your words shall enter the ear of His Majesty," retorted the indignant Pasha; "and, look you to it, if you do not yet eat them, like dung."

"God's will be done!" replied the Patriarch, in the same grave, firm, and mild tone as before; "and, His Majesty will consider farther whether this matter must not be expected to reach the ears of the foreign ambassadors and the monarchs of Europe; and, whether it will increase their good-will toward his throne; whether those Christian kings and rulers will hear with indifference, that, for this cause, evil has been done to the humble individual who, however unworthy, holds, by the grace of God, the venerable seat of Constantinople, and the Patriarchate of the Eastern Orthodox Church."

So saying, he asked the Pasha's permission to retire; and, that being granted, he rose, made the wonted selam, and followed by his priests, left the presence.

CHAPTER XIV.

How went it with Athanasius, during these days of confusion and turmoil? He knew little of the storm that was brewing without. He did not dream, that his name was in the mouths of thousands; and, that the prayers of whole congregations of

believers were ascending in his behalf. He did not know, that his humble destiny was setting aside, for the moment, the most grave political affairs in the councils of the State, and made even the monarch tremble on his throne. He did not imagine, that foreign legates began to see, in him, a disturbing element in the peaceful tide of diplomacy; and, were honoring his name with frequent mention, in formal dispatches, intended for the eyes of their sovereigns.

Still less could he have conceived of the sudden interest awakened, by his story, in the minds of those romantic individuals in the capital of Turkey, who write, on hire, for the pages of European newspapers; and, to whom, in the sterility of interesting intelligence, the slightest modicum of truth is sufficient to flavor a whole column of the fables and absurdities which form the chief staple of their "News from Constantinople." To them, in their slackness of brain and dearth of information, such an incident as common rumor had started, was enough, when judiciously divided into infinitesimal doses, and mingled in the proportion of a scruple of fact to a gallon of their own invention, to fill up the compass of the stipulated weekly letter, over and over again.

He had not even heard the true account of the midnight disturbance in the house of Selim Effendi. His nightly dreams had been troubled with repetitions of it, in scenes of robbers and bloody men seeking after his life; and by day, no one told him, that his idea of the reality was as imaginary as his sleeping visions. On the contrary, that idea was carefully strengthened; and, Athanasius saw with satisfaction the new precautions which were taken for his security. They were, in truth, designed to keep him from the hands of his fellow-Christians, if they should make another attempt at rescue; but, he accepted, without suspicion, the interpretation given to them in his hearing, that they were for protection against thieves and ruffians.

Private watchmen were stationed every night, in the garden and the court; and, one or two officers from the Porte were lodged in the house.

But, the minds of those in power were troubled; and, as day stole after day, the hope, that the excitement which had been raised in the public mind would subside, was not fulfilled. The Greeks were becoming more dangerous than at first. There was less, perhaps, of noise; but, there was more of settled discontent and secret plotting.

The Turkish government, however lacking in higher qualities, is perfect in its system of *espionage*. Having no trust in the fidelity of its subjects, (especially, of its Rayahs,) it has learned the use of the most adroit means of watching their conduct. That Greek in the Christian café who is declaiming boldly to his brother Greeks of the atrocious abduction of the boy, and thus drawing out their sentiments of hate and revolt, is a base renegade, who has secretly sold his services to the Porte, for a handsome bribe. Presently, he will report to the Reis Effendi, the results of his morning's walk.

Houses are entered in the same manner; and, the private conversations of the table are heard and detailed.

It is this system which leads to the sudden disappearance of men from their homes. A body is found floating in the Sea of Marmora; but, no one can tell how it came there. A shriek is sometimes heard on the Bosphorus, in the middle of the night. The startled passenger, rowing home to the city, asks his boatmen what it means. They reply, by shrugging their shoulders; and, row quietly on, without a word. The voice is as suddenly hushed as it came; and, a caïque is presently seen, moving rapidly to the shore. He who uttered the cry has gone down, from it, into the silent depths.

This vigilant and all-pervading watch extends, if need require, even to foreign-

ers. They cannot so easily be spirited away; but, they are sometimes disposed of by slow poisons, in the use of which the Turks are great adepts: and, when suffered to live, their doings are so narrowly watched that the secrets of their bed-chambers are hardly safe in their keeping.

In the detection of crime also, (and here, more usefully,) the espionage of government is minute and searching. We remember a case in point. The people of Pera, the European quarter of Constantinople, had been grievously annoyed by desperadoes, who assailed gentlemen in the public streets in the evening, and robbed them, by force, of their watches and money; and, when resistance was offered, maltreated their persons. Complaints were made, by the sufferers, to their ambassadors; and, by them, were laid before the Porte. But, the government steadfastly refused to interfere; alleging, that the offenders were Europeans; and, if seized by the Turkish authorities, they were forbidden, by the treaties with most of the European Powers, to punish them: the independent sovereignty of the Sultan, (which those Powers are pledged to support, and which three of them went to war to protect,) not being allowed to inflict penalty for crime committed on his own territory, if so be that the guilty person be a foreigner. At length, the evil became so aggravated, and the outrages committed so bold and violent, that the ambassadors agreed not to interpose, if the criminals should be found to be subjects of their governments. Upon this promise, the secret emissaries of the Porte went to work; and, within forty-eight hours, discovered the existence of a gang of robbers, some twenty-five in number; and arrested every man belonging to it.

They were, as had been predicted, all, Europeans; chiefly Maltese, and other vile fellows from the Mediterranean; most of whom enjoyed the protection of England. The Turkish government, in compliment to

its protectors, the crowned heads of Europe, allowed these their refractory subjects to escape punishment, on condition of leaving the kingdom.

The secret agents, set to work in the matter of Athanasius, soon discovered signs of irritated and rebellious feeling among the Greeks that might easily grow into dangerous conspiracies; and, this feeling was still farther increased by the news of the Patriarch's summons to the Porte, and his reception there. Several uncomfortable messages were also received from European ministers; who, with many professions of good will to His Majesty, but with a freedom of tone that sounded like dictation to an inferior and a dependant, sought to advise the Sultan of what pertained to his dignity and justice at home, and his good name abroad; the latter a topic of most effectual power in these diplomatic counsels.

The Porte found it necessary to do something to allay the excited passions of its own subjects, and to escape censure from its European patrons. But, the thought of doing righteousness in the case was never entertained. The Porte resorted to its usual policy of prevarication, shuffling, and evasion. Selim Effendi was called to the Porte; and, with him friendly measures were concerted for averting the storm, and quieting the excited feeling. No one proposed to him to surrender the boy to his parents, or to bring him before an impartial tribunal. This act of honesty were too gross a treason to the true Faith. But, it was thought necessary to remove him from the house of Selim Effendi, and to place him beyond the reach of observation, or detection. The Reïs Effendi offered, for the emergency, his Konak on the Bosphorus; a goodly palace, where his namesake, the young Mohammed Riza, might be secreted, safe from all inquisitive eyes. Selim Effendi accepted the offer, with the condition that his right of paternity in the boy should be respected.

The removal was effected at nightfall. Athanasius, (for, we will not resign his baptismal name till he voluntarily resigns his Christianity,) was conveyed, in a close carriage, to the Golden Horn, where a four-oared caique lay in waiting; and, was rowed up the Bosphorus, to Candilli, on the Asiatic shore, where stood the palace of Riza Pasha. It was a long, yellow, wooden building, of two stories, standing on the very margin of the stream; with latticed windows overlooking the flood, and a low portal, or arched way, which admitted the boat to a court within.

Athanasius's only attendants were two servants of the household; who conducted him across the court, to the Selamleuk, where, in a small retiring room, the Pasha himself was seated.

He received the boy with great *bonhomie*, after he had kissed the Pasha's hand; and seated him by his side. Athanasius was already becoming acquainted with the minute details of Turkish etiquette; and, his natural gracefulness of manner gave a charm to everything that he did. His knowledge of the vernacular was daily increasing; and, Pembek Khaneum had sedulously taught him all those pretty phrases and turns of speech with which polite society among the Osmanlees garnishes its discourse.

He was now to enter upon a new phase of life. He was introduced into the company of the great. He was under the patronage of wealth and power. He was in the purlieus of the Royal Court. He might attract even the approving eye of Majesty. He knew, that the Pasha to whose house he had come, possessed high distinction and influence; for, Pembek Khaneum had extolled, before him, the advantages of his new home.

Their parting had been affectionate and kind. She had dismissed him with many warm embraces, and with showers of pious benedictions. And, in all this, she was sincere. His free and open temper, his

vivacity of disposition, his native grace of manner, and the affable sprightliness of his talk, had deepened the impression which the first sight of him had created. She truly loved the boy; and, nothing but a cruel necessity could have induced her to let him go from her side.

Athanasius, too, regretted his departure; but, no cloud could long darken the sunny surface of his mind. He was elated by the thought of his new prospects; and, though he could not yet estimate the future advantages of the change in his position, he knew, that he was to be the inmate of the house of a great man; and, that he would be to him as a son. He was, therefore, ready to display all those winning ways which were natural to him; and, the stern Pasha soon relaxed into cheerfulness and even gayety, under the genial influence of his boyish companion.

There is a simplicity in the Turkish character very much akin to childlikeness, which makes the gravest susceptible to the wiles and humors of little boys and girls.

Athanasius, while he never failed in that deference to his superiors which seems instinctive in Oriental youths, (and which presents, to an American, a startling contrast to what he is accustomed to see at home,) ran on, in his merry talk, with such liveliness of humor, such quickness of reply, and such versatility of thought, that the old Pasha was both surprised and delighted.

He had no sons of his own. His only child was a daughter, of some eight years; and, his pondering mind, as he sat listening to the bright boy, dimly forecast a vision which presented a most pleasing domestic picture. He determined, that Athanasius should be trained, not in the harem, but the Selamleuk, where he would be more under his own eye; and, while his age would still permit him to enter the sacred precincts, it should be as a visitor, if at all, not as a child of the family.

Thus he would guard against that too great familiarity which would defeat his plan, by creating in the boy, toward his childish companion, the feelings of a brother.

These matrimonial fancies are among the earliest objects of solicitude in a country where girls are often married by the age of eleven; and where there is current a proverb, that by fifteen a maiden should be wedded, or buried: a longer celibacy would be a useless life. One may see there mothers of thirteen, and grandmothers who have not passed the thirtieth anniversary of their birthday. Betrothals are still more early, especially among the great. They are sometimes made while the subjects of them are yet in an infantine state; and, instances are known where mutual pledges are given by parents, hypothetical in their terms, because the offspring to which they relate have not made their appearance in the world.

Riza Pasha had not yet disposed of his daughter; but, she had been the subject of several negotiations which had not terminated successfully; and, her future lot entered, not unfrequently, into the ambitious schemes of her father.

Nothing is more common than for a great man in Turkey to create his future son-in-law. Sometimes, he is made out of a bright and promising slave, a boy from the mountains of Circassia; sometimes, out of a Christian waif, like Athanasius, found astray. Sometimes, he is a poor Turkish youth, whose beauty, or wit, has attracted the eye of one whose patronage can raise him to distinction.

No people can have less of the pride of ancestry than the Turks. They have no hereditary nobility, below the Sultan; and, the changes of individual fortune are so sudden and so great that rank, through its uncertainty, loses much of its prestige. The mechanic of to-day may be the royal favorite of to-morrow; and, on the other hand, at the word of the Sultan, he who wields, to-day, the loftiest power under the

Throne, may wake up, to-morrow morning, to find himself without office, and without title, on a level with the poorest citizen. Before the absolute power of one, all others are equal. Comparative elevations and depressions are accidental and temporary. Hence, one of the watchwords of democracy—*Equality*—is fulfilled, by the force of a solitary despotism, which sweeps the uneven surface of society into an indistinguishable plain; as we have seen a furious tornado crush the waves, and fill up the hollows, of the sea, until the face of the ocean, though presenting one wide-spread sheet of foam, lay as level as the unbroken mirror of a mountain-lake.

To this equalizing influence of civil dynamics in Turkey, is to be added the still greater potency of religion, which fulfills another law of modern democracy,—*Fraternity*. Christians might take a lesson, here, from the followers of Mohammed. The slave in the household, if he be of the true faith, is more a companion than a servant. The lowest Turk feels ennobled by his religion; the highest acknowledges himself the brother, on equal terms, of his poor neighbor. "I am a Mussulman," evens all differences. In the Mosque, they kneel together, "high and low, rich and poor, one with another." His faith is the Turk's true pride; and, its rights and privileges are the same for all. Hence, the general courtesy which prevails between persons of different classes in worldly fortune. Hence, the freedom and ease of manner with which they converse, the deference of the great to the humble, the natural confidence of the humble in the presence of the great. Hence, too, the quiet and unostentatious acts of beneficence, given, and received, in the simple spirit of mutual brotherhood.

We have dwelt thus long upon this feature of Turkish character, both because it will be found to affect the fortunes of our hero, and because it is worthy of imitation under institutions, civil and religious, which

profess more of good-will among fellow-men, of equal rights and universal fraternity, than does the absolute monarchy of Turkey, or the haughty religion of Mohammed. The tendency of extreme democracy is to unbounded selfishness; and, the only sure antidote is the influence of a genuine Christianity. Civil equality gives an open field to the unloving passions of envy, jealousy, and sordid rivalry. Hence, the need, *in republics above all*, of the supreme sway of a religion whose whole obedience is in *Love*.

CHAPTER XV.

THE Pasha gave Athanasius a place at his evening board, and treated him with paternal cordiality and frankness. He began to imagine other designs for him besides marriage. He would bind him to his new religion by the aid of learning. He would provide for him masters who would teach him the doctrines of the faith of Islam and the sacred language of the Koran,—the greatest accomplishments of the Mohammedan scholar.

Selim Effendi had, as yet, attempted no direct instruction in religion; and, Athanasius had been left without any more inducements to the practice of a Mussulman than had been found in the sight of the religious worship of the household, and the cautious inuendoes of Pembek Khaneum. The hope had been, that he would, at length, become familiarized with his new life, and slide into the habits of a Mussulman, almost unawares. Pembek Khaneum forced nothing upon him; and, he still said his prayers in the name of Jesus, beginning and ending them, as he had done from infancy, with the sign of the Cross.

But, he was becoming, gradually, used to hearing conversation which took Mohammedan tenets for granted, and constantly alluded to Mohammedan habits and superstitions, as regular duties of the daily life.

He was most in danger of mingling the

two religions; as certain communities in the interior of Turkey are said to do, which, having, in a former age, been converted by force, still retain some of the practices of Christianity, while their outward profession is that of Mohammedans. He could, already, use many of those familiar phrases of Turkish society which savor of religion; he could have performed the prescribed ablutions without a fault; and gone through the postures of the *Namaz*,* as adroitly as a drilled scholar of the Prophet. He could speak and act, in the presence of others, like a Mussulman. He thought nothing of it. It came from unconscious imitation. Not a word was said to frighten, or startle, him. But, Pembek Khaneum saw, with secret satisfaction, that he was gliding into ways and manners which would make him a Mohammedan, almost without his knowing it. He was perfectly unaware of any change in himself; but, he was beginning to grow into the habits of a convert.

Riza Pasha was, at the moment, either impatient of this slow process, or, he thought the time had come for more decided action. He was of a quick, imperious nature, accustomed to command; and, he could calculate much upon the mere force of his authority, in moulding the boy to his wishes.

A little incident arose as they took their places at the table, for their evening meal. The Pasha repeated the usual formula, "*Bismillah*," ("In the name of God,") as he put his hand in the dish. The boy also said, "*Bismillah*"; but, he made, besides, the sign of the Cross upon himself. The Pasha observed it.

"What is that?" he asked.

"It is the Cross," said the boy, cheerfully, as if pleased to be able to give the desired information.

* The public prayer, five times daily. The law prescribes, that, when the Mohammedan cannot visit the Mosque, he perform this devotion, at the appointed hour, wherever he may be.

"What dost thou that for, my child?" inquired the Pasha. "What is the use of it?"

"I have always done it," replied Athanasius.

"Then, do it no more," said the Pasha. "There is no profit in it."

His manner was slightly contemptuous, but not angry. On the contrary, he spoke pleasantly, and with a smile; and, Athanasius thought the Pasha must know better than he; and, he acknowledged to himself, that he did not see the good of it. He had been taught to do it; and, he had always seen others do it: that was all he knew about it.

He never, afterward, made the sign of the Cross before others, except in a moment of forgetfulness. He abandoned what is esteemed among his people as a badge of their profession, an impressive symbol of the faith, in childlike submission to the superior knowledge of the great Pasha. He went to his bed, that night, after saying his prayers; but, when he caught himself, involuntarily, making the sign of the Cross, he stopped, and, after a moment's hesitation, (between old habit and new knowledge,) with a feeling somewhat like shame, he left the act unfinished. He was less a Christian, without knowing it. Not that he was ashamed of his religion; but, the Pasha had left the impression that there was something absurd in the act; and, he could not say, there was not: the Pasha ought to know.

He slept, that night, in a little room looking out upon the garden in the rear of the house, and next to the great room occupied by the Pasha. But, he could see none of the beauties which surrounded him, till the sun peeped in, on the following morning.

He was cared for as if he had been a son of the Pasha. Two men-servants brought his bed from the closet where it was stored during the day, and spread it upon the divan; covering it with fresh, clean sheets and a gorgeous comfortable, thick enough to

serve for a bed, but withal so light that its weight was almost imperceptible. A candle in a tall brass candlestick, stood upon a stool near his bed; and, when the men-servants had retired, a black slave, a young eunuch of seventeen, came in, with a bowl of orange *sherbet*,* which he offered to him, on bended knee.

Athanasius felt somewhat elevated by these attentions. He had never dreamed of them, amidst his midnight fancies in the garden of Kadi Keul. But, nothing could repress his free, elastic temper. Instead of being overwhelmed by the homage, he chatted away with the black, (who helped him to undress,) until he dropped asleep, and dreamed of gardens and bowers.

The young slave, as soon as the boy's tongue had ceased prattling, and his eyelids closed, extinguished the candle, and stole softly out of the room.

Athanasius thought he had never seen anything so beautiful as the scene which presented itself when he looked from the window, the following morning. We have said, that the house stood upon the border of the Bosphorus. Behind it, stretched upward those graceful hills which are the charm of that fairy stream, a most enchanting border to its blue tide. Behind the palace, they had been converted into a garden, of the most luxurious description; rising nearly to their summits, in terraces, along the edge of which stood rows of painted boxes, filled with trees, chiefly of a tropical character; among which the orange and verbena predominated. The hill-sides were broken by little ravines, which were crowded with shrubs, many of them bearing flowers of great brilliancy and beauty.

The season was too late to see the garden in all its glory; but, the number of

* *Sherbet* is a generic name. It includes all drinks which have an infusion of some sirup or fruit. Thus, lemonade is, *à la Turque*, lemon-sherbet. Of course, the varieties of sherbet are infinite.

gay and odoriferous flowers was immense; some of them being of that delicate nature which required them to be protected within doors during the winter. These were arranged in pots, wherever the fancy of the gardener chose to place them. Tall trees rose above all, amidst the surrounding shrubbery; and, close to the palace, on a level green-sward between it and the first terrace, stood a marble fountain, whose water, brought from a spring in the hill above, shot into the air, and fell into a small basin, over whose sides it plashed continually, night and day, into a larger receptacle below.

Athanasius was enchanted with the scene before him. He forgot, for a moment, the reality of his situation. He seemed to be in a land of romance.

There is much to create this feeling under Oriental skies; nowhere more so than on the shores of the Bosphorus, in a still, dreamy morning, when the sun mounts slowly into the heavens, bathing the western bank in soft, yellow light, while the eastern lies shrouded in mysterious shadow.

Athanasius gazed long, from his window, on the brilliant prospect; his eye, at times, seeking to penetrate the thick masses of foliage spreading up the hill, and his ears drinking in the incessant rippling of the fountain, and the merrier songs of numerous birds, carolling their matins.

His heart, always susceptible of joyous emotions, was elated and expanded by a new sense of pleasure, which stole over him, like an intoxicating draught, creating sensations of undefined, yet ecstatic, rapture, full of airy and seductive visions. These, at length, subsided into that "mild-minded melancholy" which, in him, was but a soft, luxurious joy, musing and brooding over happy memories and fond anticipations. It was a dangerous state; for, it was unreal, enervating, tempting to "dreamful ease." It was the foreshadowing of an influence which should bring him down from the soarings of his elastic ambition,

to dwell contentedly in the vale of visionary, self-indulgent thoughts.

This, indeed was the hazard of his present life. It would tend to unnerve him, to make him a soft-minded voluptuary.

His new patron, in his profounder musings during the watches of the night, had not forgotten the gay and lively boy who had entertained him at his evening meal; and, he determined that, among the influences which he would bring to bear upon him, to mould him to his own purpose, he would fascinate him by appeals to his imagination, and through the softer sentiments of the heart. This he could easily do, with his unbounded means of enjoyment: but, he relied, chiefly, upon the presence and influence of his little daughter, *Miraméh*; too fair a flower, one would think, to have grown on so rugged a stock.

Morning had no sooner dawned than he proceeded to put his purpose into execution.

The Turks are, proverbially, early risers. The first hour of prayer in the morning is before sunrise; at that moment, says a pragmatic Commentator, when one may distinguish a black thread from a white.

Athanasius, looking from his window, saw a fair vision suddenly appear upon the green-sward below. It was the little maiden. Riza Pasha had sent her out, for a walk in the garden.

She was attended by an older girl; evidently a servant, yet no unpleasing specimen of Oriental beauty.

But, the little *Miraméh* was a creature of joy and sunshine, a jewel of the finest water. She was, as we have said, only eight years of age; but, she had the height and development of a western child of twelve, as Athanasius himself might have been taken, in lands nearer the setting of the sun, for four or five years older than he was.

She was dressed in bright colors, after the Turkish taste; but, they became her as they became the gay flowers of the

garden, of which, to our young hero, she seemed the fairest and loveliest. Her shalwars were of scarlet silk. A small cashmere girdle encircled her slender waist. Over that was a vest, of purple velvet, decked with silver embroidery; on her head, a bright red cap, with a long gold tassel depending from it; and her hair, of almost as bright a hue as the tassel, hung in luxuriant and unconfined tresses, down her back. Her tiny feet were revealed, rather than hidden, in white satin slippers, having a variegated bow at the ankles, and almost covered with fine, small pearls.

She was laughing, and speaking to her attendant, whom she called *Esmé*.

"The birds are singing, and the sun is coming over the hill. Let us go up and meet him:" and, she darted up the steps which led to the first terrace, where she waited for her companion. Here, Athanasius had a full view of her, as she turned toward him: she was now nearly on a level with him. *Esmé* came slowly up, while *Mirameh* upbraided her, in laughing tones, for her laziness in the early morning; and, *Esmé* replied, that she was not swift enough to chase gazelles.

"If I were a bird," said *Mirameh*, "I would fly away over the hill, and you should never see me more."

"And there," said *Esmé*, "some bright boy would find you, and carry you to the Palace of the Roses, and you would sing to them all the day long. Is it not so, my *Bulbul*?"

"No, I would not be a nightingale," said the merry child, "to sit and sing, all day, on a rose-bush. I would be a swallow, wandering everywhere: I would never rest at all."

Her face was turned toward the house; but, she was unconscious of the watchful eye which was resting upon her. Her form

*Nightingale. I may as well say here what would have been better said at the beginning, that the vowels and diphthongs in Oriental words, as I write them, are to have the French pronunciation.

was erect and graceful, light and airy; and, she hardly seemed to touch the ground on which she stood. Her neck was open, displaying a throat as pure as alabaster; and, her eyes, as she looked down on the lazy *Esmé*, who was one of those maidens of luscious *embonpoint* that sometimes grow in eastern harems, her sparkling eyes of light blue, (an unusual color in the east,) seemed as if the spirit of innocent merriment was laughing through them. So clear was the color of her cheek that *Athanasius* could distinctly see the long, dark lashes which lay upon it.

As *Esmé* came near the summit of the steps, *Mirameh* raised her eyes, and looked toward the house. Instantly, she saw the beautiful boy, at the window, gazing at her, with a most unmistakable interest. Their eyes met. She gave one hasty, half-frightened, half-wondering glance, and then, turning as quickly away, ran up to *Esmé*, hid behind her, and, putting up her fair, round face, whispered something to her. *Esmé* turned at once, and gazed at the boy, with no perturbation, but with a good, long, hearty stare. It was now *his* turn to be abashed, and, he retired from the window, to the other end of his apartment. But, the vision-stayed in his heart.

After a pause, the girls proceeded on their way up the garden; *Mirameh* keeping close by *Esmé's* side, and speaking earnestly as they walked; once or twice glancing back, timidly, at the house. But he no more appeared, though the window remained in full view, as they ascended terrace after terrace. At length they turned aside, and entered an arbor completely covered, and hidden by clustering grapevines.

"Who can he be?" said the little maiden, as they seated themselves in the bower. Her vivacity was quite gone, and in its place was a sedate look of simple wonder.

"I do not know," said the attendant; who, by the familiarity with which she seated herself, appeared to be rather the

companion than the servant of the child. She was, in truth, a Georgian slave; but she had grown up in the house, and had tended her little mistress from her birth.

"I don't know; but is he not beautiful?"

"Yes," answered the timid Mirameh, falteringly.

"But, where did he come from? My father did not tell me of him. Is he going to live in the house? He is not a servant. I know that. He looks like the son of a prince."

"He is," said Esmé. "He came from the land of Golconda; and, he will take my rose-bud, and plant it in the garden of his palace; and, when it blooms, he will pluck it, and lay it in his bosom, and keep it there forever."

"I will not be his rose-bud. Nor will I go to Golconda. It is not so good as Stam-

boul. I will stay here. And, perhaps, *he* will stay too," said the little maiden, glancing shyly down.

"Oh no," replied the tantalizing Esmé. "You will be a bird, and fly away, and never come back again."

"I do not wish to be a bird, now.—Shall we not go back to the house? The sun is coming down among the trees. And—and—I want to ask my father about the *Shah-zadeh*.* I know he must be a Shahzadeh."

"Well, the Shahzadeh need not make you look so sober, my Sultana. He will not devour you, like an ogre. But, he is a handsome boy; and, that is more dangerous still for little girls that walk in gardens."

So saying, they returned to the house, more demurely than they came forth.

* Persian title: Son of a Shah, or King.

(*To be continued.*)

SONNET

On the Collect for the Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts."—LONGFELLOW.

WELL might the Christian poet Cowper long
For tranquil "lodge in some vast wilderness,"
Where sound of discord might no more distress
His gentle spirit. Strange! that still among
Those who confess the "Prince of Peace" oft throng
Strifes, wars! O Lord, "in godly quietness
That joyfully Thy Church may serve Thee," bless
With righteous measures nations weak and strong!
"Grant, we beseech Thee, Lord! that this world's course,
Peaceably by Thy governance ordered," force
Buried in slumber deep may see! Let rule
Thy Spirit in all hearts; that men may learn,
Taught in Thy Gospel's pure and heavenly school,
Through its blest sway, "righteousness, peace, and joy" to earn!

December 30, 1870.

J. J. R.

Youths' Department.

WHAT THE ANGEL SAID TO ALICE.

"Oh how beautiful she is!" thought little Alice Merton, as she sat in church, and looked up again at the lovely white marble angel.

Every Sunday, Alice looked up a great many times at this angel. It was high up over the altar, but the soft light fell on its smooth, pure forehead and lovely curls. And then its fair, round arms, and the dear hands that clasped the book! Alice used to think if she could only go up there, and lay her own hand on the angel's arm; and then if only its eyes could look at her, and it could speak just one word.

So busy was Alice thinking of her dear angel, as she always called it, that she sat leaning back in the pew, and nearly forgot to listen to the words the minister was reading from the Bible. But the verse, "Be ye kind, tender-hearted, forgiving one another," arrested her attention. They were the last words of the second lesson, and, after reading them, the minister closed the book, and then a loud, sweet strain of music burst from the great organ.

Alice opened her Prayer Book, and rose with the congregation, but as she did so the words repeated themselves in her mind, "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another;" and she thought, as she glanced up again at the angel's face, how good, she was sure it would be, if it were a living human being instead of a marble angel.

Soon the service was over, and then the sermon, and afterward the benediction; and then Alice went with her father and mother and brother and sister down the long aisle. I hope some good thoughts

came into her mind as she walked home with May and Freddy.

Alice was the youngest; and though the children sometimes disagreed, they generally were loving and happy. And now they were talking pleasantly together, when, suddenly turning a corner, they saw Edith Franklin just before them.

Edith was about as old as Alice, and they went to the same school, and were in the same classes.

"Oh see! there is Edy," said May.

"I don't care if it is," said Alice. "She's real mean, and I am not going to speak to her. I don't like her any more. She went and said I looked over her book, when Miss Blake was hearing my geography lesson; I didn't do any such thing, now; and I'll thank her not to say I did. I was just looking over at something else."

"Oh, I guess you did peep, just a little bit, you know," said Fred.

"I didn't, neither, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to say so," said Alice, beginning to pout.

"Well, you needn't get in such a temper," said May. "I hope you will make it up before Wednesday, so as to invite her to your birthday party."

"Invite her! I guess I shan't," exclaimed Alice, "when she was so mean to me."

By this time they had reached home, and Alice tried to forget her unhappy feelings by reading her library book; but she was glad when the bell rang to call them all together, round the cheerful tea-table.

After tea, Alice nestled down again in the corner of the sofa with her book; but

presently her head drooped, and the book slipped from her hand.

But something, she thought, came and stood beside her. She was not at all frightened, but very happy to see that it was her dear angel. There she stood; her beautiful arms stretched out to Alice. She did not hold the large book that Alice thought was only for the Church service; but she stood so close that Alice could have touched her. And oh how glad she was to see, close by, that fair forehead with the beautiful curls, and those smooth, round arms, and lovely hands.

"Oh! oh!" said Alice, "my angel! my dear, dear angel! you don't know how much I love you, and how much I have wanted to speak to you."

"And I love you," said the angel. "Every Sunday I have looked down at you, and now that you are alone, I have come to talk a little with you."

"Oh dear, how glad I am!" said Alice, "for such a long time I have loved you, and wished you would speak to me. You don't know"—and the tears began to come into Alice's eyes. "Oh how happy I am," she said, as the angel laid a white hand on her head a moment, and then took one of Alice's hands in hers.

"Be kind, tender-hearted, forgiving one another;" my Alice heard the words the minister read: Be kind to every one, and forgive those who do an injury." The angel paused, Alice glanced up.

"And Alice will forgive Edith," the angel went on, pressing Alice's hand.

"I will! I will! oh, my dear angel, so you shall love me."

"So God shall love you, my Alice."

"Oh tell me more, that I may be good, and that God may love me."

"The Prayer Book and the Bible will tell you; and the minister will tell you; and I will be near to help you."

"Be very near me?" said Alice.

"Very near," said the angel; but the hand was withdrawn so gently, Alice did

not know when it slipped away, or when the angel left her side.

"Oh my!" said Alice, as she opened her eyes wide, and saw her sister May before her. "May, I have been asleep and dreaming, haven't I? But, May, what do you think! I dreamed that that beautiful white angel—the lovely marble angel over the altar, you know, came and stood right here, and talked with me." Alice didn't say anything more then, but after a while she said: "May, when I dreamed about the angel coming here, and standing by me, I thought it said, 'Alice, I want you to forgive Edith, because the minister read out of the Bible, Be kind, tender-hearted, forgiving one another;' and those were the very words he did read, just at the end of the second lesson; and I do mean to invite Edith to my party; I shall go the first thing in the morning and make up, and ask her to come."

The next morning Alice was ready for school half an hour before the time, because she wanted to stop to see Edith; but when she opened the door to go out, who should she see standing there but Edith herself.

"Oh Edith!" said Alice, "I was just coming to see you; I wanted to speak to you."

"And I hurried to come here before school," said Edith, "because—because I have been feeling so sorry about what I said; you know—about the geography lesson. I'm really sorry I spoke so, and I was sorry immediately after; and I told mother about it, and she said I ought to come in before school and tell you, and ask if you would forgive me."

Before Edith could speak these last words, Alice had thrown her arms around her neck, and kissed her again and again. And then they went to school together, and on the way Alice told Edith she was going to have a birthday party, and she said she shouldn't have a nice party at all unless Edith would promise to come.

Wednesday evening came, and Edith

was at the party; and I only wish I could tell you what a delightful time the children had.

One day, some time after this, as Alice and Edith were walking home from church

together, Alice told Edith about her dream, and how she thought the angel had taken her hand and spoken with her, and said, "Be kind, tender-hearted, forgiving one another."

RUTH.

In the book of Ruth we have the particulars given of one family. It relates neither miracles nor laws, wars, victories, nor revolutions of states; but the afflictions of Naomi, and the conversion and preferment of Ruth, from whom our Lord descended. The scene is laid in Bethlehem, the birth-place of our adorable Redeemer. The date and authorship of this book are unknown; though scholarly opinion is in favor of Samuel as the writer. Its right to a place in the canon of Holy Scripture has never been questioned. It follows the book of Judges, the events related here happening in the days of the judges, and it fitly goes before the books of Samuel, because in the close it introduces David; though singularly enough, the Jews, in their Bibles, separate it from both, and put it in this order: Solomon's Song, Ruth, Lamentations, Ecclesiastes, and Esther. Ruth means "satisfied." She was a Moabitish woman, brought under very peculiar circumstances into close relation with the stock of Israel. The narrative is written in a style of great simplicity, and forms a pleasant contrast with the dark shades of the picture, contemplated in reading the book of Judges. The first verse is all the date we have of this story. "Now it came to pass in the days when the judges ruled, there was a famine in the land." Ruth, i. 1. For this reason the family, whose history is here given, was compelled to abandon the land of Canaan and seek an asylum in the territories of Moab. Under which of the judges these things occur, the conjectures

of the learned are very uncertain. It must be toward the beginning of the judges' times, for Boaz, who married Ruth, was born of Rahab, who received the spies in Joshua's time. The learned Bishop Patrick inclines to think "it was in the days of Gideon, because in his days only we read of a famine by the Midianites invasion." Judges, vi. 3, 4.

The family in distress, on account of this famine, was that of Elimelech, which word means, "My God is King." When the judges ruled, the Lord was the King of Israel. Elimelech's wife's name was Naomi, which means, "beautiful, agreeable," "my amiable or pleasant one." His sons' names were Mahlon and Chilion, the former means, "sickness, infirmity," the latter, "finished, complete, perfect." Common gifts of Providence are often bestowed in greater abundance on those who are strangers to God than upon those who love and worship Him. "Moab is at ease from his youth, while Israel is emptied from vessel to vessel." Jeremiah, xlviii. 11. Not because he loves the Moabites better, but because they have *their portion in this life*. Elimelech went not to settle there, but to sojourn for a time during the dearth; as Abraham, on a like occasion, went into Egypt, and Isaac into the land of the Philistines. Elimelech took his family with him into the country of Moab. Why he went there seems very remarkable. Had he inquired, he would probably have found plenty in some of the tribes of Israel; on the other side of Jordan, that *bordered* on the land of Moab. On reaching the land he died.

His sons married women of Moab; this was a transgression of the law, which forbade the taking of strange wives. Little did he think of this when he went there; but what could he have expected? If we, as parents, bring our children up to associate with the ungodly and unprincipled, we know not what the end may be. Many a child, on a dying bed, has mourned the day this license was given by its parents, under the idea that the child was armed by previous good training against temptation.

It does not appear that the women they married were proselyted to the Jewish religion; for Orpah is said to have returned to her God (ch. i. 15). The sons died soon after their marriage; perhaps their days were shortened by God, by way of punishment. Death makes sad breaches in a family. When our affliction is not duly improved, God sends another and another. When Naomi lost her husband she would naturally look up to her sons for protection; confidently turning to them in her sorrow; but, behold, they are cut down; *now* her cup is full. So uncertain and so transient are all our enjoyments in this life. Poor Naomi, a widow and childless, and in a strange land. How desolate her condition, and how disconsolate her spirit! The loss of children and widowhood. Isaiah, xlvii. 9. God alone can comfort those who are cast down. Isaiah, li. 12.

In the first chapter and sixth verse we read that a report had reached her, from some source, that the famine had ceased in her own land; Moab had afforded her a temporary shelter in the hour of need, but this was not her rest. Of no land but that in which the sanctuary of God was could she say, "This is my rest forever, here will I dwell."

No doubt she had often and anxiously inquired about the state of her country,—how the crops looked, what harvests they had, how the markets went; still the tidings were gloomy and discouraging, like the prophet's servant, who looked seven times

and saw no sign of rain, till at the last he discovered a cloud no bigger than a man's hand; so Naomi, the good news at last reaches her of plenty in her much-loved country. Her new alliances are not strong enough to retain her in Moab; the necessity that brought her there had ceased, it was a melancholy place to her. Her dead were buried out of her sight there, but not out of mind. She wisely resolves to return all the way alone. "She was stripped of all but a good heart; that remained with her, and bore her up in the deepest extremity. True Christian fortitude wades through all difficulties," says Bishop Hall. She evinced great affection for her daughters-in-law, and they for her. One of them *especially*, and is a fine example for mothers-in-law. By her kind and obliging disposition, she had won their love and confidence, and being faithful to the God of her fathers, she had commended Him to Orpah and Ruth. She started on her journey, they accompanying her, not seeming to expect or wish them to leave their families. So after travelling some distance, she tells them to return, prays that God may deal kindly with them, as they had with *her* loved ones, and kissed them a farewell. This was too much for the young widows. The three newly-made graves, their *own* and *her* widowhood, her grief for those she would see no more in this world, and her prayer, led them to resolve not to leave her. Twice she said to them, "Turn again, my daughters." They wept; but Orpah's resolution failed; so she kissed Naomi and returned to her own people, though no mention is made of her bidding Ruth good-by. Perhaps she had an idea that Ruth would follow her example. Not so, however, she clave to Naomi, and begged her not to insist upon her leaving her, uttering these ever memorable words: "Where thou goest I will go; where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." What a rare instance of affection to a mother-in-law, and is an

evidence that Ruth had an inward yearning to share Naomi's trials, and learn of her more of that religion that had been her solace in the hour of distress. This put an end to the debate, and she backs her resolution to adhere to Naomi with a solemn oath; this would leave a lasting obligation upon her never to forsake the good way she was now making choice of. This was enough; Naomi saw her steadfastness, and said no more.

Company of the right sort is a great relief during a long journey. A good book is a great luxury for a time; but a companion like Ruth would be an invaluable blessing to Naomi. They were sharers of each other's sorrows, and the former, being a proselyte, had much to learn.

The weariness and fatigue were very much lessened by their mutual conversation, and before they were aware of it, they had reached Bethlehem. How different Naomi's circumstances! It would seem, by the exclamation uttered, as if her old acquaintances could scarcely realize that she was the same woman. "Is this Naomi?" said they. We infer from this notice taken of her by them, that she had been in comfortable circumstances

Had she not been poor and destitute she would not have elicited so much notice. Afflictions make great and surprising changes in a little time. She looked jaded and careworn. She was as much unlike her former self as the withered rose is unlike the blooming flower. Some might ask

(To be continued.)

the question in contempt, upbraiding her for leaving her country, saying, "See what she got by going to a strange country," they thinking she ought to have shared their lot. Others would ask it from a feeling of pity and commiseration. In the midst of this surprise and excitement, note Naomi's conduct. She encountered their gaze, heard their remarks, and bore all this, and the melancholy effects of her affliction, with a great deal of pious patience, saying, "Call me not Naomi," *i.e.*, *beautiful, amiable*, "call me Mara," *bitter*: "for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty."

After losing her husband and sons she had probably sold her effects, and had only what she and Ruth brought with them. It well becomes us to have our hearts humbled under humbling circumstances. She recognized the hand that had laid her low, saying, "The Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me." When God corrects us, He testifies against us and contends with us. It is not the affliction itself, but affliction rightly borne, that does us good. Tribulation works patience.

Now we come to a new era in Ruth's history; her condition was very low and poor; so much reduced were they that Ruth proposes to go into the fields to glean. They had arrived in Bethlehem at a very seasonable time, the beginning of the barley harvest, which was the first, the wheat harvest coming after.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.—About two hundred and sixty years ago a poor lad of seventeen was seen travelling on foot in the south of England. He carried over his shoulder, at the end of his stick, all the clothing he had in the world, and had in his pocket an old leather purse, with a few

pieces of money given him by his mother when, with a throbbing, prayerful heart, she took her leave of him on the road a short distance from her own cottage.

And who was John? for that was his name. He was the son of poor but honest and pious people, and had six brothers and

five sisters, all of whom had to labor for a living. He was a godly lad, and at fourteen was disappointed in getting a place as parish clerk, and with his parents' consent set out to get employment.

At the city of Exeter, where he first went, he met with no success; but as he looked on the beautiful cathedral, and in the booksellers' windows, a strong desire sprang up in his mind to become a scholar, and at once he set out for the University at Oxford, some two hundred miles off, walking the whole way. At night he sometimes slept in barns, or on the sheltered side of a hay-stack, and often met with strange companions. He lived chiefly on bread and water, with occasionally a draught of milk as a luxury.

Arriving in the splendid city of Oxford, his clothing nearly worn out and very dusty, his feet sore, and his spirit depressed, he knew not what to do. He had heard of the Exeter College in Oxford, and thither he went, and to his great delight was engaged to carry coal into the kitchen, to clean pans, and that kind of work.

Here, while scouring his pans, he might be often seen reading a book. His studious habits soon attracted the attention of the authorities, who admitted him into college as a poor scholar, providing for all his wants. He studied hard and was soon at the head of his class. He rose to great eminence as a scholar, was very useful as a minister of Christ, and many years before his death, which took place when he was seventy-two, he visited his father and mother, who were delighted to see their son not only a "great scholar," but a pious bishop. Such was the history of Dr. John Prideaux, who used to say, "If I had been parish clerk of Ugborough, I should never have been bishop of Worcester." He left many voluminous works as fruits of his industry and learning.—*Youth's Instructor*.

AN ANGEL IN THE STONE.—It is related of Michael Angelo, that while walking with

some friends through an obscure street in the city of Florence, he discovered a fine block of marble lying neglected in a yard, and half buried in dirt and rubbish. Regardless of his holiday attire, he at once fell to work upon it, clearing away its filth, and striving to lift it from the slime and mire in which it lay. His companions asked him, in astonishment, what he was doing, and what he wanted with that worthless piece of rock.

"O there's an angel in the stone," was the answer, "and I must get it out."

He had it removed to his studio, and with patient toil, with mallet and chisel, he let the angel out. What to others was but a rude, unsightly mass of stone, to his educated eye was the buried glory of art. A mason would have put it into a stone wall; a cartman would have used it for filling in, or to grade the streets; but Angelo transformed it into a gem of art, and gave it value for ages to come.

What possibilities of virtue and usefulness may not a good man see in a child! Do we know how to get the angel out? Are our children to be only for "filling in?"

A LITTLE BOY'S TABLE PRAYER.—Little Walton F—— was visiting in the country. There were many guests, and the children had a separate table. While waiting for a blessing to be asked, he found the meal was commenced. "Why don't you pray?" he exclaimed, surprised out of his politeness. "Well, Wattie, suppose *you* pray."

It was an unexpected turn of affairs, but he was equal to the occasion. "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want: for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen," he said, promptly and devoutly.

Was it not beautiful? How direct and practical the application of a favorite verse! How close the connection between the provision for his comfort and the watchful care of the heavenly Shepherd, who is ready to feed the soul as well as the body!—*Child's Paper*.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

THE Church of St. Ann's is the oldest, and was for more than forty years the only Episcopal Church in Brooklyn, and reverts to a time when that now great and increasing city contained not more than one hundred houses, built around the neighborhood of what is at present the terminus of all the Brooklyn City Railroads at Fulton Ferry. The first rector was the Rev. George Wright, who commenced preaching to the little congregation in 1784, at No. 40 Fulton street.

In 1787, an act of incorporation was granted, by the Legislature of New York, to the "Episcopal Church of Brooklyn," and a church edifice was erected, in which the ceremony of consecration was performed on the 24th of May, 1789, by Bishop Provost. In the annals of St. Ann's it is recorded, however, that soon after the earliest organization of the Society, the Rev. Mr. Wright gave place, for a time, to the Rev. James Sayre, an adherent of King George in the War of Independence, who officiated in the parish from May, 1778, till the evacuation of the town by the British troops. After the Rev. Mr. Wright's resignation, in 1789, the charge of the parish was committed to the Rev. E. D. Rattoone, a man of equal learning and piety, who was Professor of Greek in Columbia College, and served as one of the "Committee of Three," appointed to correct and revise the Book of Common Prayer.

With the increase of the town, the congregation of St. Ann's soon became so large as to demand a greater accommodation in their place of worship, and on the 29th of April, 1804, they received from Trinity Church, New York, the handsome donation of \$2,000 for a "brick" church (the first building had been of wood) in Sands street, which was at once begun, and was completed on the 20th of May, 1805, at a cost of £4,794 7s. 2d. The dimensions of this

structure were 60 by 46 feet. "The Brick Church" in Sands street sufficed for the wants of the congregation but little more than twenty years: for on the 14th of October, 1823, it was resolved to erect a larger one fronting on Washington street, 90 by 66 feet. On the 13th of April, 1824, the corner-stone was laid, and on the 13th of July, 1825, the edifice was consecrated by Bishop Croes of New Jersey. Three years after a Sunday-school building was erected, of ampler proportions than the original wooden structure, or even the "Brick Church" itself.

The new church in Clinton street, corner of Livingston, presents a great contrast with the old one. Messers Renwick & Sands, of Wall street, New York, are the architects, and the church is a masterpiece. Its style is what is termed the Second Pointed, which is a commingling, we believe, of the old Gothic and the Norman. The corner-stone was laid by Bishop Potter and the rector, Dr. Schenck, in May, 1867. It is built of Belleville and Cleveland stone. Its dimensions are 75 feet by 126, the height from floor to roof being 90 feet. This is the first successful attempt to interweave the Cleveland white with the Belleville brown sandstone, in this style of architecture. This church is the first venture of the Second Pointed style of architecture in America. The interior decoration is by Cohn, the first polychrome painter in the country, who proposes in St. Ann's to improve upon his decoration of St. George's, New York. The total cost, we understand, inclusive of everything, is \$350,000. The organ, by Urben, costs \$15,000. From floor to roof the interior is richly polychromed and certainly inferior to no church interior in the country. The glass is in the very best style, by Sharp of New York. It is mostly in arabesque, except the memorial windows, of which

there are four, viz., to Dr. Cutler, for thirty years rector; to Mr. F. W. Peet, long distinguished as superintendent of the great Sunday schools of the parish; to Mrs. Whitehead, presented by her son-in-law, Dr. Gilfillan, and to Mrs. Ann Sands, who gave the ground on which the first church was built in 1789. The church will seat 2,000 persons, being 500 more than Holy Trinity—300 more in pews and 200 in benches.

Of the pastors that have successively occupied the pulpit of St. Ann's during the present century, all eminent for zeal and ability, three rose to the Episcopate: the Right Rev. C. P. McIlvaine, the venerable head of the Diocese of Ohio; the late Henry U. Onderdonk, D.D., Bishop of Pennsylvania, and the late J. P. K. Henshaw, Bishop of Rhode Island. Bishop McIlvaine's term in the pastoral charge of St. Ann's embraced a period of five years, and he was immediately succeeded by the late Rev. B. C. Cutler, D.D., whose fragrant memory is still so tenderly cherished by his surviving parishioners. The Rev. Dr. Cutler's pastorate extended over nearly thirty years, from the 21st of April, 1833, to the 10th of February, 1863, when he died, deeply lamented by the entire community in which he had so efficiently and acceptably labored for a whole generation.

A most exciting and affecting episode in the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Cutler will be fresh in the memories of many of our readers. Returning from a European tour in the packet ship *Sheffield*, he narrowly escaped being lost, with the whole of the ship's company, on the Long Island coast, after a stormy voyage of twenty-one days. On the morning of the 11th of October, 1843, after a New York pilot had been taken on board, the *Sheffield* struck heavily on Romer Shoal, on the south shore of Long Island, and for more than twenty-four hours was in momentary danger of going to pieces; the sea broke fearfully over the vessel, the passengers had well-nigh abandoned all hope

of rescue, and the Rev. Dr. Cutler, who seemed about to perish almost in sight of his home, had been leading them in prayer for the Divine protection, when a steamer arrived in sight, and recognizing the *Sheffield's* perilous position, bore up and took off its whole precious freight of human lives.

Upon the death of the Rev. Dr. Cutler, the wardens and vestry of St. Ann's gave a call to the Rev. L. H. Mills, who had charge of the parish until his resignation, April 1, 1867, when the Rev. Dr. N. H. Schenck was named his successor and soon afterward entered upon the duties of his office. Meanwhile a new Sunday-school building had been erected preparatory to the magnificent new church edifice adjoining.

The Rev. Noah Hunt Schenck, D.D., the present rector of St. Ann's, is one of the foremost men in the ministry in the United States. Dr. Schenck is a native of Trenton, New Jersey; he passed his collegiate course at Princeton, where he was a member of the American Whig Society; he was afterward trained for the bar and entered upon the practice of his profession in Cincinnati. In a short time, however, he abandoned the law, studied theology, took Holy Orders, and removed to Chicago, where he assumed the pastoral charge of Trinity Church, and the editorial conduct of the *Western Churchman*. Having established a high reputation for zeal, erudition, and piety in his new field of labor, he was soon called to Emmanuel Church, Baltimore, the leading Episcopal organization of that great city, whence, in May, 1867, he came to St. Ann's, Brooklyn.

The authorities of this church very gratefully granted to Dr. Schenck the privilege of remaining in Europe while the new church building was in course of erection, and accordingly he went with his family, in the summer of 1867, to the continent, but returned himself and spent the greater part of the winter in the discharge of his parochial duties.

Rev. Dr. Schenck is forty-five years of age, in person he is a man of commanding presence, as an elocutionist he has few equals, and since the death of the lamented Francis L. Hawks, there has been probably no such reader of the Service as he, in the American Church. His style of speaking is "extempore" and yet not diffuse, exceedingly practical and yet not deficient in ornament, and uniformly fervid and forcible. His alma mater has always watched his course with affectionate interest, gave him the Doctorate, and brought him back to her academic shades, in 1866, to address

the Societies of the College, which he did in a discourse on "The Epochs of Transition," a valuable contribution to the literature of the country and the age. Dr. Schenck is a cousin of Hon. Mr. Schenck, of the House of Representatives, and brother-in-law of the Hon. George H. Pendleton, of Ohio. In the pastorate of St. Ann's he recognizes a great evangelical work to be accomplished, for which he left a large, opulent, and powerful parish in Baltimore, and for which we trust his life may be long spared to his Church and people.

BURYING THE DEAD.

BY THE REV. ANTHONY SCHUYLER, D.D.

WE live in so fast and shifting an age that very little on its surface is what "it used to be." The drift is decided, and runs through all the form and fashion of our modern life. The entire living of people, our eating and drinking, and dressing and working, and sleeping and burying, is under a law of transition which has wrought, in many respects, a transformation. Some of these changes would startle the fathers out of all recognition of their children. Many of the changes in social life are worthy of the name of improvements or reforms. Others, though neither improvements nor reforms, have been necessitated by the undoubted advance of society in culture and enlightenment, and especially by the leisure of increasing numbers of people. Very much of all this is due to the labor-saving discoveries and inventions of the last fifty years. It remains a question, not here discussed, whether the severer and the steadier manual employment of a former generation was not better for the community than the quicker dispatch of what is to be done, and the consequently longer intervals of science of the present.

But the bare thought by the fathers of

some of the innovations which have become familiar to us would greatly have shocked them. The garb and fashion of death, as well as of life, has changed within the memory of a majority of us. Death, by a common consent, is the great leveller of the human species. There the rich and poor meet together, for there they come nearest to God the Maker of them all. There all living distinctions come down to their dust. And there should we be content to let them lie. And so it once was that the preparation of the human body for the tomb was the outward and visible sign of this inward and wholesome truth. There was a felt and beautiful fitness in the simplicity of the "linen, clean and white," in which the body of rich and poor, old and young, male and female, was wont to be enclosed for its last sleep. To the Christian of a former day, that now almost universally discarded garment of the dead, the shroud, was a suggestive and a sacred thing. It brought with it the thought of One who was wrapped "in a clean linen cloth" and laid away, who was the Resurrection and the Life. And to Him we commit our precious dead. To the fathers the silked and the satined,

the dressed and the bedizened corpse of this latter half of the nineteenth century of grace, would have been a ghastly mockery of life; a desecration. And to us, when we think of it, it is no feature of a Christian burial. It is the product of an enlightened and a cultured epoch, but yet, as a sign of Christianity, or even of culture and good taste, far behind the urn burial of the Romans. It is a heathenish exhibition compared with that. Neat and fashionable fits are made of the most costly and showy fabrics for the dead of one sex, and suits of fashionable and faultless black for the other. On funeral occasions in private houses, and even in churches, the entire top of the coffin is removed, and the full-length figure exposed down to the shoe-tie or the embroidery of the slipper, as the case may be. The unaccountable desire of surviving friends for a display, or their willingness to minister to the morbid curiosity of others, allows this most unseemly exposure. It has caused churches to be opened to the dead, who living, never darkened their doors. It has brought together crowds of persons, strangers to the Church and even to the face of the deceased. And it leads to more and more frequent Sunday funerals, when a crowd can indulge its curiosity without the loss of money or of time. The living victim to this fashion of burying the dead is the shocked and tired clergyman, whose intervals of Sunday rest to body and to spirit are invaded by a spectacle in which he is required to play his subordinate, little cared for, and soon to be forgotten, part.

Quite recently the writer was called on to officiate at the burial of a young and newly-married woman, whose full length was exposed to view during the funeral solemnities. There she lay, arrayed apparently in the satin of her wedding day, in all its ribbons, and flounces, and flowers, the coffin open from head to foot, the crowd circling slowly round it, with scarcely suppressed murmurs of admiration for the

fashion and the beauty that lay there confined and ready for the burial. Among those present was an old lady, one of those bright and beautiful links between two generations, who grace the present while they remind us of the past. Dignified by the old-time simplicity of her dress and manners, and full of Christian sympathy with the hidden feelings of grief around her, she could not help muttering the words, "Oh, how *can* they? I pray God let me be buried in a clean night-gown."

The Episcopal Church is the nurse of a reverent and proper religious devotion, and in all her services an exponent of good taste. She commends herself to people of reverence and taste at every turn, and especially in her occasional offices. In none does she do this more emphatically than in her service for the burial of the dead. And I am ready to aver, of the change which has come over the garb and fashion of death, of the exhibitions and exposures to which it leads, and of the sensationalism that is inseparable from it, that it does not belong to the Episcopal Church. It is out of all harmony with her burial service. It is rebuked by that service even more solemnly than it is rebuked by the tastes and the traditions of the fathers.

It ought to cease from among us. It ought to be driven out of the Church to which we belong, back to the head of those impious isms, to the innovating, reckless, and irreverent spirit of which its origin is due. The seemliness and propriety which are conceded to us should no longer be broken up by this bad change.

Let us go back, whatever others may do, wrap our dead about with the clean linen cloth of Scripture and of the Church, and lay them down to sleep with the fathers, shielded, as they were, from all idle, curious, or morbid gaze, and such an exposure as living we should all pray to be delivered from. It is reserved for this Church to take her stand between the living and the dead, and to let this plague be stayed.

Criticisms and Book Notices.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE CHURCH. A historical monograph, with a full bibliography of the subject. By John J. McElhinney, D.D., Milnor Professor of Systematic Divinity in the Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the Diocese of Ohio. 8vo. Boards. Pp. 460. 1871. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger.

The Church has a historical identity and succession of doctrine, as well as of her ministry and sacraments. Christian doctrine was committed to her keeping. Dr. McElhinney has done well in his attempt to show how nobly she has kept her charge. This treatise is a valuable contribution to theological science. It is with surprise and admiration that we have read this work; surprise that a man at the head of a great theological school, continually pressed with onerous duties, could have found time to have written it; and admiration for the scientific precision he has maintained throughout its pages. It is everywhere marked with learning and integrity.

To write a work like this requires a man of rare qualities of mind and heart; of extensive research and high and large theological attainment; of sound judgment, and entire freedom from partisan shibboleths.

Although this is not a history in the true classical sense of the term, being too brief for such a subject, yet it is more than a mere compendium of doctrine, it is superior to a compilation, or a barren detail of chronological facts, or long unappreciative extracts bound together simply by the author's own string; and we can scarcely conceive of a more useful book to be put into the hands of theological students, young clergymen, or even laymen, as it gives a kind of bird's-eye view of the Church's doctrine from the beginning; it is, in truth, the *essence* of doctrine.

The consecutive study of the history of doctrine is a new field of thought and reading in our Church. It has been cultivated to a considerable extent among Romanists, Lutherans, and Presbyterians; but as our author says, "a special history of the doctrine of the [Anglican] Church has not, hitherto, it is believed, appeared in any language."

We say, without arrogance, that no body of men is better acquainted with the history of the Church, her ministry, her sacraments, and her liturgies, than our clergy; but, with equal truth, we affirm that few are less conversant with the history of doctrine than they. In this branch of theological science how few of our clergy could exhibit the gradual development and definite shaping of the substance of the Christian faith into doctrinal statements. How few, it is feared, would be able to set forth the different forms which the system of doctrines has assumed in the course of history, the changes it has undergone, as influenced by the culture of different periods, and be able to illustrate the religious value which it has always maintained, as containing the unchangeable elements of truth in the midst of a myriad of transformations, from the time of our Lord and His apostles to the present day.

Dr. McElhinney has now brought this branch of study within the reach of all, by his capital little monograph, for which we thank him.

The value of this book is immensely enhanced by an appendix of the literature of the doctrine of the Church; or a catalogue of works relating to the subject. The titles are also arranged chronologically, with notes and an index of authors, which

makes it the most finished book of its kind. Every Churchman, of whatever school, should purchase it without delay, and thoroughly master its well-fraught pages.

THE CURATE AND THE RECTOR. A domestic story. New York: Routledge & Sons. 12mo. Boards. Pp. 476.

An anonymous romance of clerical life in England. The book is very readable, and would have a charm about it if the plot had not been plagiarized from the "Bishop's Mitre," published by Chambers' some years ago, which spoils the charm to all those who detect the plagiarist, or who may happen to know it.

We have here almost identically the same poor curate and rich rector; the same mysterious visitor; the same dream of the Bishop's Mitre, which in each case turns out to be a baby left at the poor curate's door in a box; the same reverse of fortune to the easy-going and pompous rector; the same promotion of the indigent curate—in a word, the whole book is the one alluded to above in a new dress, with here and there a variation of the incidents, which incidents are for the most part unreal and unnatural. The scene at the "Roebuck," the chapter called "college bills and theological arguments," are both very improbable and mere fiction, as well as several other overdrawn imaginings.

The notes from the curate's journal also are very unclerical, evince a considerable amount of self-laudation, often to the very verge of phariseeism; at least Mr. Slender, the curate, makes now and then a considerable show of his humbleness, almost in the style of Uriah Heap.

It is well for the author that he veils himself from the public, for no man, actuated by a sense of literary integrity and honor would ever dare to father this book: nevertheless, it will, no doubt, find both ready buyers and eager readers, and whoever begins to read it will not lay it down till it is finished.

THE DAY STAR: or, The Gospel Story for Little Ones. By Agnes Giberne. 8vo. Pp. 264. New York: Pott, Young, and Co. (late Pott & Amery).

This little book relates the Gospel narrative, as far as practicable, in words of two syllables, and for this reason it is admirably adapted to the comprehension of very young children. It presents the history of the Saviour's life, with correct harmony, from the announcement of the angels at Bethlehem to the closing scenes on Olivet. The illustrations are in the new style of photo-lithography.

THE INTROIT PSALMS, for Sundays and Holy Days, as prescribed by the first Prayer Book of Edward Sixth. I. H. Cornell, organist of St. Paul's Chapel, New York. 16mo. Pp. 115. New York: Pott, Young, and Co. (late Pott & Amery).

This book was received too late for an extended notice; we shall refer to it again. The reputation of the composer is sufficient to obtain for it a careful examination by all who desire to have the music of God's house rendered in Church style, and not after the manner of the opera.

DAVID LLOYD'S LAST WILL. By the author of "Max Kromer," "Alone in London," etc. 8vo. Pp. 468. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

A very entertaining and instructive book. The story opens with an account of the severity of the cotton famine in England, consequent on the blockade of our Southern ports in 1862. The hero, Mark Fletcher, is a lay preacher, and gives proof of the great good such a class of self-denying men can do among the poor. His sudden and unintentional crime, which is developed in connection with David Lloyd's will, is the prominent feature of the story. Barry, Lloyd's niece, is a well-drawn character, showing the assistance that a noble-hearted girl can render to her family under a sudden reversion of circumstances. The hardening influence of accumulated wealth upon the human soul is well depicted in the miser, David Lloyd. The author has

woven his facts into a pleasing and readable tale.

JOURNAL OF PROCEEDINGS OF THE XXXVIIth Annual Convention of the Diocese of Michigan for 1871.

Perhaps no diocese of the Church is more united, zealous, and successful in spreading the glorious Gospel than this.

In Bishop McCoskry's annual address he thus speaks: "We have had nothing to interrupt the beauty and harmony of our diocese by the introduction of any novelties, either in doctrine or practice. We have clung with firmness to the good old ways presented in the canons and ritual of the Church, perfectly satisfied with her teachings as the best exponent of the word of God, and as the greatest safeguard against the novelties and heresies which abound in the Christian world."

We have received from Mr. Newton Perkins, 51 Liberty street, a very neat Baptismal Certificate, Churchly in wording and in general appearance. These certificates are prepared to order for each parish, as they may be required, thus giving, without extra expense, to each rector a certificate peculiarly his own. We advise every clergyman to examine and judge for himself. They can be had at the Church book stores.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Literature is the meet companion of wealth and leisure. It is, moreover, often the consolation of the poor, and the solace of the weary. The glory of nations is embalmed in the erudition of the learned, and in the words of the wise. If our literature were as salutary as it is abundant, we should be of all people the most virtuous and noble. The press is continually pouring forth the productions of the wise and the otherwise, to suit the tastes and the needs of all readers.

From among this vast mass of matter we are very happy to acknowledge the recep-

tion of an appreciable share, which has fallen to our lot, of good and substantial works from various publishers, for our review department, as also an excellent selection of weekly, monthly, and quarterly serials. We shall take note of a few.

First on our list stands HARPER'S MAGAZINE, the popular favorite and, *par excellence*, the pet monthly of the American people. It has ably maintained its ground, with a visible growth of interest, for many years.

Next to this comes our new friend, SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, which, *pari passu*, will ere long contest for the prize of popular favor with the best of our serials. Many of its articles evince considerable tact in magazine writing.

THE GALAXY has attained to its twelfth volume. The September number is excellent. The article on perpetual motion is erudite, curious, and feasible.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD is able and attractive, and, although we have heard it complained of by our Roman Catholic neighbors as being a little too heavy in its style, yet we think they ought to bear in mind that it carries heavy metal.

OUR OWN FIRESIDE is an English monthly which should find a place in every Christian home. Its variety of material is copious; its style of treatment makes it easy and pleasant to read. It were invidious to specify particular articles.

THE NEW ERA is a monthly periodical devoted to Jewish literature. Its article on the "War of the Tribes" is very characteristic, and betrays the sad and sickening situation of parties in the ancient Church; the evils of which the editor of the *Era* makes most laudable efforts to abate.

THE PULPIT AND THE PEW is designed for the study and the pastorate. Its articles are light, tripping, and so brief as to crowd seventeen of them into forty pages. Some of its anecdotes are very stale, but its book notices are sprightly and good.

THE AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY contains a list of select and original articles which no teacher of our youth should be without. The piece on English literature might have been improved by a little more care and study, especially where the author ventures to touch the subject of theology, in the study of which he has evidently not made much progress.

In THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL we have an instance of what determined and resolute perseverance can do. Many years ago this journal asserted a principle for which public opinion had little or no appreciation; it, however, created a public opinion for itself, and has maintained its course, *per fas et nefas*, till its own disciples have placed its success beyond the reach of doubt. This journal is now a fact. It is the liturgy of phrenologists, the favorite of clerks, mechanics, and factory operatives. It delights, as much as ever, in the marvelous, the monstrous, and the eccentric. We are well pleased to see it very much improved of late years in its tone, style, and efficiency.

THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS is always a welcome visitor. It is undoubtedly the best of its kind. Its "diagram of the population and the religious condition of the world" is, however, enough to make one's heart ache. Its missionary corres-

pondence and intelligence are the legitimate matter of its pages, and we have always felt regret to find the sprightly articles of this truly missionary serial interlarded with such foreign subjects as "critical notes on reading and preaching," "book notices," etc. They seem to us as much out of place here as a fifth wheel to a coach. What the Church looks for in its own missionary monthly are the facts and figures of her work.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENONI BLAKE, M.D., Surgeon at Glenaldie. By the author of "Pleasant Life in the North." Two volumes in one. Pp. 568. Cloth. Boards. New York: George Routledge & Sons, 416 Broome street. 1871.

EIGHT YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF MOTHERS' MEETINGS. By Mrs. Goodwin Hatchard. Pp. 206. London: Hatchards, Piccadilly. New York: Pott & Amery, 5 Cooper Union. 1871.

EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE. New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons, 416 Broome street.

NOTES ON THE GOSPELS. By the Rev. C. H. Hall, D.D. Two vols. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

PICTURES OF TRAVEL. By Hans Christian Andersen. New York: Same.

FOUR, AND WHAT THEY DID. By Helen C. Weeks. New York: Same.

THE FABLES OF PILPAY. New York: Same.

STORIES FROM OLD ENGLISH POETRY. By A. S. Richardson. New York: Same.

THE CLACKITTS OF INGLEBROOK HALL. By Mrs. Prosser. New York: Anson Randolph & Co.

AN AMERICAN CHURCH IN ROME.

THE Rev. Theo. B. Lyman, D.D., must fairly be considered as the actual founder of the American Episcopal Church in Rome, and the energetic manner in which he secured an independent existence to our Church there, and his earnest and faithful ministrations in the sick-room as well as in the chapel, without respect to denomination, will long be remembered by thousands of his fellow-countrymen who visited Rome in the winters of 1865-9.

Before this time—in 1861, I think—the American congregation in Rome had been regularly organized as a Congregation in Foreign Parts, in union with the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. This, under the active rectorship of the Rev. William Chauncey Langdon, the present zealous and devoted Foreign Secretary of the Italian Reform Commission—but this organization amounted merely to a name, and at one time afterward was practically suspended. The chapel was a mere appendage to the United States Legation, and its worship, depending on the minister's particular faith and interest, would have been conducted by a Roman priest had the United States been represented by one of her Roman Catholic citizens.

Mr. Langdon was followed, if I am not mistaken, by the Rev. Clement M. Butler, D.D.,—now Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the West Philadelphia Divinity School—and he by the Rev. Dr. Van Nest, the present incumbent of the American Union Chapel at Florence. Of the American chaplains who preceded Mr. Langdon in the good old days of Papal absolutism, when liberty of conscience in matters of religion might be exercised in Rome only on the theoretically foreign soil of a Protestant legation, I can recall but the name of the much-esteemed Professor Baird—old school Presbyterian, I believe. One of my earliest associations with Rome, as

an existing fact in the world's life, is the wonder with which, as a child, I heard him tell in my father's house of the difficulties and annoyances under which he preached in Rome, and of how God's Word was forbidden and held in chains in all that land.

I must be excused in that I cannot speak more fully and clearly of the earliest American services in Rome, but history has never flourished there—at least in the recording of exact facts, I inherited no records back of the last decade, and very fragmentary ones of our workings since.

Under Dr. Lyman the chapel was withdrawn from the American Legation, the room where it was held being too small, as well as inconvenient for other reasons, and was established in the house of Mr. McPherson, the well-known photograph dealer, in the Vicolo Aliberti. About this time arose a trouble which resulted, by a misapprehension, in the withdrawal of the United States Legation from Rome, and eventually led to the going out of the American Church to its present quarters outside the Porta del Popolo.

The English chapel had in years long gone by been forced to take up this unpleasant position without the walls, "with the swine," as the Papal courtiers called it, in allusion to the fact that the ground at its rear and side was used as the city hog-market. The Prussians had Protestant services in the palace of their Legation upon the very hill of the capitol. Besides, however, the American services, at this time free in the city, a congregation belonging to the Free Church of Scotland worshipped without molestation in the private apartment of their chaplain. Both of these services were in defiance of the Roman law, but the police had been instructed *not* to see them. Trouble or dissatisfaction of some kind arose in the Scotch congregation, and a movement was made to start a

second, and of course an opposition Presbyterian church; rooms were secured for the services, and one of our most distinguished American clergymen was to have preached at one of the opening services. At this crisis, sufficiently alarming for the old congregation, which could scarcely sustain itself without competition, complaint was lodged, it is said, by one of its members, with the Papal government, against the new undertaking. The greatest surprise was expressed by the Roman officials at the existence of *any* Protestant worship within the walls of the sacred city. Cardinal Antonelli indulged in a sarcastic remark upon the unity of children of one family, sent the police the following Sunday to close the doors of the new Scotch chapel, and at the same time ordered the old one out of the city. They then took up their position without the gates, immediately opposite the English chapel. Representation was made at home that the religious worship of Americans in Rome had been stopped by the police, and Congress—glad of the opportunity—promptly withdrew the appropriation for an American Minister to the Papal court. The report spread at home was not quite exact, for the services of our American chapel in the Vicolo Aliberti went on all that winter, undisturbed by any interference. However, there was substantially an interference with American worship, and it was not to be desired that the action of Congress should be reconsidered, for an American Legation at Rome—as Rome was then the capital of an irresponsible absolutism which represented a population by no means so numerous as that of many of our single counties—was the height of useless extravagance and inconsistency. It would have long before been withdrawn had any party in power been less afraid of risking their hold on the Irish vote.

The services in the Vicolo Aliberti were supposed that winter to be carried on without the official knowledge of the Papal government, although the gentleman in whose

house they were held, and his family, were strong Roman Catholics. The Papal police were on duty every Sunday to keep in order the crowd of carriages that streamed into the narrow street, and Cardinal Antonelli kindly suggested to one of the vestry that it would be as well to put up the American coat of arms over the door, which I am told was actually done. In return for this it was convenient to have the privilege of the American flag hoisted over the Propaganda at such times of discomfort and uncertainty as the Garibaldian attack on Rome in 1867, or the occupation by the Italians last September.

This winter of 1866-7, however, proved the room in the Aliberti to be entirely too small for the winter American congregation. It held not over 150 to 200. The vestry tried in vain to find a larger room on a short lease, but the proprietor of the Hotel di Londra was willing to put up a special chapel in rear of his hotel in the Piazza di Spagna, on condition that a rent should be guaranteed him for a certain number of years—ten, I believe. Cardinal Antonelli was applied to for some assurance that our worship within the city would not be interfered with, but declined absolutely to give it, saying that it was in violation of the law that our services were held; that if officially known to him they would be stopped at once; and warning the committee that conferred with him to withdraw as soon as possible from the city. There was a large upper room outside the walls, just beyond the English chapel. It had once been used for a short time for their services, but was now occupied as a granary; a hopeless room to look at, with brick floor, and bare, rough walls, and blackened open roof, and approached only by an inclined plane, up which the mules daily carried their burdens of hay and grain. This was taken, however, at last, on a lease of four to nine years, because it was the *only place that could be had*, and with much pains and at a large expense was fitted up into the really

comfortable and tasteful chapel that many of our people will remember with pleasure and deep affection. And indeed, in spite of its disagreeable approach and its peculiarly trying stairway, we shall leave it with regret when the time comes, even though it be for a more convenient church of our own within the city—one better suited to our worship, and setting forth more worthily its dignity and its beauty. Too much cannot be said in this connection in praise of the action of the rector, Dr. Lyman, who at this crisis assumed the full financial responsibility of the large outlay, about \$3,000, which was required to make this room habitable; or in compliment of the unflagging interest shown in its furthering by Mr. Hooker, the American representative of the banking house of Maguay & Hooker in Rome, who, although a member of the vestry of the English congregation, gave his time and personal supervision to the fitting up of the new American chapel all through the hot summer of 1867, and was really entitled to the credit of both architect and builder in accomplishing the very satisfactory result. This first gave us permanent home in Rome, and assured to our people anything like a certain ministration from year to year. It was my privilege to succeed Dr. Lyman in the autumn of 1869, and to find the organization and almost the complete apparatus of a regular home congregation.

So much for our history up to the days when the Papal temporal power came to its end.

And now I wish to say something of the way in which we were regarded and treated by the Papal government and the Roman people. I speak as to the first from the personal experience of but one year—the busy and memorable winter of the Vatican Council—and I must say that while we have to thank them for no particular courtesy, we yet had no annoyances or obstructions of any kind to complain of, so long as we kept our services strictly confined to

our own people. There is no charge to be made against the particular government of the present Pope. Its treatment of foreigners was exceedingly considerate, and strangers in Rome simply saw a venerable potentate, whose face to a superficial eye shone with kindness toward the whole human race; a city well cleaned in comparison with most of our own, and well ordered by an admirably attentive and civil police; and a people free from apparent care, and rejoicing in constantly-recurring holidays; but underneath all this smiling exterior, the Pope was a man of passionate temper and obstinate vindictiveness when aroused. His people credited him with the possession of the evil-eye, and bowed the lower that they might not meet it, as his sumptuous carriage rolled through their narrow streets; and within four years this Holy Father shut up in the horrible dungeons of the Inquisition, and kept there for several weeks without trial, one of his children, a poor aged woman, because she had been unfortunate enough to have sent her from Florence, by a thoughtless friend, a copy of Christ's Word printed in a tongue that she could understand. The civil police too had a disagreeable way of watching one's every movement very closely, and of searching one's rooms and papers with a thoroughness and skill that was almost miraculous. And the people were without care, simply because they had no responsibility or interest in the government whatever, while the numerous holidays which they were forced by law to keep, cut off at least one fifth of their labor and kept them constantly on the very verge of beggary and starvation; and the Patriarchal government wished to have it so, for it kept them less independent and bound them down more hopelessly in their slavery.

There was no great cause of complaint against the late Papal administration for the way in which it administered its laws, perhaps. It may have been done as humanely and as honestly as was possible, but there

was every ground of complaint against the form of government, and the principles on which it was conducted. There were no human rights in Rome as the world accepts them to-day. There was no trial by jury; no open confronting of the parties in a case; no habeas corpus; no security whatever that law would be administered justly; and up to last September the Inquisition held its unhallowed sittings every Thursday in Rome, as a court with power of life and death, and from which there was no appeal. All this may have been conducted with some regard to justice, but there was no security for it; and Americans, in thinking upon the delivery of Rome from the Papal tyranny, should remember that we do not show one tenth part of the justification for independence in our great bill of wrongs against Great Britain, that the Roman people could make out against their late rulers. And on its subjects the hand of Papal power was laid heavily enough when occasion seemed to need it, as the Fathers at the late Council learned to their cost. At one time an order was given to the police not to allow any bishop to leave Rome without the permission of the secretary of the Council endorsed upon his passport. "That means that we are prisoners," said one of the most esteemed of the American archbishops; and I heard another say, "Oh, that I were once back in my own diocese, in a land where a man has some rights, *even* if he is a bishop, and it would take more than half a dozen popes ever to get me within a hundred miles of Rome again." I shall never forget either, the expression of two French priests—theologians or bishops attending the Council—who came up in the same railway carriage with me in June of that year. Neither of them spoke until we had come to the frontier, when, as the train moved upon Italian soil, and left behind it the kingdom of their spiritual head, the elder threw up his hands, with the devout exclamation, "Ah, thank God, we are out of *that* country!"—a thanks-

giving which I know was felt if not uttered by the fifty-five Fathers who, the day before the final session of the Council, fled from Rome, as they then said, to save their consciences from being *forced* to consent to the heretical dogma.

I mention these things lest any one should suppose that because we were not constantly interfered with there was anything like religious toleration in Rome, under the Papal rule. We were simply borne with, as a necessary evil which could not be done away with in these sadly liberal days. Our services were kept under a pretty constant surveillance, and the Romans were carefully guarded from entering our place of worship. It is true the *gens-d'armes* who stood at our doorway were specially engaged and paid by us to keep order among the carriages in approaching and leaving the chapel, but they also did duty for their own government, stopping any of the common people who would have entered, and acting as spies upon those of better rank. Of this I was assured by one of the Pope's own Noble Guard, who often wanted to see our chapel and services, but said frankly that he dared not, as he would be reported at once.

I remember only two instances in which Roman Catholics appeared openly at our services in that winter—1869-70. On one occasion the congregation were startled by the apparition of three Campagna peasants—two men in their wild goat-skin garb, and a woman in her bright, native costume. They had in some way passed the guard without being noticed. In the midst of one of the lessons they walked directly up to the front of the chancel, where the woman knelt and began to say her prayers, but the man, feeling the want of madonnas and images generally, I suppose, interrupted her. They watched the service and surveyed the whole congregation face to face for some time, with no more embarrassment than one of their cattle would have felt, and, at last, crossing themselves,

whether by way of piety or precaution I could not tell, quietly withdrew.

The other was a more significant instance. It occurred late in the season, when the liberals in the Council had come to open war—war to the knife as a bishop expressed it—with the party that was managing and governing the whole administration of the Council. At the beginning of the Holy Communion Office three priests suddenly presented themselves among the congregation. They were fine-looking men, apparently Germans, and seemed to understand our language and the progress of the service. They remained standing to the end, watching the administration with the greatest interest, and as I turned to give the “Benediction of Peace,” all three bowed themselves to receive it with every sign of reverence. Who can say what prejudices were broken down then and there in these men’s minds, or what more liberal views of truth and worship were carried back thence to their fatherland, and to the great reform which is now springing into life there?

But beyond the rigid closing of our services to their own people, there was kept up a pretty exact system of espionage, a sort of censorship over the services themselves, invisible of course, but no less real. In this way, in 1868, the curate of the English chapel received a peremptory order to leave Rome within forty-eight hours, after preaching a sermon of more than usual boldness against the claim of the Pope to the religious supremacy of England. The matter, however, was arranged amicably by the English diplomatic representative.

But a more amusing illustration of how closely the preaching was noted occurred with the same gentleman the following year. He had preached a general sermon on one of St. Paul’s Epistles, and had introduced a graphic description of the present appearance and condition of the city to whose Church the Epistle had originally

been written. It gave to whoever reported it the impression that the preacher had visited the spot in person. Within a few days he received a visit from a bishop calling himself by the name of that See—a bishop *in partibus*—who had never been near his diocese, and wanted to hear of it even from his English heretical brother, whom he supposed to have seen it. Again, it was an offence that would have cost any chaplain his position had he been discovered to be in communication on religious matters with any of the Pope’s subjects with a view to their reformation; and sometimes a fictitious liberal would present himself to the newly arrived chaplain, with many ingenious doubts, in order to try whether he was addicted to proselyting. In one case the English chaplain was tempted in this way by a Jesuit carefully disguised.

Altogether, among the native Papalini we were looked upon much as a wild beast would have been—some strange, intractable animal, whose claws were cut, but which was by no means tamed. And I think there was a good deal of honest wonder as to how we could exist within sight of the Vatican and of St. Peter’s, and not be borne down and converted by their miraculous light. Of course we were held up to the people as monuments of fatal blindness worse than invincible ignorance. Still, occasionally, it was given out that there was hope for us, and the report would be spread that the whole congregation was just coming over. It was urged on the floor of the Council that the declaration of the Infallibility would so convince men of the unity and divine strength of the Roman Catholic Church as to bring to their knees before the Pope, at once the Protestants outside the Porta del Popolo, and all their brother heretics throughout the world. This argued, of course, on Dr. Manning’s basis, that what the world needs to-day is authority and not light. And again this last winter the Pope himself comforted a despondent follower with the assurance that the above result

was just about to burst upon them, and that the chaplains outside the gate were on the eve of leading in the general falling-down before the golden calf that they had set up.

The blindness of the Papal court in regard to the impression that Rome must make upon a foreigner is something extraordinary. The greatest miracle then is the self-sufficiency and profound ignorance in which they stand as to the present position and thinking of the civilized world—an ignorance so inveterate, that it drew forth from one outraged American Father in the Council the impatient cry, "You think still, as in the Middle Ages, you can shut your own little window here in Italy, and keep the light out of the whole world,"—a bit of effective oratory, but one that cost the imprudent speaker the abrupt cutting short of his discourse, and brought him down from the pulpit with no little disturbance.

Now, in point of fact, there is no place in the world so well calculated to cure any reasoning man of Roman tendencies as Rome itself,—the cure consisting simply in seeing the Head and Centre of the Papacy "too close at hand," as Père Hyacinthe wrote. There are really very few Protestants who go over to Rome at Rome, and those almost always persons who have had very little or no religious training. Women—and of these generally widows and very young girls—are the most susceptible. During the great winter of the Council but four Americans went over, all women; and *this last year, not one*, thanks to the stumbling-block of the Infallibility. One would have supposed from the reports in Rome, however, that hundreds were being perverted weekly. This arose partly from the fact that every new disciple was credited as the special conversion of at least a half dozen of the Fathers who devote themselves to this kind of work: each one—from Mons. Capel down—counting her as his own particular proselyte, and laying up to

himself the glory thereof, and the gain in the direction of future canonization.

If it was indeed a surprise to the Roman priesthood that the Protestant congregation at their doors was not dissolved before the glory of the Vatican, it was none to the people. *They* could understand well enough how men should look upon the face of the Roman court, and live in independence of it; and strangely enough these foreign chapels were looked upon by them with no little friendliness. This was partly owing to the fact that both the English and American chapels had for years distributed a large alms to the wretched poor of the city, faithful ladies taking upon themselves to seek out the most deserving cases. And this monthly distribution of our communion alms, which was complained of sometimes as a waste of charity by many of our travelling public, was not only a blessed relief to much of the most real suffering, but was bringing in a large return of good feeling toward us among the masses of the people, and took away many a blind prejudice against those whom they had been taught to hate as soul-destroying heretics.

But a more general source of friendliness to us was the widespread longing after a more liberal state of things, which nearly every Roman nursed in his innermost heart. And, in the midst of their own deep slavery, it was a comfort to these people to see among them that which reminded them that there was a spirit of religious freedom alive in the world, and suggested the hope that a day would come for them, when they too might worship God, each man according to the dictates of his own conscience. With this feeling in their souls they resented almost more than we did the banishment of our services without the gates, and the universal salutation which met us from tradespeople and laborers, on returning to Rome immediately after its liberation by the Italians last autumn, was, "Welcome, signore, to new Rome. Now you will bring your Church into the city right away, will

you not?" But of this the relation of our chapel to religious freedom in Italy I must write in another number.

R. J. N.

TO THE FRIENDS OF AMERICAN CHAPEL, ROME.

AT a meeting of the Vestry of the American Chapel, Rome, Italy, held November 2, 1870, it was resolved :

I. In view of the late political changes in Italy—which have opened the city of Rome for free worship to all Christians—that it is expedient that the American Church be moved within the city gates at the earliest day practicable.

II. That a committee of three members of the vestry be appointed at once to take into full consideration the whole question of how best to provide for future services within the city, whether by securing and fitting up some suitable building, or by erecting a new church of our own.

At subsequent meetings of the vestry, held in February and April, it was resolved :

III. To undertake the building of a new church upon ground of our own, within the walls of Rome, for the permanent worship of the American congregation.

IV. To appeal to the congregation and to the friends of the chapel at home, for a sum not less than \$100,000, for this object.

V. That the rector be requested to visit the United States during the coming summer, and make a special appeal for help in this undertaking, in which the whole Church has an interest.

ROBERT J. NEVIN, } *Rector.*

WM. H. HERRIMAN, }
D. MAITLAND ARMSTRONG, } *Wardens.*

WM. STANLEY HASELTINE, }
DR. HENRY PARMLY, } *Vestrymen.*
JOHN V. BEAM, JR., }
DR. F. W. PATTERSON, }
F. CROWNINSHIELD, }

LANCASTER, PENN., July 4, 1871.

In accordance with the action set forth in the foregoing resolutions, I have returned to America, and now make an earnest appeal on behalf of our new undertaking, to the friends of our chapel throughout the country, and to all persons interested in the growth of religious liberty in Italy; for whatever may be its future political relations, Rome must always be the controlling moral capital of Italy.

In asking help for the good work we have begun there, at a time like the present, it is necessary that I should make some statement of its need, and of the

facts and reasons which determined our action into the shape that it has taken.

1st. As to the present expediency of our coming within the city.

Our present place of worship, an old granary, outside the Porto del Popolo, is extremely inconvenient of access on foot, on account of the narrowness of the always crowded gate, and the filth of the street leading to it, which is used as a hog market.

Its distance, too, is a daily increasing objection. The foreign population has, for some years, been steadily withdrawing itself from the quarter del Popolo, towards the higher and healthier situations, in the direction of the railway station. And there now is beginning to spring up, as it were by magic, beside the ruins of old Rome, a new city, which will soon become the favorite residence of all foreigners. The present chapel is altogether too distant from this quarter to meet its needs. But even were there no sufficient material reasons for our occupying now a more convenient situation within the city, the respect due to our faith and national name requires that we should remove from ourselves the reproach of being held without the gates, as an unclean thing, "with the swine," as the Papal Monsignori were delighted to describe it.

2d. As to the expediency of building a new edifice, rather than of hiring, or even buying, some existing building.

It was felt primarily that the moral effect would be much better upon our own congregation, and upon the liberal Catholic party, which still exists within the Roman Church in Italy, and which is casting about earnestly, but darkly, for some sound principle of reform from the Papal corruptions, which they feel have well-nigh crushed out Christianity from their nation.

To a people like the Italians—all eye and ear—the very stones, the spire and chimes, of a distinctive Church building, will teach more of the strength and reality of our Christianity, than any amount of writings that might be distributed among them; and will be, as well, a constant, visible witness to them that religious liberty, and the rights of the human conscience, have at last found a home in the city of the Popes and the Cæsars. For this very reason, the Italian Government welcomes our project with undisguised satisfaction, and guarantees us the fullest protection in our work that the State can afford. And in this they but fall in with the sentiment of the Roman people, who are more than contented to see anything done that will attract to their city, or prolong the stay there of the Americans, who are notoriously their most profitable visitors. Apart, however, from this motive of self-interest, there is none of the hostility felt in Rome to the establishment of an Ameri-

can Church, that has been shown against certain native forms of worship—Waldensian and Baptist—that have lately been introduced there. And, even among that portion of the office-holding priests, who still adhere to the fond traditions of the Vatican, as to the divine right of Popes over *all* things visible and invisible, there is growing up a sentiment of great toleration toward the foreign services in Rome, which they have come to accept as one of the hard necessities of the, to their minds, sadly disjointed times.

Should it yet be objected that it would be cheaper, and answer every purpose, for us to occupy some hired room, or secure some abandoned Roman church, I reply, unhesitatingly, that it would not be cheaper in the end; and that every clergyman knows perfectly that it will not answer as well, spiritually, or in any other way, to hold a congregation in a hired room, as in their own church.

The congregation for which I plead is a large one, and is steadily increasing every year. It is one, too, that must always exercise a wide influence for good or evil to the Church. Already it has an average attendance, during the winter season, of from four to five hundred; and I would remind my brethren of the clergy that there is scarcely one of their congregations that does not every year have some of its members worshipping in our upper room at Rome. The money that we ask is, after all, only what is now the most ordinary outlay every year for far less important congregations at home.

As to our occupying a disused Roman church, it is almost an impossibility. The parish churches in Rome have not been, and will not be confiscated by the Government, whatever may be the case with the monastic property. It will be many years before they come naturally into the market, and then we could never hope to get one in a better quarter, where their present congregations will always be able to sustain them. Beyond this, the first cost would be heavy; the fitting up would be very expensive, and not one in fifty could ever be made comfortable or healthful for our mode of worship.

Moreover, for us to occupy a Roman church would excite much ill-feeling against us among the superstitious people, and greatly impair our influence with the liberal Catholics.

Lastly, comes up the question as to the prudence of investing money at present in building in a city which it is said may at any time revert to the Papal power.

Those who live there, and have studied the temper of the Italian people in the crisis through which they are passing, have no fear of such a misfortune. Certainly, this at least is an impossibility, that the temporal power of the Pope should ever be reëstablished in

Rome under the same conditions of absolutism with which it oppressed mankind and outraged civilization up to October of last year. The age will not bear it. The French war, nay, our own war, must be undone first, and the principles of liberty and unity, which they have established, blotted out of the world's thinking. In Italy to-day the feeling of nationality is burning as intensely as it ever did with us during the heat of our late war, and as a nation they are ready now to fight to their last lira, and their last man, for their newly-acquired unity.

Should, however, through any overpowering combination of foreign nations, the temporal power of the Papacy ever be reëstablished in Rome under a modified form, our rights in any property that we may have acquired by fair purchase under a *de facto* government, provided we keep ourselves clear of all complication with confiscated property, would have to be respected, or full indemnity assured us.

All of these points came up for full and careful thought in the deliberations of the Vestry, and the decisions reached were in every case unanimous. I may mention here, in proof of the confidence felt by the American residents in our undertaking, that besides money subscriptions, I have received contributions in Rome of original works of art, amounting in value to over \$8,000, and this from over twenty artists. Indeed, every American painter in Rome—not a Roman Catholic—has in this way contributed of his own labor toward our undertaking. These works will be put on exhibition in New York and Philadelphia, and sold in the fall for the benefit of the *New American Church, Rome*.

We intend to build a stone church, distinctively Gothic in style, to seat not less than 700, and of such proportions and workmanship as shall be in some measure worthy to represent, in the Old World's capital, our faith and our nation.

Adjoining the church we wish to put up a building which shall contain an apartment for the clergyman; rooms for an Infants' Nursery, already in successful operation in a hired apartment, and also two or three rooms to which single travellers may be removed, in case of sickness, from the neglect and extortion of the hotels. The estimate of the Vestry is designed to cover all these points, but *now* we want \$70,000 for church lot and building; of this, nearly \$20,000 has so far been secured.

It is my hope to return to my field of work in November, with the glad assurance that we can go forward immediately with our work; to lay the corner-stone of our new church by Christmas of this year, and, by the blessing of God, to open the same for regular service by Easter-Day, 1873.

Feeling that our work is of no merely local account, but one that touches weighty general interests, that it

has already established ties for itself in many an American home, and will be hereafter a blessing to faithful people from every diocese in our wide land, I appeal with confidence to my Christian fellow-countrymen for that generous assistance in carrying it out, which its practical usefulness has a right to claim, and which the national character for liberality warrants me in asking.

ROBERT J. NEVIN,

Rector of Grace Church, Rome.

Address, Lancaster, Penn.

EPISCOPAL ROOMS, PHILA., June 30, 1871.

The plan set forth in the appeal of the Rev. Robert J. Nevin, Rector of Grace Church, Rome, Italy, meets my full approbation.

The providence of God has so markedly opened to us a door of entrance into that city, that we should be recreant to our duty did we not embrace the opportunity of carrying out to completion the work which the Vestry has so wisely inaugurated.

We need a church in Rome, because of the hundreds and thousands of our countrymen who annually resort thither.

We need a church in Rome, as the type and representative of our pure branch of the one holy and Apostolic Church.

We need a church there, as the memorial and exponent of that freedom of conscience and religious liberty, which is the priceless privilege guaranteed to us by our American institutions.

Every motive should stir us up to *immediate action*; and I trust that a prompt and liberal response will enable the zealous and intelligent rector to return laden with the gifts of love and faith, by which the long-desired church shall be erected, and consecrated to the worship of Almighty God, according to the hallowed Liturgy of our Book of Common Prayer.

WM. BACON STEVENS,

Bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylvania and Bishop in charge of the Churches in Europe, in union with the General Convention of the P. E. Church.

I most heartily concur in the above recommendation and appeal.

B. B. SMITH,

Bishop of Kentucky, and Presiding Bp.

I cordially concur in the approval of the Rev. Mr. Nevin's undertaking, as expressed by the Bishop of Pennsylvania.

HORATIO POTTER,

Bishop of New York.

NEW YORK, July 15, 1871.

I rejoice in this movement, and commend it heartily.

G. T. BEDELL,

Assistant Bishop of Diocese of Ohio.

The following bishops have also authorized the use of their names in cordial endorsement of the work and plan above set forth:

MANTON EASTBURN, *Bishop of Diocese of Massachusetts.*

J. WILLIAMS, *Bishop of Connecticut.*

THOMAS M. CLARK, *Bishop of Rhode Island.*

WM. H. ODENHEIMER, *Bishop of N. Jersey.*

JOHN B. KERFOOT, *Bishop of Pittsburgh.*

A. N. LITTLEJOHN, *Bishop of Long Island.*

F. D. HUNTINGTON, *Bishop of Central New York.*

GENERAL HOME COMMITTEE

for furthering general object, receiving subscriptions through treasurer, and determining arrangements and succession of title to property:

John D. Wolfe, The Hon. Hamilton Fish,

Frederick G. Foster, General John A. Dix,

Henry Chauncey, George Kemp,

James M. Brown, Orlando Meads, (Albany,)

John Welsh, (Philadelphia.)

THERE is great danger in ungoverned feeling. The temptation is great to indulge from mere pleasure of indulgence, and from the admiration given to feeling. It is easier to gain credit for goodness by a glistening eye, while listening to some story, for self-sacrifice, than by patient usefulness. It is easier to get credit for spirituality, by thrilling at some impassioned speech on the

platform, or sermon from the pulpit, than by living a life of justice, mercy, and truth. And hence religious life degenerates into mere indulgence of feeling, the excitement of religious meetings, or the utterance of strong emotion. In this sickly strife, life wastes away, and the man or woman becomes weak instead of strong.—F. W. Robertson.

THE REINDEER AND HIS TRAVELS.—

We know that domestic animals are often compelled to take long journeys, in obedience to the will of man; but did you ever know that whole companies of people are sometimes compelled to take long, wearisome journeys because of the migrations of animals? The reindeer, in those cold North countries where he is the main stay and staff of the people, takes his long journeys at the regular seasons in search of the reindeer moss and the peculiar lichens which are its main food. There is no help for it; but the people who depend on it for food, and clothing, and almost every other necessary of life, must follow its wanderings.

It is certainly fortunate that there is little portable property to transport; and even the little children are hardier than most men with us. A little thing of two years old was seen by Dr. Kane to take a knife and cut into the walrus fat along with the rest of the family, consuming a quantity so enormous it seemed almost incredible. They early learn to take care of themselves, so that little children are small hindrance to their travels.

These frozen regions could not be inhabited except for these hardy creatures. Their keen scent shows them where the moss is hidden, even beneath six feet of snow. Where everything else would perish of hunger, it finds sufficient food. In turn it furnishes food for the poor inhabitants, and when domesticated, gives them milk, butter, and a sort of cheese; while its skin is put to innumerable uses besides the common one of furnishing them with coarse, but warm clothing.

It seems wonderful to us that people can bear to live in such a region, and that it seems a beautiful land to them. No doubt, they would soon tire of the conveniences of our enlightened homes, and would think the most common customs of civilized life as very irksome and disagreeable.—*The Presbyterian*.

INFLUENCE OF TREES ON CLIMATE.—

The subject of the influence of "forestry," or the planting of trees, upon the climate of a country, and of "deforesting," or destroying the forest growth, continues to excite much interest throughout the world, as it is now well established that the climate of many localities has been materially altered by one or the other of these processes. Systematic efforts have been made, in different parts of the world, for introducing a growth of trees where these had either disappeared or had never been known, from which important results have followed in many instances. We have before referred to the effect upon the climate of India of planting extensive forests of different species; and we are informed that, as the consequence of a similar experiment, Egypt, which formerly had only about six rainy days every year, since being replanted on a large scale, has already attained to twenty-four. Among the enlightened measures of the administration of the French government, one which is especially noteworthy is that of planting immense tracts of land in Algiers, especially with Australian trees, namely, the *Acacia mollissima* and *Acacia lophantha*. Plantations of these trees, started a few years ago, have attained a height of from nine to twelve feet, and, in their rapid growth and great extent, have already changed the climate very much—twice as much rain and dew falling in the neighborhood as before. Under the same auspices, sixteen square miles of the swampy, unhealthy country along the coast of the Bay of Biscay, in the department of the Landes, was planted with millions of trees—especially the cork oak and swamp pine—with surprisingly beneficial results; the trees having drained the land so as to destroy the swamp fevers, and to change it into a healthy country, with pine forests. Biscay law requires that for every tree cut down, two shall be planted, and it is said to be executed with rigorous severity.—*Editor's Scientific Record, in Harper's Magazine for June*.

ECCLESIASTICAL REGISTER.

ORDINATIONS.

DEACONS.	BISHOP.	DATE.	DEACONS.	BISHOP.	DATE.
John G. Bawn,	Stevens,		Sydney Smith,	H. W. Lee,	
Edward Benedict,	Potter,	June 2.	Charles Tullidge Stout,	H. W. Lee,	Aug. 20.
S. A. Berkeley,	Whittle,	July 23.	Eben Thompson,	Stevens,	
Philip A. H. Brown,	Stevens,	June 25.	T. A. Tidball,	Whipple,	June 23.
James H. Brooks,	A. Lee,	June 27.	William E. Toll,	Whitehouse,	May 28.
John Coleman,	Stevens,	July 12.	Eugene L. Foy,	Potter,	July 2.
James Cornell,	Whitehouse,	July 27.	Charles W. Ward,	Potter,	July 2.
Heber Otey Crane,	Green,		Arthur Whitaker,	Potter,	July 2.
T. William Davidson,	Stevens,		Jeremiah Ward,	Whittle,	June 23.
John H. Ely,	Bedell,	June 28.	Arthur James Wilson,	H. W. Lee,	
Edward D. Ervin,	Bedell,	June 28.	Elisha Whittlesey,	Williams,	June 18.
James S. Elles,	A. Lee,	June 27.	J. G. Malone,	Cummins,	Aug. 13.
J. W. Garland,	Huntington,	July 23.			
S. H. Greene,	Quintard,	June 24.			
Robert Read Goudy,	Potter,	July 2.			
Stephen W. Garrett,	Bedell,	June 28.			
Walker Gwynne,	Potter,	July 2.			
John Gregson,	Eastburn,	July 18.			
William H. Josephus,	Stevens,				
Augustus R. Kieffer,	Bedell,	June 28.			
Arthur C. Kimber,	Potter,	July 2.			
Robert H. McElhinney,	Bedell,	June 28.			
Samuel McElwee,	Whittle,	June 23.			
C. B. Mee,	Whittle,	June 23.			
Joseph Lyons Miller,	Stevens,				
J. G. Minnigerode,	Whittle,	June 23.			
Walter H. Moore,	Potter,	July 2.			
John B. Newton, M.D.,	Whittle,	June 23.			
J. J. Norwood,	Whittle,	June 23.			
Albert B. Nicholas,	Bedell,	June 28.			
Charles C. Pearson,	Whittle,	June 23.			
Benjamin Rice Phelps, Jr.,	H. W. Lee,				
Thomas G. Porter,	Armitage,	June 23.			
Arthur Ritchie, Jr.,	Potter,	July 2.			
John S. Siebold,	Whittingham,	June 25.			
Arthur Sloan,	Potter,	July 2.			
Edwin Lothrop Stoddard,	Eastburn,	July 18.			

PRIESTS.

F. O. Barstow,	Randall,	July 2.
J. F. Bingham,	Williams,	Aug. 16.
Buchanan,	Whipple,	June 23.
J. Livingston Bishop,	Stevens,	
J. Everist Cathell,	Stevens,	
W. T. Egbert,	Potter,	July 2.
Ezra Isaacs,	Stevens,	June 13.
Hosea William Jones,	Bedell,	June 28.
Meade,	Whittle,	June 23.
Edward Kenney,	Whittingham,	
Henry Eubank Lucas,	Beckwith,	July 23.
William Lucas,	Bedell,	June 28.
H. A. Metcalf,	Williams,	Aug. 16.
J. A. Morgan,	Stevens,	June 13.
Johannes A. Oertell,	Atkinson,	Aug. 12.
Thomas Golding Pond,	Wilmer,	Aug. 2.
Wallace M. Probasco,	Bedell,	June 28.
W. B. F. Smith,	Potter,	July 2.
J. W. Sparks,	Potter,	Aug. 3.
J. L. Steele,	Armitage,	
George S. Vallandigham,	Bedell,	June 28.
Weddle,	Whittle,	June 23.

CORNER-STONES LAID.

CHURCH OR CHAPEL.	LOCATION.	BY WHOM.	DATE.
Holy Trinity,	Middletown, Ct.,	Bishop Williams,	July 18.
Good Shepherd,	Radnor, Pa.,	Bishop Stevens,	July 25.
Episcopal Chapel,	Eureka, Nevada,	Bishop Whitaker,	
Good Shepherd,	Brooklyn, L. I.,	Bishop Littlejohn,	July 10.
Good Shepherd,	Binghampton, N. Y.,	Rev. W. A. Hitchcock,	July 2.
Trinity,	Williamsport, Pa.,	Bishop Stevens,	July 15.
Good Shepherd,	Oriskany Falls,	Rev. Dr. Goodrich,	Aug. 9.
St. John's,	St. Louis, Mo.,	Bishop Robertson,	Aug. 1.
Messiah,	Gwynedd, Pa.,	Bishop Stevens,	Aug. 10.
St. James's	North Cambridge, Mass.,	Rev. W. H. Fultz,	June 30.
Christ Church,	Unionville, Conn.,		June 29.
St. Andrew's,	Big Rapids, Mich.,	Rev. E. N. Flower,	July 6.
St. Luke's,	Hamilton, Nev.,	Bishop Whitaker,	
Good Shepherd,	Quincy, Ill.,	Rev. Dr. Corbyn,	Aug. 2.

CONSECRATIONS.

Grace Church,	Appleton,	Bishop Armitage,	July 28.
— Chapel,	Cannon City,	Bishop Whipple,	Aug. 6.
St. John's,	Ogdensburg,	Bishop Doane,	July 27.
Trinity Church,	Coatesville,	Bishop Stevens,	July 26.

THE celebration in honor of Italian unity took place on the 25th inst. The procession marched down the Bowery, through Chatham street, passed the City Hall, and proceeded up Broadway to Fourteenth street, where it was disbanded on account of the rain. The procession was escorted by two hundred policemen. The celebration closed with a festival at Sulzer's Park. Signor Corradi delivered an elaborate address. A poem was read and speeches were made. No attempt was made to interfere with the proceedings, and everything passed off quietly.

The American press seemed to realize the true meaning of that celebration, which was national, and at the same time a rejoicing over the liberty of conscience at last attained. Among the writings we have read on the occasion, we notice a good poem in the *Landmark*, written by Mrs. Heydon, a lover of Italy, and for awhile a resident of that beautiful country, now rejoicing in the possession of liberty. We reprint it below :

ITALY FREE AND UNITED.

HANNAH A. HEYDON.

We all give thanks—we all are heirs
To thee, fair Italy;
Not to thy purple vine-clad hills,
The liquid music of thy rills,
The azure of thy sky ;

Not to the shining waves that kiss
Thy shore, fair Italy ;
Not to thine olive shades that keep
Watch o'er the turf where blossoms sleep,
While balmy airs float by ;

Not for thy works of art alone,
We love thee, Italy ;
'Tis not alone for temples grand
In sculptured majesty that stand,
Embalmed in poetry ;

Not for the Colosseum's strength,
Grand even in decay ;
Not for the classic Tiber's flow,
Not thy proud walls, Saint Angelo,
We love thee Italy,—

But for the glorious feet that trod
Thy soil, in days gone by :
For light that shines from Virgil's name,
For Dante's and for Tasso's fame,
We cling to Italy.

For him who planned the wondrous dome
Saint Peter lifts on high,
For him who had the power to trace
The Campaniles' transcendent grace,
We love thee, Italy.

For Galileo, who first read
The records of the sky ;
For him whose magic pencil drew,
Whose canvas " The Last Supper " knew,
We claim thee, Italy.

For Raphael—whose skill portrayed
" The Holy Family "—
" Transfiguration " glories caught,
Before us the " Madonna " brought,
Clasping Divinity.

We need not call Fame's muster-roll
Who born beneath thy sky,—
From every land and nation claim
A tender reverence for thy name,
Dear land of poetry.

For all the glory of thy past
We praise thee, Italy ;
For lessons that thy sages taught,
For marvels that thy painters wrought,
We make our boast of thee.

In all the sorrows thou hast known,
We mourned for Italy ;
Now, when thy triumph hour has come,
When chants the Eternal City—Rome—
Her song of victory,

Our " *Te Deum laudamus* " joins
With thine, fair Italy,
That now thy night of sorrow past,
For thee a morning dawns at last,
Golden with Liberty.

May blessings rest on every hand
That wrought for Italy ;
Till from the Alps' eternal snow,
To where in music, soft and low,
Chanteth thine own blue sea—

From where the western sunlight falls
To shining Adria,
One grand, united anthem swells,
And to the broad earth gladly tells
That ITALY IS FREE !

Miscellaneous Items in Brief.

EMMANUEL CHURCH, in this city, under the care of the Rev. George E. Thrall, introduced last Sunday a "Revised Prayer Book," differing in many respects from the "Book of Common Prayer." At the opening of the service Mr. Thrall read a letter from his vestry, requesting him to make use of this book henceforth in the public service of the Church, remarking that it had always been his principle, while connected with any organization, to render obedience to its laws; and, accordingly, he had ever observed with exactness the canons of the Episcopal Church. Though the new ritual appeared to him in every way scriptural and right, he felt it his duty, before adopting it, to withdraw from the old communion, in which no such changes of liturgy would be legal. He had, therefore, sent to the Bishop his letter of resignation as a presbyter of the Protestant Episcopal Church. At the conclusion of those remarks copies of the new "Union Prayer Book" were distributed among the congregation, and the services proceeded according to the revised ritual. The congregation seemed pleased with the changes made in the old form, and responded with great heartiness. As far as could be seen, not one was dissatisfied with the action of the vestry and rector. At the close of the sermon the Rev. Mason Gallagher stated that he heartily indorsed the new Prayer Book, and was glad that at last it had made its appearance, tending, as he believed it would, to bring Christian people of different names more closely together. The book is neatly printed, by Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., and is the result of much labor on the part of a great number of clergymen, both in this country and in England. The purpose has been to exclude from it the passages which have given rise to controversy and contention in the Church, and to frame it in such a manner as to make it acceptable to Christians of all denominations who desire a liturgy. The following summary of the contents of the new Prayer Book we take from the *New York Times*. It will be seen that some of the changes are radical, especially that in the form for the baptism of infants, in which not only baptismal regeneration is repudiated, but the common theories of the Pædobaptists are very loosely held:

"The main portion of the Liturgy, which has been used for centuries both in England and America, has

been retained; and it is said that the various changes and additions which have been made are solely for the purpose of more clearly setting forth the Christian doctrine, and for uniting the various branches of the Church. The order of the service has been simplified. The Psalter has been taken from the version of the Bible now in common use, and classified according to the different Sundays of the ecclesiastical year. The tables of Lessons have been very much altered; the Apocrypha is entirely left out, and the chapters so arranged that the whole of the important parts of the Bible will be read through in two years. The book of the Prophet Job, and the Revelation of St. John, which were both excluded from the old table, are inserted in this. The thirty-nine Articles have been reduced to thirty-one, while in those that remain in every case the language has been simplified, and some of them have been materially altered. The Absolution after the General Confession has been dispensed with, and in its stead are several texts of Scripture setting forth God's willingness to forgive those who repent. Several new canticles have been introduced, which will be sung in turn. In the Apostles' Creed the sentence 'He descended into hell' is left out, and the sentence 'one baptism for the remission of sins' has been omitted from the Nicene Creed. In the prayer for the President of the United States, 'and all judicial and executive authority' is added. There are also several additional prayers, among them a prayer for youths at the various institutions of learning, and a prayer for missionaries. Several prayers and psalms have been added to the Litany, which is to be used, as under the old ritual, as a separate service, or, at the discretion of the pastor, to be used instead of the usual morning or evening prayer. In the Communion Service, besides the ten commandments given by Moses in the Old Testament, eight commands of Christ from the New are also given; and after the invitation to his congregation to communicate, the minister may also extend the invitation to all other members, of whatever denomination, that may be present. The old form of absolution is also omitted in this service, and instead of the usual benediction a short prayer may be used in its stead. The baptism of infants is termed 'the consecration of children to the Lord,' and instead of the minister saying 'I baptize thee in the

name of the Father,' etc., he says, 'We consecrate thee to the Lord'; but, should the parents or sponsors wish it, the pastor will say, 'I baptize thee,' in which case water will be applied; but it is the aim of the compilers that children shall not be baptized till such time as they can answer for themselves, although 'consecrated' when infants. The order of confirmation is performed by the *minister* laying his hands upon the head of every one of the candidates separately; not the bishop, as of old. The bishops of this new denomination will be 'installed,' not consecrated; while a presbyter of any denomination, providing he is duly certified, will, after examination, and on expressing his desire to join this branch of the Church, be admitted to the ministry. The book contains several occasional services, besides a selection of family prayers."

MONUMENT TO BISHOP POTTER.—A monument to the memory of the late Bishop Potter has just been completed. The design of the tomb is in the early English style of architecture. It is seven feet long, three feet wide, and eighteen inches in height, finishing at the top in the form of a Greek cross. The material used is from the quarries at Richmond, Va., and selected for the purpose.

It is highly finished from the chisel, without polish, which in most American granite is unnecessary. The tomb bears the Bishop's staff and mitre carved on the granite. The inscription is cut in the old English letters, and gives the name, birth, and death of deceased. The monument was designed by the Bishop's son, Mr. William Appleton Potter, of New York, architect; and the cost is between four and five hundred dollars.

Over his wife's remains, which adjoin his grave, will be placed a superstructure different in design, but of the form of a cross within a circle, emblem of Trinity. The arms are in the form of a trefoil, and bear the palm branch in high relief. In the centre of the four arms will be carved a pelican feeding its young. Around the circle is the following quotation, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

The material used is white marble, from the quarries of Vermont, and known as statuary marble. The grave is inclosed by two granite side pieces, terminating at each end with the base of the cross and base of footstone. The height of the whole is five feet six inches, middle about three feet, and length seven feet.

The monuments will be placed over the remains of the Bishop and his wife, in South Laurel Hill, the early part of next month. The cost of the monument to be placed over the remains of Mrs. Potter will be \$500. They have been constructed at the expense of the Potter family.—*Episcopal Register*.

The Rev. JOHN S. LINDSAY has taken charge of St. James's Church, Warrenton, Virginia.

The following card has been printed for circulation:

The Brotherhood of the Protestant Episcopal Church—1st. To provide for the families of ministers. 2d. To retain ministers in the Diocese. 3d. To give the laity an opportunity of showing their love for the clergy. 4th. To bind us together in a bond of Christian Brotherhood. Membership, \$2.00; Life Membership, \$50.00. General Agent, Mrs. Mary C. S. Lee.

The directors of the "Brotherhood" have requested Mrs. Lee to act as General Agent, with a view to those who cannot so well be reached by the local agents. The latter are expected and desired to continue their efforts for the Association as heretofore. We commend Mrs. Lee and her cause to all who may be able to aid it. Its aims are too well known to need more than a statement of the facts.—*Southern Churchman*.

A APPEAL FOR ARE TO THE SEXTANT OF THE OLD BRICK MEETINOUSE.

BY A. GASPER.

[The following appeal to a sexton for pure air in the meeting-house, should have a general circulation. The spelling is not very good, but the argument is irresistible. It is from *The Detroit Tribune*.]

O sextant of the meetinouse, wich sweeps
And dusts, or is supposed to! and makes fiers,
And lites the gass, and sumtimes leaves a screw
loose,
in wich case it smells orful,—worse than lam-pile;
And wrings the Bel and toles it when men dyes
to the grief of survivin pardners, and sweeps pathes;
And for the servases gits \$100 per annum,
Wich them that thinks deer, let em try it;
Getin up befor starlite in all wethers and
Kindlin fiers when the wether is as cold
As zero, and like as not green wood for kindlers;
i wouldn't be hired to do it for no some,—
But o Sextant! there are 1 kermoddity
Wich's more than gold, wich doant cost nothin,
Worth more than anything exsep the Sole of Mann!
i mean pewer Are, sextant, i mean pewer Are!
O it is plenty out o dores, so plenty it doant no
What on airth to dew with itself, but flys about
Scatterin leavs and blowin off men's hatts;
in short, its jst "free as are" out dores.
But o sextant, in our church its scarce as piety,
scarce as bank bills when agints beg for mischuns,
Wich some say is purty often (taint nothin to me,
Wat I give aint nothin to nobody); but o sextant,
u shet 500 men, wimmen and children,

Speshally the latter, up in a tite place,—
Some has bad brethrs, none aint 2 swete,
Some is fevery, some is scrofilus, some has bad teeth,
And some haint none, and some aint over cleen;
But every I on them breethes in & out and out and in,
Say 50 times a minit, or I million and a half brethrs
an our.

Now how long will a church ful of are last at that
rate,

I ask you; say 15 minits, and then what's to be did?
Why then they must breathe it all over agin,

And then agin, and so on, till each has took it down
At least 10 times, and let it up agin, and wats more,

The same individible dont have the privelidge

of brethen his own are, and no ones else;

Each one must take watever comes to him,

O Sextant, doant you know our lungs is bellusses;

To blo the fier of life, and keep it from

goin out; and how can bellusses blo without wind,

And aint wind are? i put it to your conschens.

Are is the same to us as milk to babies,

Or water is to fish, or pendlums to clox,

Or roots and airbs unto an injun Doctor,

Or little pills unto an omepath,

Or boys to gurls. Are is for us to brethe.

Wat signifies who preaches if i cant brethe?

Wats Pol? Wats Pollus? to sinners who are ded?

Ded for want of breth? why sextant, when we dye

Its only cause we cant brethe no more,—thats all.

And now, o sextant, let me beg of you

2 let a little are into our church.

(Pewer are is sertin proper for the pews)

And do it weak days and Sunday tew—

It aint much trouble—only make a hole

And the are will cum in of itself;

(It luv's to cum in whare it can get warm;)

And o how it will rouse the people up,

And sperrit up the preecher, and stop garps

And yawns and figgits as effectooal

As wind on the dry Boans the Profit tells of.

CONSECRATION OF THE VERY REV. ISAAC HELMUTH, D.D., BISHOP OF NORFOLK.—Some time before ten o'clock on Thursday the 24th ult., the time appointed for the consecration of the Coadjutor Bishop, the pews in the cathedral were being occupied. The pews next to the chancel were set apart for the clergy, the other pews in the body of the church and the gallery were occupied by the laity. The congregation was large; many of the clergy of the diocese were present, and among the many at church from city and country were to be seen not a few of other denominations. But once, we believe, since the establishment of a Metropolitan Bishop in Canada, had there been a consecration of a bishop in the Dominion. The Right Rev. the Bishop of Montreal,

Metropolitan of Canada, officiated, assisted by the Bishops of Toronto and Ontario, Bishop of Dunedin, New Zealand, and Bishops McCoskry and Bedell of Michigan and Ohio. With them was the Rev. J. J. White, M.A., Chaplain to the Metropolitan. In the chancel stalls were the Ven. Archdeacon Brough, the Revs. Dr. Boomer, Canons Nelles, Usher, and Innes.

At ten o'clock the Metropolitan and other bishops, with the bishop elect, entered from the vestry, and the choir sang the anthem, "I will arise and go to my Father." The Morning Prayer and the proper Psalms were read by the Rev. J. W. Marsh. The first Lesson was read by Canon Nelles; the second by Canon Usher.

The Communion Service was read by Bishop Bethune, Toronto; the Epistle by Bishop Bedell, Ohio; and the Gospel by Bishop McCoskry of Michigan. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Boomer of Galt. At the conclusion of the sermon, the bishop elect, having been robed in the vestry, was escorted back by the Bishops of Toronto and Ontario, and presented to the Metropolitan. V. Cronyn, Esq., Chancellor of the Diocese, read the certificate of election, duly certified by the clerical and lay delegates. The bishop elect performed obeisance to the Archbishop and the Metropolitan Church in the prescribed form. The Litany was read by the Bishop of Ontario. The Metropolitan examined the bishop elect according to the Ritual, and prayed. After the bishop elect was invested in his full Episcopal habit, the hymn "Veni Creator Spiritus" was sung. Then the Metropolitan, with the other bishops, laid their hands on the head of the bishop elect, the Metropolitan pronouncing the solemn words of consecration. The Sacrament was then administered to about one hundred communicants.

COMMUNION WITH THE AMERICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The following address to the Bishop of Lichfield, in reference to his intended visit to the General Convention of the American Church, has been signed by the Dean, the two senior Archdeacons, several of the Prebendaries, Rural Deans, and other clergymen of the Diocese. Clergymen of the Diocese are desired to send their signatures without delay to the Rev. Canon Latham, the Close, Lichfield:

"We, the Dean, Archdeacons, Prebendaries, Rural Deans, and other clergymen of the Diocese of Lichfield, having heard with thankfulness of the purpose of our dear and honored father in God, George Augustus, Bishop of Lichfield, to visit the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, to be held at Baltimore, October 4, 1871, desire to send by him the ex-

pression of our heartfelt wishes for loving communion and sympathy, and of our earnest prayer that God's Spirit may continue to be poured forth in larger and larger measure on our brethren in Christ, so that the American people may, through the mercy of our Redeemer, be gathered into the true fold, and be made one flock, under the Good Shepherd, now and forever."

THE LATE DEAN MANSEL.—The remains of the late Dean Mansel were interred last Saturday, August 5th, at Cosgrove, a village about two miles along the Wolverton road from Stony Stratford. In accordance with the wishes of the family, the funeral was private and unpretending, the only persons present, in addition to the members of the family, being the Rev. Mr. Jenkins, Rector of Cosgrove, Bishop Piers Claughton, Canons Gregory and Liddon, Mr. Chandler, and Mr. Barrick, old friends of the deceased, two brothers of Mrs. Mansel, Mr. Daniels, surgeon, and Mr. James Brown, an old servant. The chief mourner was Mr. Robert Mansel, the late Dean's brother. The Service was said by Canon Gregory, the Lesson being read by Canon Liddon. The mother, widow, and sister of the deceased were present in the church during the service.

In the course of a sermon at the Cathedral, on Sunday afternoon, the Rev. Canon Liddon remarked that the night in which no man could work came suddenly to the Dean, for it was only a week ago that he took part in the morning and evening services of the Church, being then to all appearance in perfect health. He retired to rest, having intended to return to his work in London next morning. But during the night a blood-vessel at the base of the brain burst, and all was over. A death so sudden should show people the terms upon which they held their earthly existence, they being merely "tenants-at-will," and their Master being able to dispossess them at any moment. The death of Dr. Mansel could not have taken him by surprise, for he was continually dwelling on the thought of separation from earth, and only last month, after reading the Burial Service in that Cathedral over the body of Mrs. Milman, he wondered whose turn it would be next, adding that they were all in God's care. On another occasion he expressed an opinion, that sudden death was a merciful and blessed manner of passing away, and he invariably regarded death calmly, earnestly, and contentedly. Whereas, as an intellectual giant, he was always ready to combat the strongest forms of modern infidelity, yet he was content to kneel before his Master in the most perfect and childlike trust and faith. The lesson of his life was that he made the most of his work in the time that God allowed to him, and that when the night came—although sud-

denly—he was found prepared to meet his Saviour. After the sermon, the hymn, commencing "A few more years shall roll," was sung by the congregation. The "Dead March" in *Saul* was played by Mr. Willis (who officiated for Mr. Goss) upon the organ afterward.—*Protestant Churchman*.

THE death is announced of the Right Rev. Henry Constantine Huxtable, Bishop of Mauritius. He was educated at King's College, London, and was ordained deacon in 1849, by Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London. Almost immediately afterward he proceeded to Christianagaram, in the Diocese of Madras, as a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. He was also principal of the missionary institution at Sawyerpooram. He afterward returned to England, and in 1858 was appointed to the rectory of Bettiscombe, near Crewkerne, and acted as organizing secretary to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for the archdeaconry of Dorset. He subsequently felt disposed to resume missionary work, and proceeded to Mauritius, where he labored at Port Louis, under Bishop Ryan, and afterward under Bishop Hatchard. At the close, by death, of the short Episcopate of the latter, he was consecrated as his successor at the end of November last. He had therefore scarcely entered upon his duties as bishop before he was called away. The late bishop's knowledge of the Tamil language enabled him to prosecute his missionary work with great success. The Island of Madagascar is included in the diocese.

FAILURES OF CHRISTIANITY.—Preaching at Salisbury recently, from Luke, xiv. 28-30, the Bishop of Manchester said that the Church of England, or at least her work, was like the unfinished tower. Great plans had been made, and materials accumulated, but the hopes of twenty-five years ago had not been realized. Nay, more, Christianity itself, whether considered as a faith or an organization, was rapidly losing its place among the spiritual and moral forces which govern the world. There were obvious reasons for this failure. (1.) Christianity embraces the ideas of a Christian Church and a Christian creed. We need not deny that the Church has "supernatural" powers, but we must not confuse these with "magical" powers, which the powers of the Church certainly are not; "and we sometimes limit the epithet 'spiritual' to the assumed prerogatives of a particular class or caste, which as certainly is a limitation for which we shall find no warrant in the Word of God. Christ hath made all His redeemed kings and priests unto His Father. Certain ecclesiastical functions, which may be diversely distributed in different churches, are confined, and properly confined, in the interests of decency and order—yes, and of

edification too—to a particular class or classes of men; but ecclesiastical functions are not spiritual powers.” The present organization of the Church was, in fact, too complicated. (2.) Another great hindrance is our division. “Dreaming wild dreams of impossible unities,” men close their eyes to unities, not only possible but hopeful. Unity with the Greek or Roman Churches “would be little more than the gratification of a pious sentiment.” But reunion with the Nonconformists, once more within the limits of a broader and freer National Church, would be like pouring new life-blood into veins where the current of life now runs sluggishly. (3.) Another class of difficulties arose from the over-development of creed. “For when you have multiplied dogmas, let them be never so true, yet if all men cannot see their truth, you have set up stumbling-blocks to faith rather than made its way smooth.”

CONSECRATION OF A NATIVE CHURCH IN NEW ZEALAND.—The *John Bull* has received, through the Bishop of Auckland, an account of the completion and consecration of a native church at Ohaeawai. It may be remembered that a party of Christian Maoris visited England in 1863 and 1864. On their return to New Zealand they resolved to erect two churches as a thank-offering to Almighty God for His manifold services to them whilst in England, and in gratitude for their safe return to their own land. One church—that of “The Good Shepherd”—was built at Maugakakia, and opened by Archdeacon Clarke on March 21, 1869. On April 21st this year, Bishop Cowie opened the Church of St. Michael, Ohaeawai. The bishop, archdeacon, and clergy stood in the porch for service, as the assemblage of natives was very large. The bishop said the service in the Maori language; the sermon was interpreted by the archdeacon. Afterward, assisted by a Maori priest, he baptized a child, giving it his own name. The offertory amounted to £24 13s., which was added to £17 previously obtained toward the endowment fund. After the service was over, feasting was the order of the day; everything was arranged in a most orderly manner. The building of both these churches has been defrayed by the natives, at a cost of £600.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND THE OPERATION OF THE PURCHAS JUDGMENT.—We learn from the August number of the *Church Association Monthly Intelligencer*, that on the 12th ult., a deputation of the council of the Association waited upon the Archdeacon of Canterbury to express the great anxiety and alarm which prevailed amongst their numerous branches and subscribers in all parts of the country, at the declaration of certain clergymen that they would not obey the law as recently laid down

by the Privy Council in the Purchas case. They reminded his Grace that he had stated to a deputation of the Association which waited on him two years ago, that when the bishops knew distinctly what the law is, it would be their duty to enforce it; and they added that now the law has been declared, the Association trusted the bishops would see that it is obeyed, and the deputation appealed to his Grace for some assurance that they would act if necessary.

The archbishop replied that he could not answer for what other bishops might do, but he had great confidence that the Bishops' Courts had power to restrain offending clergymen; that he was fully prepared to act in his own diocese if sufficient evidence of direct violation of the law was brought before him by churchwardens or parishioners.

His Grace further stated that, as at present advised, he believed there would be no difficulty in enforcing monitions by means of Bishops' Courts, and that the bishops, if called upon, would no doubt act.

WHERE IS THE PLACE FOR THE POOR?

[Where, in our churches, is the place for the poor? I ask *this* question with shame and sorrow. WHERE IS THE PLACE FOR THE POOR? . . . Admit that here and there a poor person has a seat: WHERE IS IT? Is he invited to sit with us “in a good place,” or do we say to him “stand thou there, or sit thou here under my footstool.”—*Right Rev. Bishop Ives.*]

“I will bring your sanctuaries unto desolation.”

—*Leviticus*, xxvi. 31.

I TROD the hallowed ground that bore
A Christian temple tall and proud:
When at each wide and lofty door
Went streaming in a gorgeous crowd
A welcome day bid all rejoice—
A fair and ancient festival,
And the glad organ's mighty voice
Shook the strong roof and Gothic wall.

Full many a token marked the fold,
Where rich and high believers meet,
The sacred volume clasped in gold,
The costly robe, and drowsy seat;
Priest, people, altar, chancel, choir,
Arch, column, window, porch, and gate—
That ample fane from vault to spire
Look'd solemn all and calmly great.

But mark! An old and weary man—
A stranger clad “in raiment vile,”
With faltering steps and features wan,
Went tottering up the fair broad aisle:
They cast *him* out—Oh faithless race!
On a rude bench—unseen—remote,
Found guilty, in *that* hour and place,
Of—a lean purse and threadbare coat!

Yes, and if He who sav'd the lost
 Stood fainting on that haughty floor,
 Array'd in weeds of little cost,
 Meek as He sought our world before:
 In spite of words which none might blame
 And works of goodness freely done,
 That sordid post of wrong and shame
 Would greet—JEHOVAH'S ONLY SON.

Oh for a prophet's tongue or pen
 To warn the great in wealth and birth,
 Who build their God a house, and then
 Plant there—the meanest pomps of earth—
 To brand that church which spurns the poor
 From every vain and venal pew,
 Where "cloth'd in purple" herd secure,
 To kneel or sleep—the lordly few!

Give me the shed, low, bare, and plain,
 Where love and humble truth abide,
 Rather than earth's most noble fane
 Defiled by selfish pomp and pride:
 Give me the damp and desert sod
 Wall'd in by dark old forest trees,
 Roof'd over by the skies of God,
 But perish temples such as these.

DURING years of pleasant intercourse with a venerable clergyman* of rare piety and elevation of mind, the thought unfolded below was often uttered by the good man, in connection with remarks on the birth and death of infants, and reflections on our own dissolution. "Why should we doubt," he would say, "the sympathy and care of the inhabitants of the next world toward the spirit which is born into it, when we see such tenderness and care, even in this world, toward unconscious infancy?"

These thoughts, recurring often, found expression, under the promptings of occasion, in the lines which follow.

They were first offered by the present writer to the late Hugh Davy Evans, who inserted them at once in *The True Catholic*. They have had large circulation since in manuscript copies; and they are now sent, at the request of others, to *THE CHRISTIAN YEAR* by

THE AUTHOR.

ROCHESTER, Aug., 1871.

TO ———.

Thoughts suggested by a basket of exquisite "array" for an expected stranger, the gift of Christian friendship.

I.

Clothes for a babe unborn
 Entering a world forlorn!
 A sister's duty
 For use and beauty

* The late Rev. Leverett Bush.

Hath taxed both purse and skill,
 Art and good will.
 Pure white for infant pure,
 Warm wool for cold;
 For shame a covering meet,
 Soft meshes for the feet,—
 Richer than gold
 This blessed token
 Of love unspoken!
 Thanks to the Christian heart and hands,
 That wove these dainty swathing bands.

II.

And dwells such love beneath the moon?
 What love, then, dwells above!
 If mortal here devise such boon
 From purest human love,
 What thoughts must angel-bosoms thrill,—
 What bowers must they weave
 For heirs of Christ on Zion's hill
 'Gainst Death's too-dreaded eve!

III.

Blest heart, blest hands, blest sympathy!
 Blest heir of Paradise;
 A babe's glad mother blesseth thee;
 And seeth in the skies
 Blest angel-choirs who watch thy life
 [In embryo here and hid]
 Unfolding, ripening, mid sin's strife;
 By the great Master's bid,
 They weave thy robes of heavenly hue,
 Garments for ever bright and new;
 They choose thy name
 From rolls of heavenly fame,
 And thy long tarrying blame.
 One day they'll spread their wings around thy bed,
 Till then, all choicest blessings on thy head.

We do not know the authorship of the pendants in rhyme to the above, here subjoined; of the pendant in prose (a poem, too) we do; but they have been too welcome and warmly cherished, in many and many a home, to leave any doubt of the welcome they will find among readers of *THE CHRISTIAN YEAR*.

THE WELCOME.

Another bairn cam hame—
 Hame to mither and me!
 It was yestereen in the gloamin',
 When scarce was light to see
 The wee bit face of the darlin',
 That its greetin' cry was heard;
 And our crowded nest made a place
 To hold another bird!

Sax little bonnie mouths,
 Ah me! tak muckle to fill;
 But to grudge the bit t' the seventh,
 For mither and me were ill!
 Oh! nestle up closer, dearie;
 Lie soft on the snowy breast,
 Where fast life's fountain floweth,
 When thy twa warm lips are prest.

The rich man counteth his cares
 By the shinin' gowd in his hand,
 By his ships that sail on the sea,
 By his harvests that whiten the land.
 The puir man counteth his blessings
 By the ring o' voices sweet,
 By the hope that glints in bairnies' een,
 By the sound of bairnies' feet,

An' it's welcome hame, my darlin'!
 Hame to mither and me!
 An' it's never may you find less o' love
 Than the love ye brought wi' ye!
 Could are the blast o' the wild wind,
 An' rough the warld may be;
 But warm's the hame o' the wee one,
 In the hearts o' mither and me!

A BULLETIN.

"Last evening a young gentleman presented himself here—of very natural, simple, and interesting manners—and seemed to desire to stay with us. We have accordingly welcomed him to shelter, food, and clothing, for the present; for you know we ought to be charitable—and he appeared to be quite helpless, and not to know what to do if we did not care for him. Mamma, with all her girls and boys, agreed that it would not be at all right to turn him away. He is very reticent, both about himself, and everything. We haven't even learned his name yet; but doubtless we shall find it out in time; and he will be more communicative by and by. One thing we know about him, he is an American. If we should ascertain any other important facts concerning him, we will tell you."

THE class list for the recent Cambridge examination for women has been issued for private circulation only. After this year it will be in the power of the Syndicate to publish the list and the names of candidates. One hundred and twenty-seven candidates entered, as against eighty-four in 1870, and thirty-six in 1869, when the examination was instituted. The number of candidates actually examined was one hundred and seven, and of these thirty-seven failed to satisfy the examiners. Last year the failures were

twenty-one out of seventy-two. The proportion of success in the compulsory subjects is less this year than last, but in all other subjects it is greater. The "languages" group attracted many candidates, and several were very successful: one lady obtains special marks of distinction in Latin, French, and German. In mathematics and in moral sciences candidates have for the first time earned a place in the honor classes.

A MILLION DOLLARS FOR THE ENDOWMENT OF THE EPISCOPATE.

NOTHING, probably, is more important and vital to the Church, just now, than the increase of the Episcopate. The primitive rule of sending forth a bishop with his staff of clergymen, has hitherto proved a great success in the Church. In order to accomplish this efficiently and permanently, it is proposed to initiate a movement, at the approaching General Convention, for the raising of ONE MILLION DOLLARS for the endowment of the Episcopate. Toward this fund a check for \$100 has been already deposited with the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN YEAR, by a presbyter of the Church, as a nucleus of such an endowment fund.

To further this much-needed object, we will open our pages, free of cost, to any who desire to advocate it, and invite communications on the subject. It affords us much pleasure to give the sentiments of the *Church Journal* on the formation of

A SOCIETY FOR THE ENDOWMENT OF THE EPISCOPATE.

Should our larger dioceses be speedily divided? And if so, how is it to be brought about? These are very important questions, and should be much in the thoughts of Churchmen at the present time. It is the opinion of very many of the most thoughtful and devoted, both of the clergy and the laity, that the best interests of the Church imperatively demand the immediate and extensive enlargement of the Episcopate.

Connecticut, Massachusetts, Albany, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin, California, and Texas; in each of these dioceses, about one half of the whole number, division seems to be desirable at an early day, and in most of them it has been long and anxiously thought of, if not immediately expected. In an admirable address, published in your last paper, in favor of the earnest and very commendable effort now being made to form a new missionary diocese in the northern part of the vigorous young Diocese of Albany, we find the following

words: "The experience of the Church of America has settled the correctness of the general principle, that the most efficient way to secure the growth of the Church in a region where she is yet unknown or feeble, is to *put a bishop at the head of it*;" and so thoroughly has the mind of the Church at large become convinced of the truth of this, that the last General Convention, reflecting its sentiments, decided by a strong vote, so far as action on the subject could be made decisive at a single session, that new dioceses may be formed on almost any terms, provided that in each case some adequate provision should be made for the support of the Episcopate.

This most favorable action, being all that even the most sanguine had ventured to anticipate, inspired the very numerous friends of the rapid multiplication of bishops and dioceses with high hopes for a bright future for the Church, beginning at no distant day, and accordingly we find one of the most learned and distinguished of them, in an article in the *Church Register* for August, 1869, indulging in such delightful anticipations of Church growth and prosperity as the following:

"But we have at least the freedom of division of our enormous dioceses now, after 1871, and I believe that we shall have the See principle itself distinctly understood, and established over the whole extent of the Church, in a very short time indeed!"

And not only individuals, but conventions also in various parts of the country, seemed to be cheered by the same bright visions, and to be moving pointedly and earnestly in the same direction, so that it was quite reasonable to look for the erection of a considerable number of new dioceses in a very few years. But what do we see now? Is there anything encouraging in the prospect? Just the contrary. Here, within a few weeks of the meeting of the General Convention, and nearly three years since the fifth Article of the Constitution was so changed that our large dioceses may soon be very easily divided, we hear of hardly any applications for consent to division as about to be made to the approaching Convention, although it is well known that such consent is indispensable, and if not given now, cannot be obtained in less than three years. Indeed, there seems to be a deathlike and ominous silence in several quarters where division was loudly and warmly advocated years ago. In overgrown Connecticut, where the sentiment in favor of division was once so strong, and where the only difference of opinion seemed to be as to the *line* of division, we hear nothing on the subject now, while in Massachusetts, where there was a warm feeling of the same kind, and seemed to be a fair prospect of success, even its leading friends reported against division, at the last Convention, as inexpedient

at present, and the whole matter was indefinitely postponed. In the last Conventions of Illinois and Albany, an earnest desire was manifested for the erection of two new dioceses in each, but the Church at large is not aware of any further action in either case, except the late movement toward a *missionary* diocese in the latter.

In the rapidly growing State and Diocese of New Jersey, with its already populous and flourishing city of Newark without a resident bishop, a proposition to divide was introduced into its late Convention, as if only to be opposed and laid over, although the large salary of the excellent bishop was considerably increased. In Maryland, too, where the extraordinary wisdom and very valuable services of its noble bishop were in no respect more evident than in his life-long and very able and earnest devotion to the principle of small dioceses, and where the large city of Washington, the splendid metropolis of this great nation, was declared by him, even before the war, to be "*ripe for a bishop*," a sentiment that was so fully concurred in, that earnest, repeated, and almost successful efforts were made to establish a new See in that city, such a change has taken place in the minds of many of the former friends of that important measure, that the late Convention thought it proper to express, by resolution, its decided aversion to any further division at present, even when such division was not urged or even seriously contemplated.

Surely under such circumstances it becomes the friends of small dioceses everywhere to bestir themselves; to see where the difficulty lies, and to spare no effort to meet and overcome it. After long and careful observation and reflection, the present writer is convinced that the great, if not only serious, obstacle to the speedy division (and where desirable re-division) of our large dioceses, is the *difficulty of raising an adequate endowment for the Episcopate*. If this difficulty could be removed, it is not unlikely that we should have fifteen or twenty new dioceses in about half as many years, and he ventures to suggest the formation of a society for the endowment of the Episcopate, the object of which shall be to assist all new dioceses which may need it to raise a sufficient endowment for their bishops.

It is earnestly hoped that this proposal may meet with the favorable consideration of our Right Reverend Fathers, and of other influential ministers and members of the Church; and if the very large number of those who will assemble in Baltimore at the meeting of the General Convention would take the matter in hand, such a society could be easily established, and, with the Divine blessing, be sent forward on a long and successful career of wonderful power and usefulness.

SEPTEMBER, 1871.

THE
CHRISTIAN
YEAR
A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
OF
Church Literature
FOR THE PEOPLE



NEW YORK
PLINY F. SMITH PUBLISHER

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Sole Agents for the Trade.

The Christian Year.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

With the present number of THE CHRISTIAN YEAR, we very reluctantly discontinue the publication of our list of contributors. We do so upon the recommendation and advice of some of our Right Reverend "Patrons," for the *reason* that a large number of our correspondents, both of the clergy and laity, have expressed a desire to contribute to the columns of the Magazine, but have been deterred from doing so by the appearance of our formidable list of "Special Contributors." The impression seems to have been (and has been expressed in many instances), that "with such an array of editorial talent, no further aid was required." This is a mistake. We invite the coöperation of *all*. THE CHRISTIAN YEAR is published in the interest of the *entire* Church of the United States and Canada. We therefore most cordially invite every clergyman and literary layman in the land to join our editorial staff. SHORT ARTICLES, of sterling merit, such as will entertain and instruct the *masses*, will be thankfully received, and, if published, will be competently remunerated.

Persons having any racy, religious, or other anecdotes, which have never appeared in public print, can confer a favor by sending them to THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

To those who so promptly aided us, by allowing their names to be used in connection with our enterprise, thereby placing the Magazine, *at the outset*, beyond any *possibility* of failure, we return our sincere thanks.

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THE MISSES ROBERTSON'S Church School for Girls,

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N. B.—See first No. of the CHRISTIAN YEAR, page 8.

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THE ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

Took place on THURSDAY, July 13th. The Examinations for Admission to College were on the Tuesday preceding (July 11th). There will be a Second Examination for Admission to College on the 13th of September next; the Academic Year will begin the day following (September 14, 1871).

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The Rev. ELVIN K. SMITH, A.M., Principal.

The thirty-fifth year will begin on Tuesday, Oct. 3, 1871. For full information, address the Principal, as above.

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Athanasius and Mirameh;

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CRITICISMS.

The design of THE CHRISTIAN YEAR is admirable, and peculiarly suited to the circumstances of the Church in this country at the present time. Both the native children of the Church, and the vast incoming multitude of comparative strangers, greatly need definite instruction in the true principles of the Prayer Book, which are simply the principles of the Gospel. I can scarcely conceive of a greater blessing coming to us, through the press, at the present moment, than a *Church Magazine*, supplying a fresh, vigorous literature, as free from carping as human infirmity will permit, giving positive instruction in a warm, genial, elevated tone, and so leading on to a more enlightened faith, and to a more fervent spirit of devotion. To such an enterprise, I cannot but wish all possible success.

BISHOP OF NEW YORK.

From "The Banner of the Church," Memphis.

We hail with unmingled joy the advent of this magnificent monthly—the *avant courier*, we earnestly hope, of a new era in the periodical literature of the Church. For excellence of matter and beauty of execution, nothing like this has heretofore issued from the American press. It comes, like the dove of the deluge, with the olive-branch of peace in its mouth. It is to be no vehicle of bitterness and strife between brethren, and the only emulation it encourages is like that of the bees—industry, unity, and sweetness. So says the editor in his salutatory, and this first number beautifully responds to the pledge. The articles are all of the first order, and the typography is such as it is a pleasure to read. God speed THE CHRISTIAN YEAR!

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR is indeed a success. I know not which is most to be congratulated in the appearance of the first number,—the EDITOR, for his salutatory; the PUBLISHER, for the general getting-up in typography, etc., or the CHURCH, in the possession of such a magazine. I have read it through very carefully, and am fully satisfied that it is just the kind of magazine the Church has long needed.

GEO. P. SCHETKY, D.D., Marshall, Mich.

I hear but one verdict in reference to THE CHRISTIAN YEAR, which has been received here by the subscribers. *All are delighted with it*. I need not tell you with what joy I hail its advent. I am satisfied it will prove the best piece of work which has been done for the Church in many a day.

Rev. W. C. GRAY, Bolivar, Tenn.

We certainly very much need such a monthly. I join heartily in commending the plan, and will, now and then, send you something for the pages of THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

BISHOP OF PITTSBURGH.

I heartily approve of your new literary scheme, and it will afford me pleasure to do anything in my power to aid it, or to promote its circulation on the Pacific Coast.

Rt. Rev. WM. INGRAHAM KIP, D.D.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR certainly gives promise of a most useful work for the Church. I will gladly assist, in any way that I can, to support a magazine for the people, established on such a sound and Churchly basis.

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THE PRESS AND THE CLERGY.

From "The Pacific Churchman," San Francisco.

This is the magazine which has been announced for some time, and for which we have been so anxiously looking. Whether it is a great success or not, is too soon to say; but certainly, if enterprise and outlay of money and labor in every way, on the part of the publisher, can bring success, it is richly deserved. The magazine has an elegantly illuminated cover, of the English style, contains 112 pages, handsomely printed on good paper: in this respect it is everything to be desired. If the list of Rt. Rev. "Patrons" and Rt. Rev. and Rev. Doctors of Divinity, who are named as constituting the "Editorial Staff," can make it float, it certainly has a prosperous voyage before it; but one of the Bishops, however, contributes to this number, viz: Bishop Southgate. Bishop Williams had promised something, but does not appear, probably owing to ill health.

The number is adorned by a beautiful portrait, on steel, of Dr. Muhlenberg; for this the Church owes Mr. Smith a debt of gratitude, if for nothing else, and will absolve him for the surreptitious way in which he obtained it. All will sympathize with the love which prompted the act, and with the loving words with which Dr. Potter speaks of this venerable and wonderful Father of the Church in "A Poem in a Life."

We have read nearly all the contents of the number, and find it of a fair average, but not notable; this is to be expected in the first number. The "Salutatory," makes some good points in regard to the "wants" of the Church in the way of literature, but is rather long, and a little windy; it should have been condensed into a page. The short article on the "Church Calendar" is good. The "Olive Branch of Peace," by Dr. Morgan, is rather a vague piece of declamation—would have made a nice bit of a sermon to preach in a big church. All can say "amen" to it. "The Rights of the Clergy and Laity" is an extract from Bishop Stevens's last Convention address. The "Pastor from the Press" is a goody-good sermon by somebody—short. "Liberty and Law in the Church" is decidedly the best thing in the number. It is by Dr. Geer, and we shall give it to our readers next week. "Our Parish" is the beginning of a story under "Church Work," and promises well. "A Letter Paternal" is a selection from Dr. Muhlenberg. The "Sunday School Teacher" we have not examined. The Rev J. H. Ward's review of Prof. Sharp's book on "Religion and Culture," is able and appreciative. "Janus and Anti-Janus" pretty good. "Community of Goods in the Church at Jerusalem" not very satisfactory,—is decidedly open to criticism, and will get it. It will hardly be conceded that there was any such "prevailing error of the Apostolic mind," as the writer supposes. This article does not touch bottom. Bishop Southgate begins "A Tale of Oriental Life," and it, without doubt, will be interesting. "Elementary Principles in Christian Belief," by Dr. Mulchahey, is very sound and very heavy. The poetry is not of a very high order. The book notices are not first rate; a wonderful grist came to the reviewer's mill—not a bad book among them; all (with one exception) were lovely and excellent; would that we could get such a lot. Dr. Norton's account of "St. Patrick," in the "Youth's Department," is good; if possible we shall copy it. An account of the "Midnight Midnight Mission" and a short "News Summary," with various short articles concludes the number.

On the whole we like it, and sincerely hope that the publisher will be rewarded in every way for his enterprise and immense outlay. The only fear is, that in endeavoring to please everybody, will please none. The *suaviter in modo* without doubt is better than the *fortiter in re*, but faded calico is not the best thing in the world after all. We sincerely hope and trust the CHRISTIAN YEAR will not be such. We wish a thousand copies of it were taken on our coast.

From "Banner of the Church," Memphis.

We hail with unmingled joy the advent of this magnificent monthly—the *avant courier*, we earnestly hope, of a new era in the periodical literature of the Church. For excellence of matter and beauty of execution, nothing like this has heretofore issued from the American press. It comes, like the dove of the deluge, with the olive-branch of peace in its mouth. It pleads for a Church without parties, and seeks to unite and heal. It is Christ's second commandment obeyed, and St. Paul's description of charity realized. It is to be no vehicle of bitterness and strife between brethren, and the only emulation it encourages is like that of the bees—industry, unity, and sweetness. So says the editor in his salutatory, and this first number beautifully responds to the pledge. The articles are all of the first order, and the typography is such as it is a pleasure to read. The likeness of the venerable Dr. Muhlenberg is admirable, and nothing could be more suitable to such a magazine than the highly ornamented cover and the tastefully illuminated head. The capital embarked in this enterprise insures its financial success, and the ability pledged to its support is a sufficient guarantee for the high character of the publication. With an editorial staff of special contributors, consisting of eight of our best Bishops, seventeen of our most eminent Doctors of Divinity, six other clergymen of distinguished literary reputation, and the accomplished author of *Shiloh* at the end of the list, why should not THE CHRISTIAN YEAR be the most popular monthly in America, in the hands of every clergyman, in the house of every Churchman, on the counter of every bookstore, distributed through every steamboat and railway car, and read wherever the English language is understood? God speed THE CHRISTIAN YEAR!

From "The Gospel Messenger."

This undertaking seems to promise very well, and is certainly in the hands of one of our most energetic and enterprising publishers. It illustrates very well what a practical printer recently said at an Editorial Convention at Saratoga, that "Publishing tact is at a higher premium than editorial talent, as is manifest from the failures that meet us on every hand;" and more successes are due to good business management than to editorial ability. Some people have to be convinced of this by hard experience. Mr. Smith took a good time for his enterprise, when Churchmen generally feel that we ought to have a good, popular monthly, to give us something like a Church literature. The large subscription sent in at advance is, of course, a proof of this desire, even before it could be seen what we were going to have. The articles are short and varied, and we hope it is going to do great good in the Church. There is an excellent portrait of Dr. Muhlenberg in this first number. The YEAR will always be safe in selecting from the *Monthly Packet*.

From "The Churchman."

We heartily welcome this long-needed magazine. It fills a place whose importance can hardly be overestimated. Occupying, as it does, a middle ground between a review and a weekly paper, and capable of giving a Churchly and religious tone to a branch of literature whose influence for either good or evil has grown to be something wonderful, we were prepared by circumstances to commend any respectable attempt in this direction. But the magazine itself deserves the highest commendation. The articles are upon subjects of general interest, and embrace a wide field of both theoretical and practical discussion. In mechanical execution and appearance, this magazine surpasses any which has yet appeared in this country. We can honestly commend THE CHRISTIAN YEAR to the favor of the public for its intrinsic worth, and advise people to subscribe, not merely because it is a Church periodical, but also because of its superior worth.

From "The World," New York.

It seems strange that Keble's delightful volume of poems did not long ago suggest a name for a religious newspaper or magazine. At last the Episcopalians have a monthly organ—THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—which, to judge by the first number, will not be found wanting in devotion to the Church in whose interest it is started. It is always difficult to judge of any periodical by its first number; but if it is ever fair to predict success for a series from a single specimen, THE CHRISTIAN YEAR will be a useful adjunct to the literary arsenal of the Episcopalian Church.

From "The Evening Mail," New York.

The new Episcopalian monthly, an undertaking whose successful inauguration is owing to the enterprise of Mr. Pliny F. Smith, presents a most attractive appearance. Its cover, in red and black illumination, on blue paper, is strikingly novel; and its interior is very pleasing. A fine portrait, on steel, of the venerable Muhlenberg, prefaces the number. Its numerous departments cover the whole field of the proper work of a Church magazine. We congratulate the promoters of the new enterprise on the many omens for its success.

From "The Standard of the Cross," Ohio.

This long-talked-of magazine has made its appearance, and so far fulfils the promise of the enterprising publisher. That is, it avoids all those questions which at present agitate the Church, and on which it promises to be profoundly non-committal. There is so far none of that radical High-Churchism, which was to have been expected from the list of announced contributors. The number is embellished by a very beautiful and correct likeness, on steel, of Dr. Muhlenberg, which cost the publisher \$500.

PERSONAL.

I write to say of THE CHRISTIAN YEAR, that it is, in its mechanical execution, the best magazine I know of. Having compared it with eleven other American and English magazines, at a bookstore in this city; and that its programme of peace, charity, and Churchmanship is such that, if adhered to, cannot fail of a blessing; that its articles for July are fresh and good; that their shortness, and the general make-up of the number, show that you are determined to make THE CHRISTIAN YEAR a living and lively vehicle of good things to the Church. There is more force in my saying this, from the fact that, disgusted with many things in our Church literature in the past, I have paid no attention whatever to your

prospectus, supposing that *this* attempt would be no better than preceding ones; but, on examining the July number, I felt that here, at least, was the promise of what I had long desired, viz.: a magazine with nothing pinched and mean about it; not quarrelsome, but yet loyal; which might go into our Church families and make them all wiser and better. I have, therefore, determined to take it up and show you that I mean business. I will tell you that I shall soon send you one of the largest lists of subscribers you have ever received from one parish.

Rev. NATHAN H. CHAMBERLAIN,
Milwaukee, Wis.

My Dear Mr. Smith: THE CHRISTIAN YEAR in every way exceeds my expectations, which were high. In form, typographical elegance, and in varied contents, it is admirable. The first number of a journal or magazine does not usually quite reach the measure of its prospectus, but THE CHRISTIAN YEAR does. You have given us "the good wine first," and I am confident that it will not be followed by "that which is worse." Offer my congratulations to my reverend brother, the editor, and go forward nothing doubting. Never was there a more perfect and altogether satisfactory work of art than this likeness of Dr. Muhlenberg. Faithfully yours, WM. F. MORGAN.

My Dear Sir: I extend to you my hearty congratulations upon the appearance of THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. It seems to me to be an assured success from the start. I hope you will set your face like a flint, and press right on. You will be able, at a glance, to distinguish between fair criticism and malignant carping and fault-finding. The former I know you court, the latter you certainly will disregard. I am much pleased with this first number. Please send me one of the "artist's proofs" of dear Dr. Muhlenberg's face.

GEO. JARVIS GEER.

To P. F. SMITH.

To the Editor: God bless and prosper you in your new and arduous labor. THE CHRISTIAN YEAR *is* indeed a success. I know not which is most to be congratulated in the appearance of the first number,—the EDITOR, for his salutatory; the PUBLISHER, for the general getting-up in typography, etc., or the CHURCH, in the possession of such a magazine. I have read it through very carefully, and am fully satisfied that it is just the kind of magazine the Church has long needed.

GEO. P. SCHETKY, D.D.

Marshall, Mich.

I hear but one verdict in reference to THE CHRISTIAN YEAR, which has been received here by the subscribers. *All are delighted with it.* I need not tell you with what joy I hail its advent. I am satisfied it will prove the best piece of work which has been done for the Church in many a day.

Rev. W. C. GRAY, Bolivar, Tenn.

I have received the first number of THE CHRISTIAN YEAR, and like it very much. It is just what we have wanted in the Church for the last twenty years. "*It is just the thing,*" and no mistake.

REV. L. D. BRAINARD, Monroe, Wis.

Your first number pleases me exceedingly. Keep on as you have begun, and your success is *certain*; and a blessed work you will do for the Church.

(Fourteen additional subscribers, making in all thirty-four.)
JOSIAH SWETT, D.D., Fairfax, Vt.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

The prompt response of our contributors demands from us our warmest gratitude. Their number, variety, and efficiency have been the theme of the most generous commendations from a very large number of both private and public correspondents.

This encourages us to hope that our attempt to develop native talent will, in due time, be realized.

We gave, in a former notice, advice as to the kind of subjects we needed for the readers of *THE CHRISTIAN YEAR*, which advice has been well heeded and wisely adopted.

We wish now to say a word on the delicate matter of the *style* of treatment. Our papers are not only read by the classic and refined, the witty and the humorous, but also by those whose education is less refined and erudite, in other words, by the *masses*. This latter class we desire especially to benefit, and to keep in view on every topic we treat. We resolutely aim to avoid dullness, prolixity, heaviness, dryness, and coldness of style; and, on the other hand, aim at brevity and perspicuity; at a warm, crisp, and nervous style, and as nearly pure Saxon as the nature of the subject will allow.

To attempt to please all will be a hopeless task; yet we may, by care and study, approximate satisfaction and utility.

The Clergy have supported us nobly, and many of our subscribers have asked us to employ, as contributors, our *laity*, whose co-operation we hereby respectfully invite.

We lay special stress upon our home resources. We desire, *above all things*, to employ American authors and American Churchmen to write for the American people, from every part of our vast country. Our Church occupies a place, territorially, in every civilized portion of the United States and Canada, covering a wide-spread area of the richest resources of topics for the entertainment, instruction, and edification of our readers, yea, boundless stores of intellectual wealth, almost unequalled in the world; these we wish to unfold for the benefit of the masses, and by them to enrich, from month to month, the pages of *THE CHRISTIAN YEAR*.

EDITOR.

THE WOMAN & HER ACCUSERS.

This remarkable "Plea for the Midnight Mission," by Dr. MUHLENBERG, is now in the *seventh thousand!* The price of the book is \$1.50. Our object is to *circulate it* for the good it may do, and not for the profit arising from its sale. We therefore make it an *object* for agents to give their whole time to it. One agent—a lady—has sold over 400 copies, and supports her family by it. Many others have done nearly as well. Thousands of copies can yet be sold. We want a canvasser in every town in the United States, and will furnish the books, in lots of 10 or more, at 75 cts. each.

PORTRAIT OF DR. MUHLENBERG.

Artist's proofs of this fine steel engraving, by McRae, will be sold for the benefit of St. Luke's Hospital, at \$3.00 each. *Plain* copies, like that in the July number of this Magazine, will be furnished at \$1.00. Either sent by mail, on rollers, postage paid. We will send "The Woman and Her Accusers" and the plain portrait for \$2.00, postage paid, and will furnish them to AGENTS at \$1.00 a set, in lots of 5 or more.

ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH.

Copies of this magnificent engraving, printed on extra paper, large size, for framing, will be sent, on rollers, postage paid, for 75 cents.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We can give profitable and constant employment to all who wish to canvass for *THE CHRISTIAN YEAR*, and the publications above mentioned, and will send specimen copies, to *Agents only*, at the following rates:

"The Woman and Her Accusers," 75 cents; the Portrait, 50 cents, the two together for \$1.00; St. Thomas's Church, 50 cents; *The Christian Year*, 25 cents. *THE WHOLE* for \$1.50. Address,

PLINY F. SMITH,
81 Liberty St., New York.

A WORD TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We have found it *utterly impossible* to classify and arrange our subscription lists and issue the first two numbers promptly, but we are gaining upon the work gradually, and expect to be able to issue the September number by the 20th of August. We have no excuse to offer for being a little behind with the first numbers, as we do not consider that any is necessary. It has been *simply impossible* to get off an edition of 30,000 copies, all to new subscribers, any sooner than it has been done.

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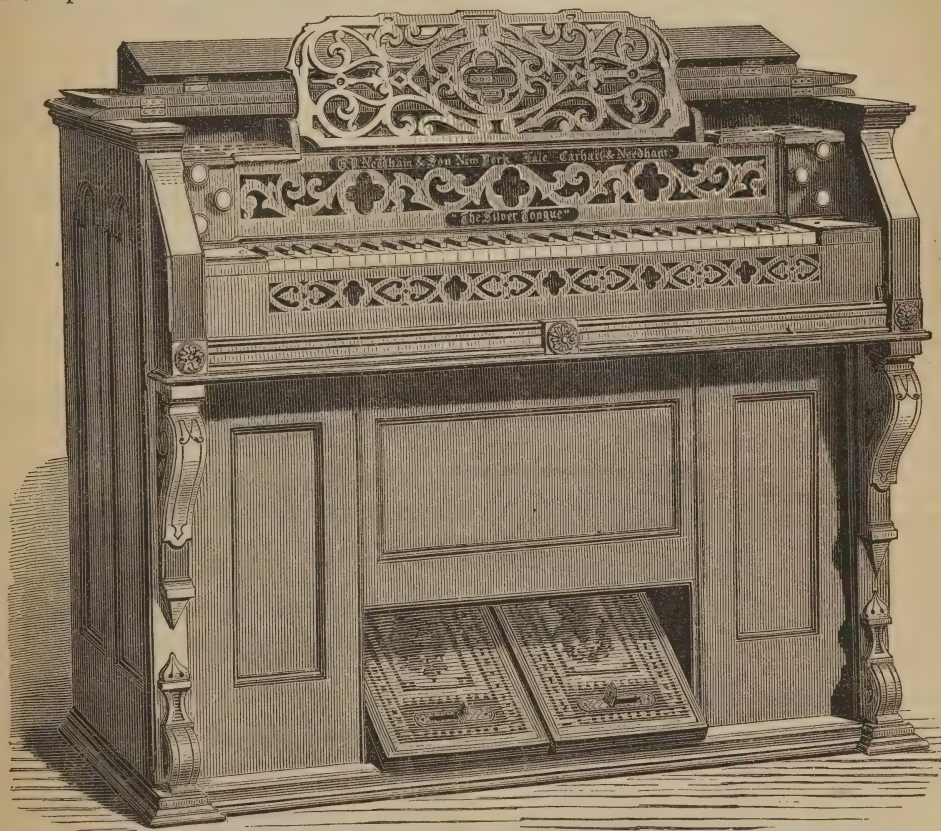
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\$96, \$120, \$156, \$180, \$210, \$230, \$280, \$340, \$400, \$450, \$550, \$750, \$925. It is only necessary to divide the price by 3, to ascertain how many subscribers are necessary. Thus, 70 subscribers, at \$3, will entitle the parish or individual furnishing them to a \$210 Organ (which the above cut represents), six stops. The Manufacturers' circular, giving a full description of each Organ, with the prices, will be sent to any address, on receipt of postage stamp. Address,

PLINY F. SMITH, 51 Liberty Street, New York.

NOTICE TO RECTORS.

We have republished, in a neat octavo form—4 pages—the introductory article, or “salutatory,” from our first (July) number. Rectors who wish copies of the same to distribute through their churches, or among their parishioners, as an aid to their canvassers, will be supplied with all they require, free of charge, postage prepaid. Nothing can be more effective for canvassing purposes than the said “introductory,” as it sets forth briefly, but clearly, the plan and object of the Magazine.

No publication has ever been presented to the Church which has met with such general favor as **THE CHRISTIAN YEAR**. Its success is absolutely overwhelming, and unprecedented in the history of Church Literature. We commenced at the outset with an edition of 20,000 copies. We shall soon be obliged to print a monthly edition of 50,000 copies. A very gratifying feature of our work arises from the fact that our three months’ “trial” subscriptions are being renewed for a year, with great promptness. Subscriptions continue to pour in from every corner of the land (mostly through the clergy), at the rate of 100 to 300 per day! which only goes to show that a publication of the kind was very much needed, and has been accepted by the Church.

At the request of quite a number of Rectors (who have not been able to accomplish what they had wished during the *summer months*), we hereby extend our special terms to parishes to the first of January next.

We have already given away scores of S. S. Libraries, from E. P. Dutton & Co., Pott & Amery, A. D. F. Randolph & Co., and others, as premiums to parishes.

Rectors who have no occasion, for themselves or their Sunday Schools, to accept any of the terms, are earnestly requested to appoint suitable canvassers. There are many worthy persons in every parish who would be glad to get the appointment. We allow a very large cash commission.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

We have been requested to get up an attractive “**CHRISTMAS NUMBER**”

of **THE CHRISTIAN YEAR**, and respectfully invite our contributors to furnish us, as soon as possible, with some good articles, well written, and especially adapted to the joyous exultations of “A Merry Christmas.”

We respectfully invite every clergyman and literary layman in the Church to contribute to the columns of **THE CHRISTIAN YEAR**.

Short articles of sterling merit, such as will entertain and instruct the masses, will be thankfully received, and, if published, paid for.

PLINY F. SMITH, Publisher.

JUST PUBLISHED.

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This is an “Answer” to a very subtle and dangerous book, written with the proverbial indiscretion and bad taste of pervers. The author attacks the whole Anglican Communion with spiteful bitterness, and the Protestant Episcopal Church with peculiar rancorous vindictiveness.

“Mr. Smythe has done his work with thorough vigor and success. We wonder at his patience, and enjoy the fact that, here and there, it gives way, and he plants a good, old-fashioned blow, calling “a spade a spade.” He has proved himself an industrious scholar, and while the public generally thinks that Mr. Stone, having nothing new to say, said it, all who read this work with interest in the general subject, will find much to give pleasure and profit.”—*The Church Journal*.

The Woman and Her Accusers.

This remarkable “Plea for the Midnight Mission,” by DR. MUHLENBERG, is now in the seventh thousand! The price of the book is \$1.50. Our object is to circulate it for the good it may do, and not for the profit arising from its sale. We therefore make it an object for agents to give their whole time to it. One agent—a lady—has sold over 400 copies, and supports her family by it. Many others have done nearly as well. Thousands of copies can yet be sold. We want a canvasser in every town in the United States, and will furnish the books, in lots of 10 or more, at 75 cents each.

The Midnight Mission has received over \$4,000 in donations from persons who had purchased the book.

PORTRAIT OF DR. MUHLENBERG.

Artist’s proofs of this fine steel engraving, by McRae, will be sold for the benefit of St. Luke’s Hospital, at \$3.00 each. Plain copies, like that in the July number of this Magazine, will be furnished at \$1.00. Address,

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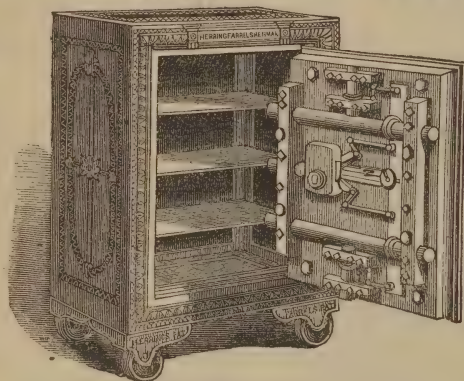
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In retiring from the *Continental Life Insurance Company, of New York*, I propose to give the Clergy the benefit of my experience, and my pecuniary interest in the business as well. My private circular, which has been sent to all the Clergy, speaks for itself.

A printed letter, giving full particulars, will be sent to all who write for it. The plan has been indorsed and accepted by hundreds already. A few extracts from letters received on the subject are given below. Address (giving age, nearest birthday),

PLINY F. SMITH, 51 Liberty Street, New York.

"Every Clergyman should take immediate steps to close in with your magnificent offer. Write me all details necessary in this matter. I wish to take a \$5,000 policy in the Continental."

Rev. W. M. PETTIS, Paducah, Ky.

"Let me thank you for your noble offer in regard to insurance. Ever since you began your work of raising a building fund for the Midnight Mission, I determined to insure in the Continental, as soon as I could pay the premium. You gave me confidence in the Company. I would like to insure for \$5,000, if I could. Please send me the necessary information, and oblige."

Rev. G. HENRY SMITH, Pleasant Valley, N. Y.

"I have received your very liberal proposition to Clergymen, in reference to insurance, and I write to beg you will send me the blanks, etc., and I will embrace your offer for \$2,000, in the Continental."

Rev. THOS. S. ARTHUR, Greenville, S. C.

"I am very much interested in what your circular says of life insurance for the Clergy. I will be glad to get the full information you so kindly promise to send."

Rev. ARTHUR J. RICH, Reisterstown, Md.

"Your offer is very liberal, and I am sure will enable a good many to accomplish what they have been really unable

to do, that is, make some provision for the care of their families after death."

Rev. DAN'L G. ANDERSON, Cranston, R. I.

"May God bless you for your-kind interest in the Church, and those who minister at her altars. I should like to avail myself of your kind offer to insure in the Continental Life Ins. Co. Will you have the kindness to send me particulars, together with the necessary blanks, etc.?"

Rev. M. LEWIN, D.D., Port Tobacco, Md.

"I am disposed to avail myself of your very generous offer in the matter of life insurance. Please send me, therefore, the necessary blanks, etc. I shall probably desire to take out a policy for \$5,000."

Rev. J. F. OHL, Zanesville, Ohio.

"I shall be very glad to avail myself of your generous offer to insure the lives of the Clergy at reduced rates. Your proposition expresses one of the noblest charities, for the welfare of the Clergy, that has been presented to our Church. If you will send me the necessary papers, I will attend to it at once. I should like a policy for \$5,000."

Rev. EDWIN B. CHASE, Cambridge, Mass.

"Please send me the blanks in regard to your plan of aiding the Clergy in insuring. I spare you a long letter."

Rev. R. W. LOWRIE, St. Paul, Minn.

SEE LAST PAGE OF COVER.

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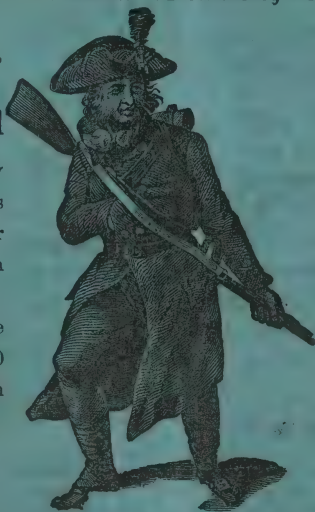
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39,000 Policies Issued

Being a larger number, by many thousands, than was ever issued by any other Company in the same length of time.

This Company issued more Policies during the year 1870 than any other Company in the world, the number being

12,537.



PURELY MUTUAL.

Profits annually divided on the Contribution Plan.

One third of the Premium may remain unpaid, as a Loan, to be cancelled by future Dividends.

NO NOTES REQUIRED.

Thirty Days' Grace Allowed in Payment of Premiums.

POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

POLICY-HOLDERS MAY TRAVEL IN ANY PART OF THE WORLD

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

OFFICERS.

JUSTUS LAWRENCE, President.

M. B. WYNKOOP, Vice-President.

J. P. ROGERS, Secretary.

S. C. CHANDLER, Jr., Actuary.

E. HERRICK, M.D., Medical Examiner.

WHITNEY & JONES, Counsel.

DIRECTORS.

JAS. B. COLGATE, Trevor & Colgate, Bankers.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, late Secretary of State.

JUSTUS LAWRENCE, President.

G. HILTON SCRIBNER, 139 Broadway.

JOSEPH T. SANGER, Merchant, 45 Liberty St.

M. B. WYNKOOP, Wynkoop & Hallenbeck.

HENRY C. FISH, D.D., Newark, N. J.

R. W. BOGART, O. M. Bogart & Co., Bankers.

LUTHER W. FROST, New York.

TO THE CLERGY.

MR. PLINY F. SMITH, Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN YEAR, formerly connected with this Company, has volunteered his services in looking after the interests of Clergymen who wish to avail themselves of the benefits of Life Insurance. Any business entrusted to him will be promptly and carefully attended to. Any special terms or privileges which he may offer, at his own expense, or in behalf of the Company, will be faithfully carried out.

PLINY F. SMITH - NEW YORK

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